Frontispice *Vol 4*

I. Basire sculp.

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La Belle Aſſemblée:

BEING A CURIOUS

COLLECTION

OF SOME VERY

Remarkable Incidents

Which happened to Perſons of the FIRST QUALITY in *France.*

INTERSPERSED

With Entertaining and Improving OBSERVATIONS made by them on ſeveral Paſſages in Hiſtory, both Ancient and Modern.

Written in *French* for the Entertainment of the KING, and dedicated to him

By Madam DE GOMEZ.

Adorned with COPPER-PLATES.

VOL. IV.

THE EIGHTH EDITION.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

La Belle Aſſemblée.

VOL. IV.

The SIXTEENTH DAY.

IT was but a very little time after the Sun with his returning Beams had begun to chear this part of the Globe, when the two beautiful Friends *Silviana* and *Areliſe* quitted their Bed, and went into the Apartment of *Urania*; which they found that Lady was juſt ready to leave, in order to pay them that Civility ſhe now received from them. As ſhe was not accuſtomed to be wanting in theſe Kind of reſpects, ſhe excuſed herſelf in ſo gallant and agreeable a manner, that thoſe to whom ſhe made her Apology were infinitely pleas'd to have prevented her deſigned Complaiſance; ſince it furniſhed her fine Genius with a new Opportunity of diſcovering itſelf, ſo much to the Improvement and Delight of the Hearers.

BUT *Urania* fearing the ſame Thing might happen to her with *Celemena*, would not prolong the Converſation; and taking both their Hands, led them to that Lady's Chamber, where they were immediately join'd by *Felicia*, *Hortenſia*, *Julia*, *Camilla*, and *Florinda*.

WHEN the firſt Compliments were over, Confeſs now, ſaid *Celemena*, addreſſing herſelf to *Areliſe*, that but for the Pain your Abſence inflicts on a Perſon juſtly dear to you, you would not wiſh to be in any other Place than this. I have ſeldom known *Celemena* miſtaken, reply'd that beautiful Lady, with a Bluſh which gave a double Luſtre to her Charms; and I do not in the leaſt diſſemble, when I proteſt, that if one Attachment at *Paris* were join'd to thoſe I find here, there would be nothing could add to my Happineſs.

I UNDERSTAND you, cry'd *Urania*, embracing her, and whenever the Day arrives which ſhall unite you for ever with what you love, it will deprive me of an unſpeakable Satisfaction, if I am not permitted to be a Witneſs of your Felicity.

FOR my Part, interrupted *Silviana*, the Pleaſures this Situation, and the Eſteem I have for this agreeable Society, have made me almoſt forget all other Engagements; and had it not been for the Diſcourſe of *Celemena*, there was more than a little Danger I ſhould have quite loſt the Memory of every Thing elſe.

OH the inſincere one! exclaim'd *Areliſe* laughing, but for your Puniſhment, I will inform the whole Company that your Heart is too full of *Liſimond*, to have any Share in this Compliment.

WHAT, cry'd *Florinda* haſtily, is this *Liſimond* of whom you ſpeak, the ſame that gave Occaſion to that agreeable Argument on Self-Love, with which we were ſo delightfully entertained?

YES, charming *Florinda*, anſwer'd *Areleſe*, he was the Lover of *Silviana* for ſeveral Years, without daring to declare himſelf as ſuch; not that he wanted any Requiſite to entitle him to the Favour of a Maid of Quality: He is deſcended of a Family no leſs valued

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in the World for a Thouſand ſhining Virtues, than for its antient Nobility: He is rich, amiable in his Perſon, has a fine Underſtanding, improved by all the Helps of Education; and what is yet above all theſe, he is a Man of ſtrict Honour and Morality. But all theſe Perfections were not ſufficient to make him hope the Preference among ſuch a Number of Adorers, as were continually about *Silviana*. He found himſelf indeed treated by her with particular Marks of Diſtinction; but as a true Paſſion is always timid, he imputed them only to her Civility, and trembled in diſcloſing his Affection, he ſhould loſe the Regards he now obtained from her as an indifferent Acquaintance.

In this Manner did he paſs over more than three Years, till perceiving none of his Rivals had the Secret to pleaſe her, he at length began to imagine there might be a Poſſibility one Day to convert the Eſteem ſhe now had for him into a more tender Paſſion; he therefore reſolved to ſound the Bottom of her Sentiments, and for that Purpoſe took a Method, which, I believe, you will think pretty extraordinary. He all at once withdrew his Aſſiduities, and affecting no more than a common Reſpect for *Silviana*, ſeem'd to ſtudy nothing more than to render himſelf agreeable to the young *Meliſſa*, who indeed wants no Charms to favour the Deceit. He was never from her at thoſe Times when he knew there would be many Witneſſes of his Viſits. He conſtantly attended her to the *Tuilleries*, the Ball, the Opera, and all publick Places; and without mentioning the leaſt Word of a Paſſion for her, made every body imagine he was poſſeſt of the moſt violent one. This Artifice had the deſired Effect; it not only diſcover'd to *Silviana* the Influence his Merits had gain'd over her, which till then ſhe was intirely ignorant of herſelf, but alſo made known to the tranſported Lover, that he had been far from indifferent to her. It was this Situation of Mind which gave Riſe to the Converſation you have heard concerning Self-Love, in which ſhe maintain'd with ſo much Wit and Spirit that her Jealouſy proceeded only from that Paſſion.

But that Diſcourſe was no ſooner over, than ſhe was convinced, as I had been long before, how much ſhe had been a Stranger to the true Poſition of her own Heart. *Liſimond* appear'd at the End of the Walk, leading *Meliſſa*; *Silviana* perceived them firſt, and with a viſible Diſcompoſure in her Countenance, Look there! cry'd ſhe; behold, how that Creature is dreſs'd to-day! How unbecoming is every Thing about her! I wonder how any body can think her tolerable.

I know not, anſwer'd I, laughing, whether my Self-Love is leſs clear-ſighted than yours, or whether I am naturally more juſt; but I proteſt to you, that I think I never ſaw her more agreeable than at this Inſtant; and I aſſure you, ſhe always paſs'd with me for a Woman perfectly lovely.

It may be ſo, reſumed ſhe, with ſome Heſitation in her Voice, and a Look, which let me know ſhe was not a little piqued at what I had ſaid; and was ſufficient to conform me in my former Conjectures, that it was ſomething more than Vanity which made her ſo uneaſy at the Aſſiduities *Liſimond* had lately paid this Lady.

By this Time we were ſo near each other, that it was impoſſible for us to avoid them: *Meliſſa* accoſted *Silviana*, with her uſual Freedom; but this Lady in returning her Salutation, turn'd ſo extremely pale, that the other demanded if ſhe were indiſpoſed. I ſupported her under the Arm, and was ſo ſenſible of what ſhe felt in this Interview, that I trembled for her; but as I was about to ſpeak, ſhe reply'd to *Meliſſa*, with a Courage, which it was eaſy to perceive ſhe took ſome Pains to aſſume, that ſhe had not been well for ſome Days, and that ſhe came out only to take the Air, it being one of the Remedies preſcrib'd by the Phyſicians. As ſoon as ſhe had proneunced theſe Words, ſhe turned haſtily away, without attending to what either ſhe or *Liſimond* were going to ſay, or uſing any farther Ceremony to them.

We left the *Tuilleries* directly, and her Coach, which waited at the Gate, carried us Home, without her

her opening her Lips to ſpeak one Word to me: I was not much ſurprized at her Silence, nor pretended Indiſpoſition, for I ſaw the Agitations of her Soul, and that *Liſimond* was become infinitely dearer to her than till that Moment ſhe believed he was.

In the mean Time, that faithful Lover, who had but acted a Part in Concert with *Meliſſa*, for whom he had nothing more than a perfect Eſteem, begg' Leave to quit her in order to follow *Silviana*, whoſe ſuppoſed Illneſs had given him a Diſquiet, that made him forget all the Indifference he had determin' d to affect.

Far from oppoſing his Deſign, that good-natur'd Lady preſs'd the Execution of it, and perceiving ſome of her Acquaintance in a diſtant Walk, ſhe went immediately to them, leaving him in the Liberty he deſired. He was at *Silviana*'s almoſt as ſoon as we; but his Sight ſo ſu'den, and ſo unexpected, threw her into ſo violent a Surprize, that, wholly unable to withſtand theſe different Emotions which all at once crouded into her Breaſt, ſhe fell motionleſs on the Couch ſhe was ſitting on.

I was ſtrangely perplex'd at this Adventure, but my Aſtoniſhment hindred me not from having Recourſe to all the Remedies proper for her Recovery, while *Liſimond* was on his Knees before her, with all the Symptoms of a Man abandon'd to Deſpair, beating his Breaſt, weeping and kiſſing her Hands by turns, as variouſly agitated by his Love and Grief.

Our Cares at length brought her to herſelf; and the firſt Object that preſented itſelf to her returning Senſes being *Liſimond* at her Feet, pouring forth his Soul in Terms the moſt ſoft and paſſionate that Love can dictate, or that Wit can form; ſhe regarded him with an Aſtoniſhment, which, I fear'd would a ſecond Time have overcome her Spirits: But this Surprize being of a different Nature from the former, had a different Effect: And after he had ſaid enongh to remove all thoſe Scruples, which had formerly given her ſo much Diſquiet, What, cry'd ſhe, is it poſſible, that *Meliſſa* has no Share in your Affections, and that it is *Silviana* whom

whom alone you love? I have never adored any other than you, anſwer'd he, nor did Nature ever produce Charms capable of making me forget yours one Moment——It is more than three Years that I have languiſh'd for you, I teſtify'd my Admiration of you as far as the Humility of my Paſſion would permit; but you vouchſafed not to underſtand me; I fear'd myſelf deſpiſed, and durſt not come to a farther Explanation, and therefore withdrew my Aſſiduities——*Meliſſa* is my Kinſwoman, I made her the Confident of my Love and my Deſpair. She adviſed me to declare myſelf; but the Dread of diſpleaſing you would not ſuffer me to take her Counſel; and had not the extreme Inquietude, which I was ſeiz'd with at your telling us you were indiſpoſed, compelled me to follow you, in order to be more fully inform'd of the State of your Health, I know not whether I ſhould ever have aſſumed Courage to have attended you, without having received ſuch Commands from yourſelf—— The Swoon you have been in, my Grief and Diſtraction to behold it, have now diſcovered the Secret of my Heart,——you are in Poſſeſſion of it—diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe

INDEED, reply'd *Silviana* (with a Tranquillity which ſurpriz'd me more than her former Diſcompoſure had done) you had ſaved yourſelf great part of thoſe Inquietudes you complain of, had I been ſooner made acquainted with your Sentiments: It was impoſſible for me to gueſs what paſſed in your Heart, when I was ſo much a Stranger to my own, that, till the Pain I felt in the Change of your Behaviour towards me, and the Pleaſure which now re-animates me in this Confeſſion of your Love, I knew not that I had a Tenderneſs for you——'twas Jealouſy, 'twas Love, 'twas the Joy of ſeeing you again, that threw me into the Condition I have been in: I am not accuſtomed to Emotions, ſuch as I have lately ſuſtain'd; and as I wiſh never to be involved in the like, I accept your Heart, and receive without Diſſimulation, the Faith you offer me.

I AM little able to deſcribe to you the Graces with which *Silviana* made this Declaration, but much leſs to give you an adequate Idea of what the tranſported *Liſimond* felt at ſo happy a Diſcovery. So I ſhall only ſay, that after a thouſand Teſtimonies of the moſt inviolable Affection on both Sides, they agreed to be united for ever in the indiſſoluble Bonds of *Hymen*, as ſoon as *Marine* my Aunt ſhould return from *Britany*, where ſhe was gone on ſome Family Affairs. This Lady had the Care of *Silviana*'s Education; her Mother died while ſhe was yet an Infant, and ſhe thought the Affection ſhe had ſhown in that Charge merited this Conſideration from her. I no ſooner heard this, than I wrote to my Aunt a Recital of the whole Adventure, who returned me an immediate Anſwer, that ſince her Abſence was all that retarded the Happineſs of ſo faithful a Pair, ſhe would make all poſſible Haſte to *Paris*: We are in Expectation of her in about three or four Days, and *Liſimond* ſet out to meet her on the Way; and that gave us the Opportunity of enjoying the Happineſs *Celemena* has procured us.

SILVIANA now confeſſes, that her Jealouſy of *Liſimond* proceeded from a Motive very different from that of Self-love; and he, that his ſeeming Attachment to *Meliſſa*, was for no other End than to try what Effect it would have on her. *Silviana* made him ſome Reproaches for this Stratagem; but with ſo much Wit and Tenderneſs, that he had no reaſon to complain. All Doubts of Rivalſhip being now removed, *Meliſſa* was ſent for to partake in their Contentment; and this amiable Lady, who is ſhortly to be married to an intimate Friend of *Liſimond*'s, brought with her, her intended Spouſe; and never was a Converſation more agreeable, or more gay, than paſſed between this little Company. *Meliſſa* ſincerely congratulated *Silviana* on the Concluſion of this Affair; and *Silviana* being entirely cured of that Paſſion which had blinded her Reaſon, now render'd Juſtice to the Beauty of that agreeable Lady. There cannot be a more perfect Amity

than between them two; and I believe the ſame Day will be appointed for the Nuptials of both.

SILVIANA, in whoſe every Action may be diſcovered the moſt charming Freedom and Openneſs of Heart, had no ſooner entred into an Engagement with *Liſimond*, than ſhe diſmiſs'd all that Train of Admirers which had given him ſo much Pain; and told them, that the Name of Virgin, which had ſo long authorized their Addreſſes, had now no longer the Power, and the Name of *Liſimond*'s Wife, which ſhe had determined to take upon her in a ſhort Time, permitted her not to receive any Viſits on the Score of Love.

As great a Shock as this Declaration was to ſome, who had flattered themſelves with being well in her Eſteem, none had the Temerity to complain; and in Spite of their Diſappointment were compell'd to own, that ſhe who had behaved with ſo much Decorum in the great World, knew alſo how to retire with the ſame Prudence.

THUS, continued *Areliſe*, have I given you the true State of *Silviana*'s Heart and Circumſtances; and by what I have ſaid, you may eaſily judge, if all the Pleaſures ſhe can partake with us, are capable of making her forget thoſe which Love and Marriage are preparing for her.

THE beautiful *Areliſe* here concluded her Narration. I aſſure you, ſaid *Urania*, that nothing is more pleaſing than this Adventure, nor more entertaining than the Manner in which it has been recited.

I DO not think, added *Felicia*, that there is a Poſſibility of giving greater Embelliſhments. Thoſe who can ſpeak in this Manner, cried *Camilla*, can commit no Fault equal to Silence; and we are infinitely obliged to the charming *Areliſe*, that ſhe did not abridge the Hiſtory ſhe gave us, not only that our Curioſity is more amply ſatisfied with all the Particulars which brought on the Happineſs of *Liſimond*; but alſo that in ſo doing ſhe prolong the Pleaſure of hearing her.

THERE are ſo few Incidents in the Affair ſhe has been relating, ſaid *Silviana*, that it required no leſs a Genius than that of *Areliſe* to ſpin it to the Length ſhe has done without becoming tedious.

I KNOW too well, reſumed *Areliſe*, the Value of Praiſe, when given by ſuch Mouths, not to wiſh I merited it———but I intreat, you will convert your Attention to a more worthy Object. I ſee ſomething in the beautiful *Hortenſia*'s Eyes, that perſuades me her Mind is ill at Eaſe 'Tis eaſy to divine the Cauſe, ſaid *Celemena:* And if we examine ſome others of this agreeable Society, we ſhall find the ſame Marks of an inward Agitation; and if it be true, as certainly it is, that Huſband and Wife make but one, we have here but half of *Urania, Felicia, Hortenſia, Julia, Camilla*, or *Florinda*.

YOU are very penetrating, replied *Camilla*, with her accuſtomed Gaiety, and I am very ready to alrow the Juſtice of your Obſervation. And I, added *Hortenſia: Urania, Felicia, Julia*, and *Florinda*, confeſs'd alſo, that the Abſence of their Spouſes gave them ſome Inquietude; and every one of them promiſed to make their particular Reproaches.

CELEMENA had a Heart too delicate not to be ſenſible, that theſe Ladies muſt really feel ſome Pain in the imagin'd Negligence of Perſons ſo dear to them; and therefore propoſed to go in ſearch of them, who ſhe doubted not were all together. The whole beautiful Company gladly conſented, and riſing up with that Deſign, the Door was no ſooner opened than they perceived *Thelamont, Orophanes*, and all the reſt in an Antichamber, where they had been for ſome Time, and heard all their Diſcourſe; the Ladies ſtarted, and turn'd back into the Chamber, where they were follow'd by their Huſbands, laughing exceſſively at their Anger and Aſtoniſhment.

WE no more deſerve, ſaid *Thelamont*, the Treatment you have prepared for us, than any thing you are capable of ſaying could be ſevere enough to puniſh our Neglect, had we been guilty. We were no ſooner told

you were here, than we ran to pay our Duty, and came up juſt as the amiable *Areliſe* began the Hiſtory of *Silviana*, which being loth to interrupt, we ſtayed in the next Room, and have enjoyed the ſame Pleaſure in that Recital with yourſelves.

'Tis we therefore, added *Orophanes*, that ought to make Reproaches, that you aſſembled yourſelves together, without admitting us to ſhare in your Entertainments. True, cry'd *Orſames*, and I know not what Reparation could have been made us, had we been deprived of hearing the Adventures of the beautiful *Silviana*, related in ſo agreeable a Manner. Indeed, ſaid *Urania*, ſmiling, I very much applaud this Action of yours, and am delighted, that you have loſt nothing of that Diſcourſe; for, I aſſure you, continued ſhe, looking tenderly on *Thelamont*, that I ſecretly wiſh'd a thouſand Times you could partake of the Satisfaction it gave us.

After ſuch an Acknowledgment, anſwer'd he, it is impoſſible to be angry; and I know not, if it is not a kind of Merit in a Perſon ſometimes to commit a Fault, who knows how to excuſe it with ſo good a Grace.

This amiable Society diverted themſelves ſome time in ſuch like Demonſtrations of their Wit and Good-Humour, till being told Dinner was on the Table, they adjourn'd to the Hall, where they ſat down with a Contentment of Mind, that render'd Noon more pleaſing than the Morning had been. When Dinner was over, they went into the Library, and according to the Rules preſcrib'd by them, the Converſation turn'd wholly on the inſtructive Part. *Celemena* having open'd the firſt Book that offer'd to her View: See here, ſaid ſhe, putting it again into its Place, the Life of one of the *Roman* Emperors, which is to me the moſt deteſtable: It is that of *Domitian*, the Son of *Veſpaſian*, and Brother of *Titus*; who, though he had ſome good Qualities, was ſo ſtrongly carried away by his Vices, that the former ſerved only to render the latter more conſpicuous.

It is true, ſaid *Thelamont*, that this Emperor had great Faults; but it muſt alſo be confeſs'd he had ſome excellent Parts. He took an extreme Care, that the Magiſtrates under him ſhould do Juſtice even to the meaneſt of the *Roman* People, or of the conquer'd Provinces; and never pardon'd a Judge who had been found guilty of Bribery or Partiality. He had frequently this Maxim in his Mouth, *That the Prince who did not puniſh Corruption was guilty of it himſelf.*

He was the firſt that gave the *Romans* any Notion of a Naval Fight, by cauſing a great Lake to be cleanſed, and afterwards fill'd up by the Waters of *Tyber*, on which he appointed a great Number of Galleys and other Veſſels, to encounter each other, to the great Satisfaction and Improvement of the Spectators; but notwithſtanding the immenſe Sums he expended in this, and other Shews, he never was able to attract the Love of the common People, fond as they are generally of every thing that makes a Noiſe.

Nor was he more ſucceſsful among the better Sort, though he did ſeveral Things worthy of giving him the Title of Father of his Country, particularly in depriving Courtezans, and other Women of a known debauch'd Life, of the Liberty of being carried in Litters, or receiving any Legacies or Gifts, by Way of Teſtaments; and expelling a young Senator from the Capitol, for having been the Principal in a Dance. But theſe good Edicts ſeemed but like Starts of Virtue in his Soul, the greater Part of his Actions proving the almoſt Propenſity to all Manner of Voluptuouſneſs and Cruelty. But that which rendered him moſt odious to all Ranks of Men was, that he would needs make himſelf be worſhipped as a God, and caus'd all thoſe who refuſed to offer Incenſe to him, to be proſcrib'd as Traitors.

His Rage and Cruelty carried him ſo far, that on ſome ſlight Oppoſition made to his Meaſures, he ſacrificed ſome of the principal Senators, and afterwards baniſh'd St. *John* the *Evangeliſt* into the Iſle of *Pathmos*,

and put to Death two Popes, *Clement* and *Anaclet*. Wearied with ſuch repeated Acts of Tyranny, it is not to be wonder'd at that ſo many Conſpiracies were form'd to rid the World of ſo deteſted a Monſter; but tho' ſeveral Projects of this Kind had been render'd abortive, he was at laſt aſſaſſinated in his Palace by thoſe of his own Houſhold, in the 15th Year of his Reign: And this aſſuming Emperor, who while he lived, wou'd be adored as a God, had after his Death no other Honours than a ſilent Tomb. A remarkable Inſtance of Divine Juſtice, which, ſooner or later, never fails to humble and to puniſh the Proud and the Vain-glorious.

It is moſt true, ſaid *Orſames*, that exceſſive Pride is ſeldom unattended by ſome dreadful Cataſtrophe: But, continued he, let us turn our Eyes from theſe horrible Images, and make a Contraſt more agreeable: Let us to the Madneſs and Folly of Vanity, oppoſe the Excellence of Modeſty; and in the room of what we would avoid, call to remembrance that we would imitate. An Inſtance of this laſt which to me ſeems worthy of Admiration, happen'd under the Reign of the ſame Emperor, of whom we have been ſpeaking. The Iſland of *Great-Britain*, being almoſt wholly revolted from the *Roman* Power, *Domitian* ſent a very great Army, commanded by that wiſe and valiant General *Agricola*, in order to reduce it to its former Obedience. This brave Man, at his Arrival, found an Oppoſition much greater than he expected; for the *Britons* were not only unanimouſly bent on the Recovery of their Freedom, but had alſo called in the *Scots* or *Picts*, and *Iriſh* to their Aſſiſtance; ſo that they formed a Body capable of ſtriking Terror to a Heart leſs intrepid and reſolute than that of *Agricola*. But this magnanimous *Roman*, far from being ſurpriz'd or daunted at their Numbers, ſeem'd rather pleas'd to think, that if he overcame, it would be a Conqueſt worthy of him; and having animated his Soldiers, proceeded to the Attack, broke into the Enemies Camp, and gave them a more total Rout than the *Roman* Power had ever boaſted of in that warlike Iſland. The Victory being compleated,

pleated, he wrote an Account of it to the Emperor; but tho' it was the Cuſtom for the Generals, after they had gain'd a Battle, to encloſe Leaves of Laurel in the Letters they ſent to the Emperor, or the Senate, as a Mark of their Victory, he would not make uſe of that Symbol, and only gave a plain Narration of what had happened, aſcribing all the Praiſe of what was done to the Captains and Soldiery, and ſaying no more of himſelf in the Conduct or Action of that memorable Day, than that he had the Honour of being one among the reſt, who had been ſerviceable to his Country. Nor did he avoid doing Juſtice to himſelf, thro' any Fear of offending the jealous *Domitian*, but thro' his own innate Modeſty, and the Averſion he had to Oſtentation.

We have ſeen in our own Times, ſaid *Alphonſo*, ſome great Captains, who, in this Virtue, have been nothing inferior to the worthy *Roman* you mention. Thoſe Letters which the Duke of *Lorrain* wrote to the Emperor *Leopold* on the Victories he gain'd over the Army of the Grand Signior, are Examples of Modeſty, and true Magnanimity, to all ſucceeding Ages.

That alſo of Prince *Lewis* of *Baden* to the ſame Emperor, giving an Account of the Battle he gain'd at *Salankemen*, over the Army of the *Turks*, commanded by the Grand Viſier *Coprogly*, is deſerving of the higheſt Encomiums. This *Coprogly* was no leſs famous for his Valour and Conduct, than had been his Predeceſſors *Mahomet* and *Achmet*, Grand Viſiers; and being ſenſible whom he was to encounter, had now taken a particular Care to be well furniſhed with a numerous Artillery, and to poſt his Troops in the moſt advantageous Manner. Prince *Lewis* of *Baden* was not ignorant of the Prudence and Perſonal Bravery of this General; but inſtead of avoiding the Combat, as he might eaſily have done, he attack'd Sword in hand; and after a Fight of ſix Hours, forced into the *Turkiſh* Camp. The Grand Viſier was killed, the whole Army put to the Rout, and all the Baggage, which was very conſiderable, became the Victor's Spoil. The Fame of this great Action cover'd Prince *Lewis* with never dying Laurels.

Laurels. Yet did this Hero preſerve his uſual Wiſdom and Modeſty; and in his Account of it to the Emperor, gave all the Praiſe to the Princes and Chiefs of his Army, without ſaying any more of himſelf, than that he had aſſiſted them with his Advice.

THERE is no Quality more truly great, ſaid *Urania*, than Modeſty; which, while laviſh in adorning the Merits of another, is wholly forgetful of its own. But in ſpeaking of this Virtue, we ſhould be ſtrangely unjuſt, ſhould we neglect the Marſhal *de Turenne*; that great Man having gain'd the celebrated Battle of *Dune* near *Dunkirk*, wrote to Madam his Spouſe in theſe Terms.

" WE have engaged the Enemy, and God be
" prais'd have got the better of them: I am
" a little fatigued in the Action, therefore wiſh you a
" good Night, and hope to enjoy the ſame."

TURENNE.

How eloquent is this Modeſty! How noble this Simplicity! All the *Agricola*'s in the World are not comparable to ſuch a Hero!

MONSIEUR the Marſhal *de Luxemburgh* was alſo no leſs poſſeſt of this amiable Quality, and teſtify'd it by the Letter he diſpatch'd to *Lewis* XIV. by Monſieur *d'Artagnan*, juſt after he gain'd the memorable Battle of *Nerwinde*, over the Army of the Allies, commanded by the Prince of *Orange*. Theſe are the Terms in which he wrote, Word for Word.

SIL,

" MONSIEUR *d'Artagnan* will tell your Majeſty
" all that has paſt; the Enemy has done Won-
" ders, but your Troops have done yet more, the Prin-
" ces of your Blood have ſurpaſſed Imagination. As
" for me, I have had no other Share in this Victory
" than to have taken *Huy*, and to have got the better
" of the Prince of *Orange*, as your Majeſty expreſly
" commanded me."

LUXEMBURGH.

THE

THE great Prince of *Condé*, ſaid *Oroſmes*, wrote in a different Style, but no leſs worthy of Admiration, after he had gained the Battle of *Locroy*; theſe are his Words.

" THE *Spaniſh* Army has been nothing in the Hands
" of your Majeſty's Troops, we are poſſeſt of their
" Camp, their Artillery, their Ammunition, and their
" Baggage, and made a great Number of Priſoners."
CONDE

THE ſame great Prince wrote again to the Queen Regent after the Battle of *Lens* in theſe Terms.

" I Attack'd the *Spaniards* in the Plain of *Lens*, and
" have defeated their Army: We both fought well."
CONDE.

IT is not to be doubted, added *Orophanes*, but that *France* has produc'd many Heroes no way inferior to thoſe of the *Roman Empire*; and in ſpite of the Regard we pay to the former Ages, I believe, whoever compares the Hiſtories of ancient Worthies with thoſe of latter Times, will have no reaſon to imagine that Nature has degenerated: What Annals preſent us with a Reign more glorious than that of *Lewis* XIV? All the illuſtrious Qualities which ſeparately render other Princes famous, were united in him, and will tranſmit his Name, with Admiration, down to the laſt Period of Time.

THAT Battle of *Nerwinde* or *Landen*, of which *Urania* ſpoke, furniſhes an Inſtance of what I advance. The *French* Army was commanded, as ſhe ſaid, by Monſieur the Marſhal *de Luxemburg*, and that of the Allies by *William* III. King of *England:* Their Forces were pretty near equal, and compoſed beyond all contradiction, of the moſt valiant Troops in the World. It ſeem'd as if theſe two Armies met only to diſpute the Prize of Valour: The whole Science of the military Art, all the Stratagems and Artifices of War, were put in practice by the Generals on both ſides; till the *French*,

after

after a Fight of twelve Hours, impatient for the Victory, forc'd their Way into the Camp, and became Maſters of their Artillery. The King of *England* then finding no Hope of renewing the Battle, made a Retreat, which will always be remembred to his Glory. The Account of theſe Actions reaching the Ears of *Lewis* the Great, he made this Reply; "The Duke of "*Luxemburg*, ſaid that generous Monarch, attack'd "the Enemy like a Prince of *Conde*; and the Prince of "*Orange* retreated like a Marſhal *de Turenne*."

WHAT can be more truly magnificent than theſe few Words! how much do they contain! here are four different Perſons prais'd at the ſame Time; paſt great Actions repeated, and Honour given to the preſent. So well did this glorious Prince know how to render Juſtice to the Merit of his Subjects, and to his greateſt Enemies. The Prince of *Conti* alſo, whoſe Generoſity equali'd his Courage, in writing a Detail of the famous Battle to the Princeſs his Spouſe, ſpeaks of it in theſe Words: "King *William*, whoſe heroick Virtues ren-"der him worthy of the Crown he wears, has made a "Retreat full of Glory."

THERE is a Sympathy between great Souls, which will not ſuffer them to deny each other their due Praiſe; and he that truly loves Virtue, will love it even in an Enemy.

HERE *Orophanes* ceas'd to ſpeak, and gave the Company an Opportunity of teſtifying the Pleaſure they had taken in his Diſcourſe; every one had ſomething obliging to ſay on this Occaſion, and perhaps they had not ſo ſoon given over, if the Spouſe of *Urania*, who knew the Pain theſe Sort of Eulogiums gave to the Modeſty of his Friend, had not interrupted them, by ſaying, Nothing can be more juſt than this Reflection of *Orophanes*, and I think we ought not to ſearch paſt Ages and foreign Nations for what we may be ſo abundantly ſupply'd with in our own: Nor *Greece*, nor *Rome*, ever boaſted greater Names than *France* had done, and ſtill does; and indeed it would be to our Diſgrace if we did not, conſidering we have united in our fa-

mous

nous Academy all that made thoſe two Cities ſo juſtly eſteemed: We poſſeſs all that was remarkable of their Heroes, their Philoſophers, their Hiſtorians, their Orators, and their Poets. Are not *Ariſtotle*, *Socrates*, *Pericles*, *Alcibiades*, *Themiſtocles*, *Xenophon*, *Thucydides*, *Demoſthenes*, *Euripides*, and *Sophocles* now our own? And do we not poſſeſs, as much as if we ſaw them living, all that made *Rome* ſo celebrated? Have we not *Horace*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, *Catullus*, *Tacitus*, *Titus*, *Livius*, and *Cicero?*

With this Advantage over thoſe famous Commonwealths, do we not find in each Member of our illuſtrious *Academy*, all the different Sciences, which ſingly adorn the Characters of thoſe celebrated Dead? And do not our Heroes, after being crown'd by the Hands of Victory, prove in this learned Aſſembly, that they merit no leſs Honour from the *Muſes?*

If it was a Glory to the *Greeks* and *Romans*, to have ſo many ſublime Genius's born among them; ours is yet greater, who enjoy at once whatever both produced in all the different Ages of the World. The general and particular Productions of this illuſtrious Body are tranſmitted with Admiration through almoſt all Parts of the habitable World. That incomparable Dictionary in 1694, is an eternal Trophy rais'd to the Honour of the *French* Genius.——'Tis in this uſeful Work that we are taught both to ſpeak and write well: All the Nations in the World have recourſe to it for Force and Elegance of Expreſſion; and our beſt Treatiſes on all Sorts of Sciences, owe the Eſteem they find among Strangers to this compendious Dictionary: Nor are theſe the only Advantages it beſtows; for I am told for a certain Truth, that many who before had not the leaſt Underſtanding in the *French* Language, have been able by a conſtant Application, and Help of this Dictionary, to attain a perfect Knowledge of it; and not only to tranſlate our Works into their own Tongue, but alſo to ſpeak and write in it, without the Aſſiſtance of a Maſter.

The *Romans* believed, with reaſon, that it was for the Honour of their Republick, to employ all Sorts

of

of means to engage People to learn the *Latin* Tongue. To this End, they ſent School-maſters to all their Colonies; and thoſe who had the moſt Succeſs were certain of the greateſt Reward. Nor were thoſe learned Men unrecompens'd; whole Boroughs have been made free on this Occaſion, and particular Perſons honoured with conſiderable Employments; and by this Means the Language extended itſelf thro' *Europe*, *Aſia* and *Africa*.

The *French* have indeed no need of ſuch Methods for the Propagation of their Language, the Pleaſure their Words afford the Reader, their natural Politeneſs, and the Charms of their Society, have been ſufficient to attain all they could wiſh in this Point: But it muſt ſtill be owned, that it is to the profound Learning and Aſſiduity of our noble Academy, that we are indebted for the Ambition all other neighbouring Nations expreſs to underſtand and converſe with us.

Well, ſaid *Felicia*, ſmiling, I flatter'd myſelf, that *Orophanes* would this Day have engroſs'd the chief of our Praiſes; but I perceive *Thelamont* would not ſuffer it.

The Diſcourſe of *Thelamont*, interrupted *Silviana*, had not made us capable of forgetting what *Orophanes* ſaid; but I find it is peculiar to this Aſſembly, that whichever of them ſpeaks, demands our whole Admiration, and we think ourſelves impoſſible to be divided, till convinc'd of it by hearing another.

For my part, added *Celemena*, all the Moments I paſs here, are a Succeſſion of Improvement and Delight; and tho' I believe nothing can contain more of both than what *Thelamont* has now deliver'd, yet I will not anſwer, but I may change my Opinion when next he opens his Mouth.

'Tis the ordinary Effect of Truth, ſaid *Urania*, (willing to diſembarraſs her Spouſe from the Compliments they were preparing for him) to give Charms to the moſt plain and ſimple Expreſſions.

But, cry'd *Camilla*, with a moſt amiable Sprightlineſs, muſt all our fine Quotations be in favour of the Men?

Men? 'Tis, methinks, a little unjuſt to confine our Admiration to one Sex, as if Antiquity had not its Heroines as well as Heroes.

The Company could not forbear laughing at this Reflection of *Camilla*'s, but *Silviana* taking upon her to reply: It is certain, ſaid ſhe, there have been many Women worthy of the Praiſes of Poſterity; but as our Condition permits us not to undertake thoſe Enterprizes, which do ſo much Honour to Men, and as our Glory is of a different Nature from theirs, the great Actions of thoſe of our Sex are looked on as extraordinary, and hap'ning but rarely, we neither can, nor ought to value ourſelves upon them: Men, on the contrary, convey the heroick Deeds and Sentiments of each other from Age to Age; and the Name of every great Commander, or Philoſopher, is as it were perpetual, by the Emulation of their Succeſſors: But we ſee not the Example of illuſtrious Women much followed: If ſome few have been couragious, the greateſt Part have been weak and timid; if one has reign'd with Glory, a thouſand have made an ill uſe of Authority; and as in general Nature ſeems not to have deſign'd us for any thing intrepid or daring, we ought not to think it ſtrange, in ſpite of our Self-love, that we have no more than an accidental Place in the Praiſes or Quotations of this agreeable Society.

I am entirely of your Opinion, lovely *Silviana*, reply'd *Florinda*, and could be content, that nothing great among Women were remembred, provided the Actions of ſome were wholly forgot; for if our Vanity finds ſomewhat wherewith to pleaſe itſelf in the Memory of an *Artemiſa*, a *Panthea*, a *Lucrece*, and a *Portia*, it cruelly ſuffers in that of a *Meſſaline*, a *Julia*, a *Rhodope*, and a *Lais*.

You ought, methinks, interrupted *Areliſe*, to put among the Number of theſe laſt the Empreſs *Zoa*, whoſe Life laſt Night was the Subject of my Entertainment. I know not that Princeſs, ſaid *Celemena*, turning herſelf to *Urania*. Since *Areliſe*, anſwered that charming Lady with a Smile, has paſs'd part of the

the Night in her Company, ſhe muſt give us the Satisfaction of making us acquainted with her; and tho' 'tis poſſible ſome of us may not be Strangers to her Character, yet the Recital, from ſo agreeable a Mouth, has all the Charms of Novelty. You are always obliging, reſum'd *Areliſe*; and tho' it would be ſome Difficulty to relate a Hiſtory, which I believe you are better vers'd in than myſelf, I ſhall ſooner chuſe to diſcover my Inability, than give you any juſt Cauſe to doubt my Obedience.

The HISTORY *of the Empreſs* ZOA.

AFTER the Death of *Conſtantine*, Son of *Baſilius* Emperor of the Eaſt, continued this beautiful Lady, the Empire paſſed to *Argiropile*, who had eſpouſed *Zoa*, a Princeſs of the Imperial Family. She was the moſt lovely Woman of her Time, all the Graces of her Sex ſeem'd center'd in her Form; but all the Ambition of the other poſſeſt her Soul; ſhe deſpis'd all Laws but thoſe of her own Will, and to that only Guide of her Actions, wiſh'd to ſubjugate the whole World alſo. She had a Wit and Reſolution capable of undertaking and executing the greateſt Things; but as her Paſſions were exceſſive, and never regulated by Reaſon or by Duty, ſhe ſuffer'd herſelf to be hurried by them, like a Ship on a tempeſtuous Sea, without either Maſt or Rudder.

THE Emperor, who tenderly lov'd her, and had yet diſcover'd no other Frailty in her Nature than the Deſire of Command, thought himſelf obliged to humour her in this Article, becauſe he had the Empire chiefly by the Rights of her Birth, and therefore permitted her to ſhare with him in the ſupreme Authority; but as that

that was not the only Vice with which ſhe was tainted, he had occaſion in a little Time to repent the Confidence he had placed in her. There was a Prince of his Court named *Michael Calephate*, young, well-made, brave, of a good Addreſs, and who knew how to conceal any Emotion of his Soul under the Veil of Virtue. His exterior Merit made ſuch an Impreſſion on the Heart of *Zoa*, that, without any Reſpect to her Rank, or Duty, or her Honour, ſhe abandoned herſelf without Reſerve to the Encroachments of this criminal Paſſion.

It was not long before the beloved Prince perceived the Influence he had gained: He was too attentive to every Thing that might give him Hope of raiſing his Fortune, to be blind to this, had *Zoa* more endeavour'd to conceal it; both burning with the ſame Deſire, tho' for different Motives. *Michael Calephate* grew every Day more condeſcending, 'till both, weary of the Reſtraint they were in, and perfectly acquainted with each other's Sentiments, reſolved to break the Ice, and give a Looſe to Inclination. *Michael* watching a favourable Moment, was the firſt that ſpoke; the Empreſs made no Scruple of returning his Endearments, and compleated the Diſhonour in Fact, ſhe had ſo long been guilty of in Idea.

ZOA had near her a Princeſs of her own Blood, called *Theodora*, in whom ſhe placed the moſt perfect Confidence; but knowing ſhe wou'd be far from approving her Conduct in this Point, ſhe took all imaginable Care to conceal it from her.

Such is the Misfortune of thoſe who are abandon'd to Vice, they know the Ills they bring upon themſelves——————they ſee the Horror of the Abyſs into which they are falling, yet driven by their Paſſions, they fly the only Hand cou'd give them Succour, and Virtue to them is an Object only of Terror and Affright. But *Theodora* had yet a greater Share of Penetration, than the Empreſs had of Diſſimulation, and in Spite of all her Precautions ſaw enough to perſuade her, ſhe could not wrong *Zoa*, even in the worſt Conjectures

jectures on her Behaviour with *Michael Calephate*. The Certainty of this unworthy Commerce gave her an extreme Diſquiet; the Friendſhip ſhe had for her Imperial Kinſwoman, and the Dread of what Conſequences this Intrigue might bring not only to her, but the whole State, made her reſolve to ſpeak to her with Freedom, and to neglect nothing that ſhe thought might make the Empreſs ſenſible of her Error.

She waited not long for an Opportunity to put her Deſign in Execution. The Familiarity between them gave her frequent Occaſions of being alone with her; and the firſt Time ſhe found herſelf ſo, ſhe began to draw her inſenſibly into a Diſcourſe of Marriage, and the Happineſs of that State, where there was a Parity of Circumſtances and Affections; and after ſome little Converſation on that Topic: For your Part, Madam, ſaid ſhe, your Majeſty has nothing left to wiſh on that Score; the Emperor has for you ſo perfect a Tenderneſs, that cou'd I flatter myſelf with being ſo much beloved by him I ſhou'd make choice of, I ſhou'd not heſitate one Moment to enter into the Bonds of *Hymen*.

You have no reaſon to doubt, reply'd the Empreſs, (without mentioning the Emperor) but that whoever you ſhall think fit to favour, will place his utmoſt Glory in rendering you happy. But, Couſin, added ſhe ſmiling, which of the Princes of our Court would moſt pleaſe you to receive Proofs of Affection from?

This was the Point to which the diſcreet *Theodora* had been aiming to bring her, and having gained it, Since, Madam, anſwered ſhe, your Majeſty is ſo good to authorize a Confeſſion of this Nature, I ſhall make no Scruple to avow the Eſteem I have for *Michael Calephate*; that Prince has given me ſome Proofs of his Love; and if you think fit to approve our Marriage, nothing wlll be wanting in my Felicity.

This Diſcourſe was like a Thunderbolt to the Heart of *Zoa*, and as ſhe was unprepared to receive it, all her Artifice forſook her, and ſhe fell back in her Chair, where ſhe remained ſome Moments in a Swoon. *Theodora* was now perfectly convinced, that all ſhe feared

feared was but too real, and grieved at the Condition in which ſhe ſaw the Empreſs, and more ſo at the Occaſion, ran to apply proper Remedies for her Recovery: Which ſhe no ſooner accompliſhed, than taking her Hands between hers, Be comforted, ſaid ſhe haſtily, Prince *Calephate* loves me not, nor have I any other Paſſion for him, than thoſe of Hate and Indignation, becauſe he has influenced my Empreſs to an Inclination unworthy of her Rank —— an Inclination which has made her forget all ſhe owes to the Emperor, and to herſelf. Then without giving her Leiſure to reply, ſhe proceeded to repreſent the Horror of the Crime ſhe had committed —— the Danger ſhe run in perſevering in it, and the Shame which always attends ſuch Amours. But *Zoa* more ſenſible of Joy to find ſhe had nothing to fear from the Infidelity of her Lover, than touch'd with the Remonſtrances of her Friend, impoſed on her an eternal Silence in the Affair: Content yourſelf, ſaid ſhe, with having diſcovered my Secret, without pretending to regulate my Conduct —— I ſhall always liſten to you on Maxims of State, but will endure no Dictator on what concerns my Love —— Merit therefore the Pardon I give you, by endeavouring to forget what your Boldneſs has convinced you of. Theſe Words were accompanied with an Air, which wou'd have filled any other than *Theodora* with Dread; but this wiſe Princeſs was nothing daunted by them, and tho' for that Time ſhe forbore any further Speech, ſhe did not fail ſome Days afterwards to renew her former Remonſtrances with noble Force; but ſhe received no better Anſwer than before, nor were all her Efforts of any Service to recal the abandon'd *Zoa* from that Path of Perdition ſhe had enter'd into, and was determined to purſue.

THEODORA was not however the only Perſon who perceived the Empreſs's Amour: This Princeſs was obliged to make ſome People the Confidents of her ſecret Interviews with *Calephate*; thoſe ſhe made choice of for that End, were more complaiſant but leſs diſcreet than *Theodora*; and by their imprudent

Manage-

Management, or by the too frequent Meetings of the Lovers, the Emperor was at laſt inform'd of it; and tho' he cou'd hardly perſuade himſelf there was a Poſſibility ſhe could wrong him in that Nature, yet he was reſolved to leave no Means untry'd which might diſcover the Truth.

He ſoon found an Opportunity, and his own Eyes having been Witneſs of the Diſhonour of this unfaithful Princeſs, all the Love he had for her converted into the extremeſt Hate, and he immediately form'd a Deſign of revenging himſelf in a manner which ſhould make both the Miſtreſs and the Lover repent their guilty Pleaſures; but as *Zoa* was of a Race idoliz'd by the People, and he had been made Emperor only in her Right, all Precautions were neceſſary for the Succeſs of his Enterprize. To this End, he began with trying the Pulſes of the Senate, by complaining of her Barrenneſs, and repreſenting the Confuſion in which the State would be involved, if he ſhould die without an Heir; his Artifices ſo well prevailed, that in a ſhort Time he gained their Suffrages for a Divorce. But in Spite of all the Care he took to keep theſe Tranſactions from the Knowledge of *Zoa*, ſhe had Emiſſaries who informed her of all that paſſed; and fired with the extremeſt Rage at this Contempt, conſulted with *Michael Calephate* how to avert his Meaſures, which they found impoſſible but by Death. The furious Empreſs therefore engaged her Lover to accompliſh it, and promis'd him the Empire with her Hand as a Reward; there was no need of tempting his Ambition with this Bait, his Paſſion for the Empreſs, and Care of his own Safety, render'd it neceſſary to him, that the Emperor ſhou'd be diſpatched; he made no Difficulty of vowing the Performance, and went from her to ſeek Perſons proper to aſſiſt him in the Undertaking, leaving her with as little Horror for the intended Murder of her Huſband as ſhe had felt Shame in wronging him.

It was not very difficult for Prince *Calephate* to find Men capable and willing to ſecond any Deſign he ſhould

ſhould take in hand: His Liberality and the Power of diſpoſing many Employments, had gained him a great Number of Creatures; beſides, as he was known to be the Favourite of the Empreſs, whatever he propoſed was thought to be with her Approbation: And tho' the killing the Emperor gave thoſe he attempted to engage in it ſome little Shock at firſt; yet it ſoon went over, on his acquainting them with the Wrong he was about to do the Empreſs; and that there was no other Way for her to preſerve her Dignity, and perhaps her Life.

THE criminal Deſign being well conſulted, the Time agreed on for the Execution was the Night before the Sentence of Divorce was intended to be paſs'd; and at an appointed Hour *Michael Calephate* at the Head of his Accomplices, ruſh'd into the Room where the Emperor was ſitting at Supper, and in the View of all the Court ſtabbed him to the Heart; while, at the ſame Time, others of the Conſpirators diſpers'd themſelves through the City, crying out with a loud Voice, "*Argiropile*, the ungrateful *Argiropile*, who owed the "Empire to *Zoa*, would have deprived her of Roy-"alty and Life——but Thanks to Heaven he is "dead——the Traitor is no more!——" Then they added, "Long live the Empreſs *Zoa!*——May "all her Enemies periſh like *Argiropile*."

THIS dreadful Cataſtrophe cauſed ſo great a Diſorder in *Conſtantinople*, that the moſt prudent knew not which Part to take; the Emperor being dead, thoſe who moſt loved him when living, grew irreſolute, whether they ſhould hazard any thing for his Revenge, as he had no Heirs nor Kindred to repay what they might happen to loſe. *Zoa*, on the contrary, had it in her Power to recompence all Services done to her; and when the next Day ſhe harangu'd the Senate and the People, ſhe had the Art to make *Argiropile* appear ſo guilty, that there remained very few who did not in their Hearts, as well as openly, approve the Fact, and join in paying Homage to her.

SHE no ſooner found herſelf abſolute Miſtreſs of the Affections of her People, than ſhe began to think

of discharging herself of the Promise he had made to her Lover; but for the Sake of Decorum, under-hand engaged some of her Creatures to move it in the Senate, that she might be entreated to make Choice of a Spouse. This was done, and she named Prince *Michael Calephate*, who with the general Approbation, was married to her in a few Days after.

The first Cares of this new Emperor seem'd only how to please his illustrious Bride, to testify his Gratitude for the Honour she had done him, and to have no other Will than hers. But as he was perfectly well acquainted with her Humour, and could not expect a better Fate than *Argirepile*, should any new Object make an Impression on the Heart of that unfaithful Princess; he endeavour'd secretly to raise himself a Party, both among the Senate and People, who might be ready to defend him in all Events. By an excessive Liberality he gained all the great Officers of the Empire, and under different Pretexts, and at different Times, caused all the Princes of the Blood of *Zoa* to be made Eunuchs, to prevent them from all Possibility of ever claiming the Throne.

The Passion the Empress still had for him, made her not see the End he proposed by all this; but on the contrary, she approved of all his Proceedings, and was the first to give Orders for the Execution of his Will. Nay, he had also the Artifice to throw the Blame of every Thing on her; and while in private he urged her to the utmost Violence and Cruelty, complained of it in publick, and seemed to lament the Fate of those he had wrought on her to condemn. Thus, by the most unequall'd Dissimulation did he render her odious to all the great Families of the Empire, and alienate the Affections of all her Subjects in general, while himself was extoll'd for his Mildness, Justice, and Sweetness of Disposition.

The penetrating *Theodora* beheld these tragical Events with Horror, and trembling lest *Zoa* herself should at last fall the Sacrifice of this ambitious ungrateful Man, failed not to make use of her utmost Efforts to let her see the Danger to which she every Day

Day expoſed herſelf in fulfilling the Dictates of his unreaſonable Deſires; but their Counſels were altogether fruitleſs; ſhe looked on all this wiſe Princeſs ſaid, as proceeding rather from Averſion to the Emperor, than Friendſhip to her; and ſo far from taking Warning by her Remonſtrances, ſhe gave the perfidious *Calephate* greater Opportunities than before, of accompliſhing his Projects.

In fine, this Prince finding himſelf at perfect Peace with all his Neighbours, entirely beloved by his Subjects, and abſolute Maſter of the Senate, reſolved to defer no longer what he ſo much wiſhed to bring about; and without giving the leaſt Notice to *Zoa* of what he intended, he ſent a Party of Soldiers, wholly devoted to him, to ſeize that unfortunate Empreſs in her Chamber, and convey her by Force into a Convent, where himſelf in a ſhort Time followed; and regardleſs of her Tears, her Upbraidings, her Diſtraction, with a drawn Dagger at her Throat, compell'd her to take the Vows. Perceiving her Rage was unavailing, ſhe affected to ſubmit, and on her Knees entreated only Time to prepare herſelf; but he ſaw into her Deſign, and obliged her to renounce the World for ever. This main Point being gained, he ſummon'd the Senate, and the Governors of the Provinces; who being before prepared, publickly approved of what he had done, and confirmed the Empire to him, and to whom he ſhould appoint his Succeſſors.

THEODORA, who had foreſeen this Calamity of *Zoa*, was extremely grieved at it; and tho' ſhe could not but confeſs ſhe had merited no better Fate, yet did not he, who inflicted it, appear leſs guilty in her Eyes; and joining the juſt Deteſtation of his Barbarity and Ingratitude to the Affection ſhe had always borne the Empreſs, ſhe heſitated not a Moment if ſhe ſhould attempt her Deliverance by all the Ways in her Power.

The Virtues of this Princeſs had render'd her dear to the whole Empire; and ſhe ſo well knew how to make her Advantage of the Reſpect paid her, that, by Degrees, ſhe drew all who convers'd with her into a Compaſſion for the Misfortunes of the Empreſs: "All

" the Errors of her Conduct, ſaid the zealous *Theo-*
" *dora*, were occaſioned only by a kind of ſupernatural
" Paſſion for the Man, whoſe Ingratitude now pu-
" niſhes them: Can we then hate the Effect, and yet
" cheriſh the Cauſe? ——— But for *Calephate*, *Zoa*
" had been innocent! ——— Let that unfortunate Prin-
" ceſs therefore be the Object of our Pity, and her cruel
" Seducer, of our Deteſtation." To this ſhe fail'd not to revive the Memory of that illuſtrious Houſe from which ſhe ſprung, and became ſo ſucceſsful in her Endeavours, that, in a ſmall Time, thoſe who had been gained by Intereſt to ſign to the Abdication of *Zoa*, were now, thro' a Motive of Juſtice, more inclin'd to recal her to the Throne.

THIS prudent Princeſs having made a conſiderable Party in the Town, ſoon won on a good Number of the Senate; and continuing her Labours with all Secrecy, but with a Zeal incredible, for the Empreſs's Reſtoration, ſhe at laſt obtained all ſhe aſk'd; and while *Calephate* was lulled in the utmoſt Security, the Populace, led by ſome of the principal Officers, and other great Men, ran to the Convent where *Zoa* was ſhut up, and obliging them to open the Gates, brought her in Triumph to the Palace.

MICHAEL CALEPHATE, who, in this ſudden Revolution, thought of nothing but preſerving his Life, made his Eſcape thro' a Back-way, and took ſhelter in a Convent, hoping he ſhould ſtill be able to turn the Tide of Affairs into a different Channel; but finding his Expectations diſappointed, and that the Hearts of the People were wholly ſet againſt him, he gave over all Thoughts of Empire, and enter'd into Religious Orders. But as Love ill treated ordinarily converts to the moſt implacable Hate, eſpecially in violent Diſpoſitions, the revengeful Empreſs was not ſatisfied with this voluntary Abjuration of all earthly Grandeur; but excuſing her Cruelty, by ſaying, ſhe was acquainted with his private Ambition and Diſſimulation, ordered his Eyes to be put out, that he might be deprived of all Hopes of ever remounting the Throne.

As ſoon as ſhe found herſelf ſettled in a profound Tranquillity, ſhe thought of nothing more than to teſtify her Gratitude to the Princeſs *Theodora*; and as ſhe now owed the Sovereignty ſhe poſſeſs'd entirely to her, ſhared it with her, and wou'd do nothing of Moment without her Advice; ſhe ſoon found, and ſo did all her People, the Difference there was between being guided by Paſſions, and by the Force of Reaſon; and while the Empreſs and her Co-partner in Power enjoyed the Sweets of commanding nothing that was not ſtrictly juſt, the Subjects accompanied their Obedience with Benedictions. But this was a Situation too happy for the malignant Stars which preſided at the Birth of *Zoa*, to ſuffer her to enjoy for any long Time; in Spite of her Ambition and Haughtineſs of Nature, ſhe was unfortunately too ſuſceptible of tender Impreſſions, and that very Pride, which is a Defence to other Women, ſerved only to indulge her Weakneſs, making her think, that ſhe ought not to give herſelf the leaſt Pain to reſiſt any Inclination that ſprung up in her Soul: In fine, ſhe imagin'd a Woman, ſuch as ſhe was, might do any any thing ſhe had a mind to do; and theſe Sentiments, which gave her Courage to wrong her firſt Huſband with *Calephate*, now poſſeſt her in favour of an Inclination ſhe had taken to Prince *Conſtantine Monomachus*, a Man handſome enough to excuſe an Affection in a Heart, which had not experienced the Vanity of criminal Paſſions like that of *Zoa*'s. *Theodora* made uſe of all the Power ſhe had over her, to prevent her giving Way to this Deſire, but it was in vain; ſhe reſolved to eſpouſe him, and make him her Companion in the Empire.

CONSTANTINE was perfectly acquainted with the Character of the Empreſs; he knew very well ſhe was extreme in all her Paſſions, and had reaſon to fear the Enjoyment of ſuch a Woman would afford but little Happineſs: A Throne however was a Temptation too great for his young Heart to withſtand; and tho' he had neither Love nor Eſteem for the Empreſs, he feign'd enough of both, to flatter her with the Hope of finding thoſe true Delights with him,

which her own Indifference for *Argiropile*, and the Ingratitude of *Michael Calephate*, permitted her not to enjoy with either of them; and they were publickly married with all the Pomp that Wealth and Induſtry could furniſh out.

CONSTANTINE, warn'd by the Example of his Predeceſſor *Calephate*, would attempt nothing againſt the Empreſs that might lay him under the Cenſure of ambitious or ungrateful, and behaved himſelf in ſuch a manner as gained the Hearts of the whole World, and thereby took from her the Power of enterprizing any thing againſt him: But as he never had been poſſeſſed of any Paſſion for her, his Heart was continually taken up with the Charms of ſome young Beauty or other of the Court; and as there are too few Women, who have the Power of reſiſting the Deſires of an amorous and accompliſh'd Prince, who is their Sovereign, he ſeldom ſigh'd in vain. *Zoa* was inform'd of his Amours, and continuing to love him with an unbated Fondneſs, found no more Satisfaction in this third Marriage, than ſhe had done in the others; the Violence of her Temper however muſt have ſome Object to vent itſelf upon, and ſeveral Ladies, who had prefer'd the Love of the Emperor to their Virtue, found their Crimes their Puniſhment in the Reſentment of the furious Empreſs.

THE Beauty however, who had gained the chief Aſcendant over him, and to which all others were no more than tranſient Gallantries, he had the Artifice to ſcreen from the Suſpicion of the jealous *Zoa*; and that Empreſs, in all the Time ſhe was his Wife, could never provoke him to do any thing which could draw on him the Ill-will of his People, always governing them with Juſtice and Affability, and behaving to her with the greateſt Reſpect.

SECRET Diſcontents are frequently more mortal than the moſt terrible Diſeaſes; the Empreſs languiſh'd a long Time under the Grief of being leſs pleaſing to *Conſtantine*, than ſhe was willing the World ſhould be ſenſible of; and in the twelfth Year of her Marriage to him died, and left him at Liberty to make a Choice

more

more agreeable to his Inclinations. This was the End of that unhappy Princeſs; and by her Death her beloved Rival, the fair *Neamia*, ſucceeded to the Throne and Bed, as ſhe had long reigned in the Heart of *Conſtantine*.

THIS was a Woman of a very ſtrange Character, ſaid *Hortenſia*, perceiving *Areliſe* had done ſpeaking; her Humour would not permit her to be happy, but I am ſurprized ſhe met with no greater Misfortunes, and indeed that ſhe died not in a Station much below that of Empreſs.

FOR my part, added *Camilla*, I expected ſome very dreadful Cataſtrophe; but, continued ſhe, neither the Example of *Zoa*, nor of any other Woman, who have acted as ſhe did, ought, in my Opinion, to make us forget thoſe who merit to be praiſed: Even in this Hiſtory, if we find a *Zoa* to condemn, we are alſo preſented with a *Theodora* to admire.

'TIS very true, reply'd *Thelamont*, and we muſt do that Juſtice to the Sex to own, that for one whoſe Extravagancies enforce our Blame, we may produce many beautiful Contraſts, which demand our Eſteem. The Character of the lovely and unfortunate *Ethelgive*, is infinitely more remarkable for Virtue than that of *Zoa* is for the contrary.

FELICIA indeed, ſaid *Florinda*, has painted the Mind of that Princeſs in Colours ſo perfectly amiable, that one cannot reflect on her Deſtiny without the utmoſt Concern. The Spouſe of Prince *Edmund* her Son, was little leſs deſerving, and little leſs unhappy, tho' in a different Way; and when I conſider the Hiſtory of thoſe two Ladies, it ſeems to me, that every Thing that can make Virtue calamitous, join'd to diſturb the Repoſe of both.

WHAT! interrupted *Eraſmus* haſtily, Do you know the Adventures of the Son of *Ethelred* and *Ethelgive*, and wou'd you deprive us of the Pleaſure of hearing them? No, my dear *Florinda*, I cannot ſuffer you to be ſilent on this Occaſion, and conjure *Urania* not to let you reſt, 'till you have ſatisfied our Curioſity.

I KNOW not, reply'd *Urania*, how the beautiful *Florinda* can diſpenſe with doing us this Favour; and

ſhe is too ſenſible of the Delight we take in hearing her ſpeak, to refuſe the Opportunity that preſents itſelf.

Tho', added *Julia*, there requires nothing to heighten the Charms of that Lady's Diſcourſe, yet will it now be doubly agreeable, when it gives the chronological Adventures of a Family we are ſo deeply intereſted in, for the Sake of the beautiful *Ethelgive*. But, continued ſhe, as I believe this will be a Hiſtory of ſome Length; 'tis my Advice to adjourn to the Garden, that we may enjoy the Pleaſure of the Air, and give the better Attention to the Recital.

I perceive, anſwered *Florinda*, that you rely too much on my Obedience, to imagine I would deceive you; therefore am ready, without any Excuſe, to do my beſt for your Satisfaction.

You muſt not then, cry'd *Camilla*, with a gay Air, make thoſe Abridgements, *Areliſe* did in the Hiſtory of *Zoa*——I like not to have the Incidents of many Years crouded into a Narration of a Quarter of an Hour.

I allow the Juſtice of this Reproach, reply'd *Areliſe* ſmiling, but every body is beſt acquainted with their own Abilities; and as I know myſelf incapable of making a long Narration without becoming tedious to my Hearers, I confined myſelf to the moſt important Facts.

No body has the Power of acquitting themſelves better, returned *Urania*; but I ſee the Company is impatient for the Hiſtory of Prince *Edmund*, and already wiſh themſelves on the Terraſs.

At theſe Words every one aroſe, and without entering into any farther Converſation, went haſtily to the Garden, where they immediately ſeated themſelves in the beſt manner they could, to loſe nothing of the Diſcourſe *Florinda* was about to entertain them with; and that agreeable Lady no ſooner perceived her Friends in a Condition to liſten to her, than ſhe began in theſe Terms.

The HISTORY *of* ALGITHA, *Princeſs of* England.

THE Hiſtory of the admirable *Ethelgive* is ſo preſent to us, that I have no need to remind you, that *Ethelred* had two Princes by her when he eſpouſed the Princeſs of *Normandy*. *Felicia* has already inform'd us, that this new Queen treated the Children of *Ethelgive* with an extreme Tenderneſs; but above all, ſhe loved Prince *Edmund*, who was the elder, with an Affection not at all inferior to that of an own Mother; whether it was that the unhappy Deſtiny of that Princeſs moved her to Compaſſion for the Loſs the Royal Infants ſuſtain'd, or the Perſonal Graces of the young Princes, or both together, is uncertain; but all the Hiſtories of thoſe Times agree, that ſhe took not only a maternal Care of their Education, but alſo the ſame Pleaſure in ſeeing the Improvements they made from Time to Time, as that unfortunate Princeſs would have done. Prince *Edmund* making ſomething a ſwifter Progreſs in all he was inſtructed in, for that Reaſon, as well as on account of his Elderſhip, ſhared a double Portion of her Regard; and none who ſaw him in the Court of *Ethelred*, but would have ſuppoſed him Son of the preſent Queen.

THIS lovely Prince was no more than ten Years old when the King his Father married *Emma*; but his young Heart was already ſenſible, that he had loſt a Mother, by whom he was adored, and whoſe Hiſtory, with all its melancholy Circumſtances, had been recited to him a thouſand and a thouſand Times. And tho' in ſo tender an Age we are rarely capable of giving any long Attention to Accidents either happy or unhappy,

yet was his Underſtanding ſo far advanced, that he was no leſs touch'd with the Misfortunes of *Ethelgive* and the Cruelty of *Ethelred*, than he could have been at twice his Years.

A Heart in this Situation promis'd but little Return to the Attachment a Queen had to him, who poſſeſs'd the Bed and Throne of an own Mother; a Mother he ſo juſtly lamented, and had been made happy but by her Misfortunes. But this Princeſs knew how to accompany her Cares for him with Careſſes ſo tender, and Words ſo ſweetly conſolatory, that the young *Edmund* at laſt became touch'd with the moſt ſenſible Gratitude. She never entertained him as a Child, but conforming her Diſcourſe rather to the Strength of his Underſtanding than the Weakneſs of his Age, their Converſations had in them ſomething ſo ſingular, that one cannot help admiring equally both the one and the other.

Nothing is ſo flattering to Youth as to find itſelf believed capable of diſtinguiſhing great Things: *Edmund* knew the Value of the Queen's Behaviour to him, and became inſenſibly as much hers as ſhe cou'd deſire; ſo that if he had a Mother in her, ſhe had in him a Son, a Subject, and a true Friend, as ſhe ſoon after had an Occaſion to experience. More than two Years had paſſed away, without any thing being talked on but the Perfections of this young Prince; but the third was not arrived, before the unconſtant *Ethelred* treated his preſent Queen in the ſame manner he had done the unfortunate *Ethelgive*.

It was in this Time, that *Edmund* made known to the Queen how worthy he was of the Love and Eſteem ſhe had teſtified for him; the Conformity of her Misfortune, with that of his Mother's, render'd her more dear to him than ſhe had been before, or at leaſt, the Affection ſhe had inſpired him with, being quickned by the Pity her preſent Condition demanded, ſhow'd itſelf with great Vigour. He omitted nothing, that he thought might give any Mitigation to her Sufferings; he never ceaſed to conſole her Griefs, to lament her Fate with all that came into his Preſence, and to la-

bour

bour for her with the King. And ſo admirably did he manage in this critical Juncture, and ſo ſtrictly preſerve the Duty owing to his King and Father, that tho' he always took the Queen's Part, and would never be brought to change his Conduct in that Point; yet did he do it in ſuch a manner, as *Ethelred* had nothing to accuſe him of.

THINGS were in this State, when *Sweno*, King of *Denmark*, invaded *England*. You know by the Hiſtory of *Ethelgive*, that *Ethelred* had before been perſecuted by that Prince; that after a bloody Battle, he had been obliged by him to quit his Dominions; to recover which he had recourſe to Queen *Emma*, and found an Aſylum in the Court of the Duke of *Normandy* her Brother. But you are ignorant, that it was on this dreadful Occaſion Prince *Edmund* firſt appear'd in Arms, and gave illuſtrious Proofs of his heroic Courage; he always fought near the Perſon of the King his Father, had the Honour of ſaving his Life twice, and made known a Magnanimity which might have turn'd the Fortune of the Day, if all the Stars had not decreed in favour of the *Dane*. *Ethelred*, after ſeeing his Army routed, was compell'd to leave the Field, and *Edmund* accompanied his Flight, as he had followed him in the Combat.

QUEEN *Emma* was little leſs touch'd with the Glory the Prince had acquired, than with the Return of her Husband's Affections: You know, forgetful of all the Injuries ſhe had ſuſtain'd, ſhe obtained every thing he could deſire of *Richard* II. Duke of *Normandy*; how that affectionate Brother gave the whole Royal Family Protection in his Court, till he ſhould raiſe an Army formidable enough to re-inſtate them in their own Dominions; which being done, *Ethelred*, at the Head of thoſe brave *Normans*, entered *England*, gave Battle to *Canute*, the Son and Succeſſor of *Sweno*, and gain'd an entire Victory over him, forcing him to return to *Denmark*, and leave all his Baggage, with his Hopes, behind.

THE ſurprizing Valour of Prince *Edmund* greatly contributed to this Victory, and made him be looked

upon by the King and People as the only Perſon worthy to reign after him. *Ethelred* re-enter'd *London* with this illuſtrious Son, amidſt the Acclamations of innumerable Multitudes, who reſounded their Names even to the Heavens. At ſoon as the publick Tranquillity was a little ſettled, the Queen, with the reſt of the Royal Family, return'd, and for ſome time nothing but Rejoicings were to be ſeen, both in the Court and City.

ETHELRED, however, deſirous to take from the *Danes* all Hopes of ever re-entering *England* by the Means of any ſecret Intrigues, made an exact Search after all thoſe whom he found had been any Way attached to their Intereſts. Several Provinces of the *North*, which had facilitated their Deſcent, and conſequently the Conqueſt of the Kingdom, felt the Weight of his juſt Diſpleaſure.

AMONG the Number of thoſe who had been of the greateſt ſervice to *Canute*, was *Sigefrid*. This Nobleman was originally of *Denmark*, and nearly allied to the Blood Royal: He had ſettled himſelf at *Oxford*, was one of the firſt that had rais'd Forces for the Service of *Sweno*, when that Prince made a Deſcent on *England*, and had afterwards ſupported the young *Canute* in his Sovereignty over *England*; but being conſtrain'd to embark in Haſte, and quit his beautiful Conqueſt, and *Sigefrid* unable to accompany him, he called together the Remains of the beaten Army, to whom he joined all the Malcontents that came to him from Time to Time, and fortify'd himſelf in a fine Caſtle he had near *Oxford*; from whence he kept a conſtant Correſpondence with *Canute*; exhorting him not to imagine he had entirely loſt *England*, and aſſuring him, that he ſhould ſoon be in a Condition to call him back.

ETHELRED was inform'd of all theſe Tranſactions, and to put a Stop to the Continuance of them, march'd his Troops againſt *Sigefrid*; to whom being much ſuperior in Numbers, he ſoon vanquiſh'd, and took him Priſoner. He was immediately conducted to *London*, and

after

after a ſhort Examination found guilty of High-Treaſon, and condemned to loſe his Head.

CANUTE being informed of this Misfortune, ſent Ambaſſadors to *England* in behalf of his Kinſman and Subject; but the enrag'd *Ethelred* forgetting, that, on the like Occaſion, *Sweno* had made his firſt Deſcent into *England*, deſpiſed the Solicitations of the *Danes*, and, in the Preſence of thoſe who came for the Protection of *Sigefrid*, made the Sentence of Death be executed on him.

DURING the Interceſſion of the *Danes*, *Ethelred* privately offer'd *Sigefrid* his Life, provided he wou'd deliver up to him the ſtrong Places he was poſſeſs'd of; but the unfortunate Count depending upon the Protection of the King of *Denmark*, and knowing that there were Ambaſſadors ſent on his Account, wou'd not accept of any Propoſals made to him, and ſo fell the Victim of his own Obſtinacy rather than the Cruelty of *Ethelred*.

THE *Daniſh* Ambaſſadors loudly complained of the little Regard was paid to the Entreaties of their King; but all the Anſwer they could obtain from *Ethelred*, was an Order to depart immediately out of his Dominions, his Reſentment againſt that Nation not permitting him to reflect on the Conſequence ſuch a Behaviour muſt naturally produce.

IN their Return to *Denmark*, they were attack'd, taken Priſoners, and put in Chains, by ſome of the People of the *Orcades*, who ſent out Veſſels on purpoſe to intercept their Paſſage, as was thought, by the Inſtigation of the King of *England*: For ſome Months they were detained on that barren and uncomfortable Shore, nor ſuffer'd to depart till they had paid a very great Ranſom

THIS laſt Indignity, added to the Death of *Sigefrid*, ſo exaſperated *Canute*, that he reſolved once more to enter *England* with Fire and Sword. To that end, he gave Orders for the raiſing a powerful Army, and for the equipping all the Ships he had in his Ports.

THESE

THESE great Preparations were not unknown in *England*, and *Ethelred* neglected nothing to reſiſt his Enemy both by Sea and Land; for which Purpoſe it was highly neceſſary he ſhould make himſelf Maſter of all the Lands of *Sigefrid*; particularly of that Caſtle which he had fortified, and might be of great uſe to favour the threatned Deſcent of the *Danes*. This Place was exceeding ſtrong of itſelf, had in it a great Garriſon, and was well furniſhed with Ammunition, and all Sorts of Proviſions; but that which rendered it moſt formidable, was the admirable Courage and Reſolution of her who commanded it.

ALGITHA, the Widow of *Sigefrid*, was a Princeſs, who, from her moſt tender Years, had accuſtomed herſelf to the Fatigues of the War; and to all the Perfections of her own Sex, had join'd every Thing that is praiſe-worthy in the other. She was not inferior to her late Huſband in Courage, Wiſdom, or military Diſcipline; and her natural Inclination to War, now animated by deſire of Revenge, made her omit nothing that might render this Caſtle inacceſſible to the Arms of *Ethelred*, whom ſhe regarded with the moſt perfect Deteſtation, as being the Author of his Death who had been ſo dear to her.

ETHELRED was not ignorant of the Wiſdom and Reſolution of this beautiful Warriour, and therefore ſent his valiant Son at the Head of his moſt experienced Troops, to inveſt *Sickfort*, for ſo was this Caſtle called. Never was any Fortreſs more indebted to Nature for its Situation than was this: It ſtood on a prodigious Eminence, which over-look'd the whole Country round about, and was encompaſſed with Rocks ſharp and craggy, and of a ſtupendous Height. The Ground beneath was marſhy, and altogether impaſſable but by a narrow Path, thro' which no more than two could go a-breaſt; had *Edmund* therefore attempted to march his Army by this Rout, they muſt have been all deſtroyed by the Arrows from above, and great Stones which the Beſieged might eaſily have thrown down from the Precipices. But this intrepid, tho' young General, foreſaw the Diſadvantages he labour'd under,

and

and far from ſuffering himſelf to be dejected by them, like a ſecond *Hannibal*, made his Way where there ſeemed to be no Way, and conquer'd even Nature, when ſhe oppoſed herſelf to the Progreſs of his Glory. By Stratagems, as difficult in the Execution as they were wonderful in the Invention, he dried up the Fenny Ground, and procured a ſound Footing for his Soldiers; then found Means to advance Machines to batter down the Walls, which were ſhaking by the very firſt Attack, and at laſt had a Breach made in them, large enough for a Battalion to enter. But theſe Approaches could not be made till after many Skirmiſhes, and great Loſs on both Sides. The Beſiegers fought like Men, who prefer'd Glory to Life; and the Beſieged like Men deſperate, and who neither hoped, nor expected any Quarter.

THE fair *Algitha*, who commanded in the Caſtle, order'd every Thing ſo well, that the oldeſt Captains were ſurprized at her Wiſdom. She appear'd amidſt the thickeſt Dangers, arm'd at all Points, animating the Soldiers by her Words and Example, and marking the Paths ſhe trod with innumerable Deaths; all the *Engliſh* who fell into her Hands, in the Sallies ſhe frequently made, became unhappy Victims to her Revenge, cauſing them to be thrown from the Ramparts upon thoſe frightful Rocks, which daſh'd their Bodies to pieces in Sight of the whole Army; nor did the Beſiegers treat their Priſoners with leſs Barbarity: So that theſe reciprocal Cruelties produc'd a Hate in both Parties, which gave a double Fury to the War.

PRINCE *Edmund* had frequently heard the high Character of *Algitha*'s Valour and Conduct; but could never perſuade himſelf, that they were conſiderable enough to have ſo long retarded the Progreſs of his Arms: And as he knew ſhe had with her many Captains of great Experience, he attributed to them the Honour of this vigorous Oppoſition; but to whomſoever it was owing, he thought it a Diſgrace to him to be ſo long repulſed, and therefore reſolved to make uſe of his utmoſt Efforts. The Breach being more enlarg'd, he ſummon'd the Beſieged to ſurrender; but

receiving from them no other Anſwer than Reproaches, and Threatnings to revenge the Death of *Sigefrid* on his Head, and on that of the King his Father, he prepared every Thing for a general Aſſault, which was given the next Day at Sun-riſing. The Combat laſted three Hours, without the *Engliſh* being able to get any Ground; and the Prince perceiving he had loſt a great Number of Men, and that the remainder were diſcouraged by the Valour of one Warrior who carried Death and Terror wherever he came, was obliged to ſound a Retreat, and take new Meaſures for carrying the Place.

THREE Days after, in which Time the Breach was very conſiderably widen'd, Prince *Edmund* ordered the beſt of his Men to be pick'd out from all his Troops, and putting himſelf at their Head, began the general Aſſault with a firm Reſolution, either to conquer, or to die. *Algitha*, who foreſaw his Intention, drew up her Forces behind the Breach, and ranged them in ſo artful and advantageous a Manner, that the Beſieged were not without hope of being ſtill able to reſiſt their Enemy.

IN fine, this laſt and moſt bloody Attack was given at ſix o'Clock in the Morning, on the fourth of *September* in the Year 1014: The *Engliſh* fell on the Beſieged with Fury; they defended themſelves with the ſame; and the braveſt of both Parties became Victims to the Ambition of their Chiefs.

THE Battle had already laſted ſix Hours, without the *Engliſh* being able to mount the Breach. The ſame Warrior, that Prince *Edmund* had ſeen before, making ſuch Havock among his Troops, ſeem'd now by his ſingle Valour to withſtand the Efforts of a whole Army; and a ſecret Jealouſy of Glory joining with the Deſire of Conqueſt, to animate the Soul of this young Hero, he ſought to encounter him, whom alone he look'd on as his Rival in Fame, and Bar to his preſent Victory. Fortune favour'd his Wiſhes, and this formidable Adverſary being ſpurred on with the ſame Eagerneſs, to try his Strength with him, who appeared moſt worthy of his Arms; and being told which was Prince *Edmund*, was coming forward at the ſame

Time

Time the Prince of *England* was opening a Paſſage to him.

These two Prodigies of Valour attack'd each other with an equal Fury: The Strokes which fell from both, were ſo well aim'd, and deſcended with that Force, that neither but look'd on his Adverſary as invulnerable in reſiſting them. The Champion of the Beſieged had the Advantage however of the Prince, in one Blow, which lighting firſt on his Head-piece, broke it in Pieces, and in the Deſcent cut the Braces of his Armour on his Right Shoulder. But *Edmund*, more enraged by this Accident, flew ſo vigorouſly on his Enemy, that he threw him at his Feet, and reſolving to put an End to his Life, was about to unfaſten his Helmet, that he might cut off his Head; when the Beſieged, who had a more than ordinary Intereſt in the Life of this Perſon, made ſurprizing Efforts for his Deliverance: But the *Engliſh* perceiving by the Cries of their Enemies of what Importance this Life was to them, fell upon them in ſuch a Manner, as took from them all Thoughts but of their own Safety, and having drove them from the Breach, became Maſters of it, and of that Quarter of the Rampart, while their gallant Prince was, for ſome Moments, reduced to a Condition, which deprived him of the Power of aſſiſting them.

Having pluck'd off the Helmet of his Adverſary, with an Intention to have put an End to that Life, which he thought eclipſed the Glory of his own, his Arm was ſuddenly arreſted by the Sight of the moſt ſurprizing Beauty that ever had offered itſelf to his Eyes; the fineſt Hair in the World, which fell in great abundance down the Shoulders of the Vanquiſh'd, and the Softneſs and Delicacy of the Features, made known to him, that this admirable Perſon was a Woman; and the Terror thoſe of her Party were in for her Danger, making the Name of *Algitha* reſound from every Quarter, left him no room to doubt it was that Princeſs.

Astonishment and Admiration now ſupply'd the Place of Fury, and the ſudden Change from the

the Violence of one Emotion to others of ſo contrary a Nature, made little Difference between the Victor and the Vanquiſhed. He recovered himſelf time enough to prevent any Notice being taken of what paſs'd in his Heart; and having ordered her to be carried to his Tent, and that the ſame Care ſhould be taken of her as of himſelf, returned to the Aſſault, where he found his Troops had gain'd the Breach, and that the Beſieged were in the moſt horrible Diſorder.

He now found that *Algitha* had been the Soul of her Party, and that it was her Loſs alone that gained him the Victory. He offered Quarter to all who would lay down their Arms; but they refuſed to accept it, and fell Victims to their Obſtinacy and Deſperation. Prince *Edmund*, to reward the Bravery and long Fatigue his Army had ſuſtained, allow'd the whole Plunder of the Place, excepting only the Caſtle, where he knew the Treaſures *Sigefrid* were amaſſed. During all this Action, he ſent Meſſengers every Moment to hear News of his fair Priſoner; and being inform'd, that ſhe had no Wounds that were dangerous, felt a Pleaſure, at firſt, he was not ſenſible from what Source derived; but the Impatience he was in to return to his Tent, in a ſhort Time convinced him, that his Concern for the incomparable *Algitha* was agitated by ſomething more than Admiration, and more vehement than Pity.

But however violent his Perturbations were on this Account, thoſe of the Princeſs were not at all inferior. In ſpite of the Animoſity ſhe had vowed for the Blood of *Ethelred*, when the Blow ſhe had given made the Viſor of *Edmund* fall off, and diſcovered to her his Face, all the Fury and Reſentment ſhe had been poſſeſs'd of, converted in one Moment to Admiration; the Heat of the Combat having given new Charms to this young Hero, he appear'd an Enemy more formidable to her Heart than to her Life: The Fire which ſparkled from his Eyes ſtruck thro' her very Soul; her Deſires of Vengeance diſſipated, her Strength diminiſhed, and ſhe was incapable of Defence, when the Prince was employing his whole Force for her Deſtruction.

ſtruction. The Victory he obtained over her had, doubtleſs, coſt him more Blows, had not the Tenderneſs juſt then riſing in her Soul, deprived her of her accuſtomed Fierceneſs, and aided his Attempt. The Wound he gave, contributed leſs to her fainting, than the Confuſion of her Mind; and when ſhe came to herſelf, which ſhe did not, till after ſhe was brought into the Tent of her Conqueror, ſhe caſt her Eyes about, with an Air all languiſhing, in ſearch of the Perſon who had thus doubly ſubdued her; and finding he was not preſent, threw herſelf down again on the Couch with a Sigh, which ſeemed to rend the Boſom it proceeded from.

Prince *Edmund* had no ſooner made himſelf Maſter of the Caſtle, than he ordered all the Ladies, who had been Attendants on *Algitha*, to be brought befor him; and after acquainting them with the Fate of that Princeſs, ſent them under a ſtrong Guard, for their Security, to his Tent; judging it would be no inconſiderable Alleviation of her Griefs, to have thoſe about her, from whom ſhe had been accuſtomed to receive Services.

At their Arrival, they found her in the Manner I have related, and by their Tears and Exclamations teſtified how very dear ſhe was to them, and how greatly they regretted to ſee her in that State. She received theſe Marks of their Duty and Affection with the moſt engaging Sweetneſs, and turning herſelf to the principal of them, *Edwige*, ſaid ſhe, we are Captives, and all my Endeavours have been fruitleſs.

Yes, Madam, anſwered that Confidant, Prince *Edmund* is Maſter of the Place; his Victory is intire; and tho' he would willingly have ſpared your Peoples Blood, and to that End made very advantageous Offers, yet their Grief and Deſpair for your ſuppoſed Death would not ſuffer them to accept of any Thing: But their Reſiſtance ſerved only to increaſe the Glory of your invincible Enemy, by adding ſo great a Number to thoſe who had already fallen beneath the Force of his Arms.

Alas! reſumed the Princeſs, then all are periſhed, and I am the unhappy Cauſe. But let us ſee this Prince, continued ſhe, implore his Clemency, and, if it be poſſible, ſave thoſe that are in the other Places belonging to us——— Perhaps, added ſhe with a Sigh, he has a Heart leſs inflexible than that of his inhuman Father.

As ſhe pronounced theſe Words high enough to be underſtood by thoſe whom Prince *Edmund* had placed to guard, and wait upon her, they aſſured her, that ſhe might expect every thing from his Generoſity, and that by the Care he had ordered to be taken of her, and the extreme Diſquiet he was in for having put her into that Condition, tho' unknown, it was eaſy to judge, he wou'd lend a favourable Ear to all ſhe ſhould propoſe.

They told her alſo, that ſhe was now in the Tent of that Prince, and that ſince her Entrance into it, he had not paſs'd one Moment without ſending to enquire of her Condition. Theſe Teſtimonies of his Goodneſs compleated the Conqueſt of her Heart; and at the ſame Time flattered her with the Hope of making a Treaty with him, which might ſecure her the peaceable Poſſeſſion of thoſe other Territories ſhe had left.

But if the Troubles of the War were over, ſhe had new ones ſpringing up in her Soul, which would not permit her to take any Repoſe: In vain ſhe called to remembrance her Motives of Hatred to the Father, to defend her from the Tenderneſs the Son inſpired; in vain ſhe recollected the Violence of *Ethelred*, and the ſad Fate of a [illegible]e beloved Huſband; all thoſe dreadful Ideas loſt their Horror, and gave Way to the inchanting Image of the Hero, who had conquer'd her. She paſs'd the Night in continual Agitations between the Conſideration of what was owing to the *Manes* of *Sigefrid*, and the Merits of the charming *Edmund*; and tho' this laſt had infinitely the ſtrongeſt Party in her Soul, yet cou'd ſhe not give herſelf up entirely to it without a Remorſe, which involved her in moſt terrible Perplexities.

PRINCE *Edmund* was not in a Situation of more Tranquillity; he arrived at the Camp ſo late in the Evening, that to have demanded a Sight of his Priſoner, wou'd have been too diſreſpectful for him to have been guilty of, had ſhe been much leſs the Miſtreſs of his Soul: But he looked on himſelf as the moſt criminal of Mankind, in having lifted his Arm againſt a Perſon whom he thought born for Univerſal Command. He inceſſantly reproached his Fury and his Blindneſs, and in the Vehemence of his Rage againſt himſelf, imagined, he cou'd never repair the Fault he had committed, but by loving her with an Ardour as violent as his Hate had been; and as he had ſought her Life, to devote his own entirely to her Service, and to hazard every thing, and endure every thing for her Sake. Thus, far from oppoſing the growing Paſſion in his Breaſt, he made no other uſe of his Reaſon and his Reflections than to indulge it.

THE Deſire of ſeeing this beautiful Princeſs, immediately ſucceeded the Reſolution of adoring her for ever: And as ſoon as he thonght a Viſit wou'd not be incommodious, ſent to intreat Permiſſion to attend her. *Algitha*, who expected this Civility, and found herſelf eſtabliſhed enough for Converſation, received his Meſſenger with a moſt becoming Affability, and expreſs'd an obliging Impatience for this Interview.

THE Prince ſoon after appeared, followed by the principal Officers of the Army: He was habited with the utmoſt Magnificence, but the Perfections of his Perſon and Addreſs, were infinitely more enchanting to the Eyes of *Algitha*, than the Luſtre of his Jewels, or the Richneſs of his Dreſs. All Hiſtories agree, that he was without Exception the moſt handſome and beſt-made Man of his Time; and as in War, he cou'd not be look'd on without Fear, ſo in Peace, he never appeared without creating Love and Eſteem.

ALGITHA now had ſeen him both in the one and the other, and cou'd not defend herſelf from a ſecond Surprize little inferior to the firſt. However, ſhe had command enough over herſelf to teſtify it by no other Token than a Geſture of Admiration; a Paſſion

which

which none of the Ladies who attended her could prevent themſelves from being ſeized with, at his firſt Appearance.

PRINCE *Edmund* on the other Side found her ſuch, as for ſome Moments deprived him of the Power of Speech; if ſhe had ſeem'd to him ſo incomparably lovely in the midſt of Blood and Slaughter, what muſt ſhe now do, adorn'd with Softneſs, and all the Advantages of Dreſs? Being an *Amazon*, ſhe had no other Covering to her Head than a Plume of white Feathers, which waving careleſsly ſometimes one Way, and ſometimes another, concealed, and diſcovered by Turns her beautiful Forehead; her Hair hung looſe in Ringlets over her Shoulders, and that Part which was turned back, was filleted with a String of Diamonds of a prodigious Largeneſs and Luſtre. She was tall, and ſhaped with the utmoſt Exactneſs; nor was any of the Advantages Nature had beſtowed on her, unembelliſhed by Art. This Day, her Garment being cloſe to her Body, diſcloſed the admirable Proportions of her Limbs; and at the ſame Time had an Air of Negligence: In fine, the Regularity and Sweetneſs of her Features, the Delicacy of her Complexion, and the Majeſty which reigned throughout her whole Perſon, rendered her, on the ſtricteſt Examination, not leſs perfect than ſhe appeared at the firſt ſtriking Appearance.

THE enamour'd Prince cou'd ſcarce reſtrain his Tranſports at the Sight of ſo much Beauty; and perhaps he did it not ſo well, but that thoſe who accompanied him might have penetrated into the Secret of his Heart, if their own Aſtoniſhment had not prevented them from taking Notice of his Behaviour, and at the ſame Time given him Leave to recollect himſelf——How guilty am I, Madam! ſaid he, how dear has my Victory coſt me, ſince I could not purchaſe it, but by offending ſo incomparable a Princeſs! I will not attempt to juſtify myſelf, by ſaying you are wholly unknown to me, for I can no way render myſelf worthy of your Pordon, but by offering my Life to your juſt Reſentment. He accompanied theſe Words with ſo paſſionate an Action, that

that the diſcerning *Algitha.* was no longer ignorant of what her Charms had done; which Diſcovery adding a brighter and more lively Colour to her Cheeks, made her appear yet more lovely than before.

My Lord, replied ſhe, with a Voice which had in it nothing of Enmity, if the Conſequences of War may be accounted Crimes, I am infinitely the moſt guilty Perſon: I knew very well who you were, I ſought you, combated with you, and deſired nothing more than to have put an End to your Days; and how, my Lord, continued ſhe, will *England* ever pardon me for laying ſacrilegious Hands on the greateſt and moſt amiable Prince her Annals ever boaſted? But let us, added ſhe, with a moſt charming Sweetneſs, let us forget what's paſt, and permit the Peace which I am now about to offer, may put an End to all our Differences.

The Prince ſaw well, that *Algitha* had no Mind to anſwer to the obliging Things he had to ſay to her, therefore deferred any Declaration of his Sentiments till a fitter Seaſon; and with a Bow the moſt tender and reſpectful that cou'd be, he told her, that he wou'd neglect nothing that might prevail on the King his Father to conclude the War as little to her Diſadvantage as poſſible! And after many Compliments on both Sides, they parted with Sentiments and Deſires vaſtly different from thoſe they had been animated by ſome Days before.

The Prince of *England* had no ſooner quitted her, than his firſt Care was to diſpatch a Courier to the King, with the whole Hiſtory of this famous Siege: His Letter was full of the Praiſes of all thoſe who had ſignaliz'd themſelves in the War, and of the Valour of his Troops in general, without making any mention of himſelf, or of his Combat with *Algitha*; ſaying only, that Princeſs was his Priſoner, and that all the Treaſures of *Sigefrid* were in his Power, and intreated Permiſſion to treat with the Widow of that Rebel; inſinuating, that a Peace would render him in a better Condition to reſiſt the King of *Denmark*; and urged his political Reaſons for putting an End to the War in that Part of the Country, with

ſo

ſo much Wit and Prudence, that the King and Council were charmed with them, and readily conſented to leave him intire Maſter of his Conqueſt, and to ratify whatevnr he ſhou'd decree concerning the Fate of his Priſoner, or the Diſpoſal of her Territories.

WHILE the King and his Court were in this favourable Diſpoſition towards him, the Heart of *Algitha* was yet more ſo. This ſecond View of him had ſo well eſtabliſhed his Image in her Heart, that it was not in her Power to eraſe it even for a Moment, much leſs to ſuffer any other Thing to come in competition with it. After the Departure of the Prince, finding herſelf alone with *Edwige*, from whom ſhe never concealed any thing, ſhe ſpoke of her engaging Conqueror in Terms ſo full of Admiration, and ſo highly extolled the Beauties of his Perſon and rare Qualities, that this Lady eaſily perceived from what Source ſuch paſſionate Praiſes were derived.

ALGITHA perceived ſhe had diicovered her Secret, and far from being offended at it, *Edwige*, ſaid ſhe with the moſt languiſhing Air, I ſee thou haſt penetrated into my Heart; but I ſtand in no Fear of thy Reproaches: There needs no more than to have ſeen Prince *Edmund*, to excuſe the Weakneſs of loving him; but, continued ſhe, ſighing, ſince thou art ſo good at reading the Minds of People, can'ſt thou gueſs at nothing that paſſes in that of my Conqueror?

NOR his, nor yours, Madam, have eſcaped me, anſwered ſhe; and ſince you permit me to declare my Sentiments, be perſuaded, Madam, that whatever Tenderneſs your Soul may be inſpired with in favour of the Prince, that which he is poſſeſſed of for you, is yet more violent. I examined him with Care the whole time of his being here, and ſaw Love ſparkling in his Eyes, and heard it in the Tone of his Voice. When he affected an Air of Gallantry and Generoſity, in offering you his Life as a Reparation of his Fault, the Obligation ſeemed to me to ſpring from his Heart, and what he ſpoke only as a Compliment, was indeed the moſt ſerious Truth. Yes, Madam, continued ſhe, all his Words, all his Actions, in ſpite of his Efforts to the

contrary,

contrary, declar'd the Lover; and I am ſtrangely deceiv'd, if in a little time you do not find he is ſo in the moſt exalted Senſe.

As none here, purſued *Florinda*, turning to the Company, are ignorant of the Force of Love, it wou'd be needleſs to repeat how flattering to the Wiſhes of *Algitha*, was the Diſcourſe of her Confidante; ſo I ſhall only ſay, that in order to prolong it, ſhe confeſs'd that ſhe had imagin'd her Preſence had made ſome Impreſſion on the Prince, and in her Turn gave her Reaſons for ſuch a Suppoſition; ſo that both their Obſervations being compared, ſerved to fortify the Idea in the Minds of the one and the other, and the Princeſs thought, without beidg too vain, ſhe might indulge herſelf in the ſweet Hope of being as perfectly beloved as ſhe loved.

EDMUND in the mean time had Sentiments leſs pleaſing; his Paſſion was accompanied with a Timidity which ordinarily mingles itſelf with Love in an unexperienced Heart; and as he join'd to the reſt of his Perfections, that of being ignorant how worthy he was to be loved, he only wiſhed he were, without hoping ever to merit to be ſo.

THIS Diffidence of himſelf gave him Reflections ſuch as permitted him not to enjoy much Tranquillity. But as his Paſſion was too violent to be entirely conceal'd, and he wanted Courage to declare it to the Beautiful Inſpirer, the Conſtraint he muſt have put upon himſelf would have been intolerable, had he not found a Friend in whoſe faithful Boſom he knew the Secret wou'd be ſafe.

AMONG the Lords and great Men who followed him in his firſt Viſit to the Princeſs, was *Aldric*, a Prince whom the Conformity of Years firſt, and afterwards the rare Qualities he obſerved in him, made him the moſt particularly attach'd to, of any who had been his Companions in this War; and he it was to whom he communicated the Myſtery of his Love, and his too ſcrupulous Doubts.

ALDRIC, who knew the Merits of his Prince much better than himſelf, employed his utmoſt Eloquence to

gave him a better Opinion of the Succeſs of his Deſires. No, my Lord, ſaid he, there is no room to doubt, if Prince *Edmund* may make himſelf beloved wherever he wiſhes to be ſo; but permit me to remind you, there are other Subjects for Fear, of a more formidable Nature. I foreſee a thouſand Obſtacles on the Part of the King; your Highneſs is the Darling and only Hope of *England*; your Alliance with ſome great Princeſs, wou'd procure ſolid Advantages for your Country; and will *Ethelred* ever be prevail'd upon to ſuffer you ſhou'd renounce thoſe glorious Pretenſions? And, continued he, I tremble at the Apprehenſions of his Rage, ſhou'd you enter into any Engagements without his Conſent. Theſe, my Lord, are the Reflections that give me Pain, and all that ought to trouble you——What Woman cou'd reſiſt a Conqueſt ſo glorious for her as Prince *Edmund?* Your Preſence attracts all Eyes, all Hearts; the leaſt Regard from you, ſubjects them to you for ever, and can you think that when you vouchſafe to add the tendereſt Paſſion to ſuch powerful Charms, the Widow of *Sigefrid* wou'd not joyfully return it!

My dear *Aldric*, ſaid the Prince, embracing him, I can reply nothing to Words too flattering for my Belief——a partial Friendſhip hoodwinks your Judgment. ——I know I am far from what you think, and wou'd repreſent me to be; but were I all, and more than all that Nature ever formed of Perfection, and were the Dangers you have mentioned infinitely greater than they are, all wou'd be too mean a Purchaſe for the Heaven of *Algitha*'s Affection——Yes, *Aldric*, yes, that divine and everlaſting Miſtreſs of my Soul bears down all Conſiderations of the State, or the King, and leaves me no Will for any thing but herſelf——to adore only her, to pleaſe only her, and in fine, to think only on her.

The Tone and Air with which theſe Words were ſpoke, convinced the Favourite of the Greatneſs of his Prince's Paſſion; but as he knew he had an Infinity of Reaſon and Good Senſe, he did not fail to lay before him all that he foreſaw wou'd be the Conſequence of his Love, to the End, that if he cou'd not baniſh it from his

his Heart, he might at leaſt be prepared for all the Accidents it might produce.

The Prince anſwer'd him with a Moderation and Wiſdom becoming his Character; but at the ſame time teſtified an unſhaken Conſtancy in his Affection to the Beautiful *Algitha*, and the firmeſt Reſolution to hazard and to ſuffer every thing for her Sake.

This faithful Friend and Counſellor cou'd not hear ſuch a Declaration without diſcovering in his Countenance the Trouble it gave him; but perceiving that this was one of the Strokes of Fate, againſt which no human Prudence is a ſufficient Defence, he wou'd not diſquiet his Prince with farther Arguments, but aſſured him that in all Events he would devote himſelf entirely to him, and that nothing ſhou'd ever ſeparate their Intereſts.

Prince *Edmund* knew too well the Value of ſuch a Friend, to refuſe his Offers: He thank'd him in Terms the moſt tender and obliging; and in his turn proteſted never to forget the Zeal he had expreſs'd for his Good, and the wiſe Counſel he had given him, unable as he was to follow it.

In this manner did they paſs the Remainder of the Day, after having viſited *Algitha:* The next, and thoſe which ſucceeded, the enamour'd *Edmund* failed not to pay his Devoirs to that Princeſs, and without daring to ſpeak of his Love, he had ſo well the Art to make her ſenſible of it, that no Words cou'd have been more expreſſive or perſuaſive.

She received him always with a Sweetneſs full of Charms, but as the ſtricteſt Modeſty and Reſerve reign'd thro' all her Words and Actions, he was not able to penetrate into her Sentiments; and tho' he always ſaw her with Pleaſure, yet he never parted from her without doubting his Happineſs. But this Life of Suſpenſe was but of a ſhort Duration: The Return of his Courier decided his Fate, and he no ſooner ſaw the Power the King had given him, than he haſted with his Diſpatches to the Tent of his adored Princeſs.

She was alone with *Edwige*, and the Prince had permitted no body to follow him but *Aldric*, as he had

let him know his Deſign was that Day to make a Diſcovery of his Paſſion, that faithful Confidante, after the firſt Compliments were over, engaged *Edwige* in a particular Converſation at ſome Diſtance, and left the Prince at full Liberty to entertain the Charmer of his Soul. The King, Madam, ſaid he to her, has left me entire Maſter of the Articles of Peace, and I come to make you Miſtreſs of them, and to give you an Opportunity of revenging all the Offences I have been guilty of. It was not enough to combat with you, to wound you, to take you Priſoner, there wants yet ſomething to compleat my Preſumption, which is the daring to adore you, to tell you that I do, and to ſwear to you, that a thouſand Deaths preſented to my Eyes can never make me change my Sentiments. Revenge yourſelf therefore, Madam, continued he, in the moſt tender Accents, revenge on the Lover, the Fury of the Enemy, and puniſh in the Enemy, the Faults of the Lover—— Behold, I wait your Sentence, and ſhall ſubmit to it without murmuring.

To be able to comprehend the Charms that accompanied this Diſcourſe, we ſhou'd aſſemble in our Minds all that is agreeable in Man; all that indulgent Nature can beſtow, all that Love and Wit can teach, and yet at laſt fall ſhort in Idea of the real Graces of this great and amiable Prince. *Algitha* was too ſenſible of the Perfections of this blooming Hero, and of the Glory of ſubduing him, to be capable of diſſembling the Paſſion ſhe had for him any longer; and looking on him with Eyes ſparkling with Love and Joy, And of what Faults, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, can you accuſe yourſelf, of which I am not at leaſt equally guilty? You have hated, and now love me; I wiſh'd your Death, and wou'd now give up my Life for the Safety of yours. Yes, my Lord, purſued ſhe with ſome Precipitation, I ſhou'd deteſt myſelf, if I cou'd yet hate what is moſt worthy in the whole World to be loved—— Do I not ſee with the ſame Eyes all *England* does?—— Have I a Heart leſs ſenſible of Merit than the reſt of your Subjects?——No, my Lord, and if I am ambitious of being diſtinguiſhed from the Multitude, it is by the Exceſs of Tenderneſs alone.

'Tis

'Tis eaſy to imagine the Effect ſuch a Confeſſion muſt produce in a Prince young, ardent, and burning with the moſt violent Paſſion that ever was; he forgot *Aldric*, *Edwige*, and all the World, to abandon himſelf to the Vehemence of his Tranſports. He threw himſelf at the Feet of the Princeſs, in ſpite of all ſhe cou'd do to hinder him; he thanked her, and Heaven, in Words which nothing but the moſt exalted Extaſy cou'd have inſpired: He made a thouſand Vows, both to the one and the other, of an everlaſting Conſtancy and Gratitude, and that obliging him to repeat every Inſtant that he was loved, made him as often repeat that he wou'd eternally adore. In fine, he ſeemed as it were out of himſelf, and was ſo violent in his Raptures, that the two Confidants were no longer able to reſtrain their Attention from a Scene in which they took ſo much Intereſt.

ALGITHA, who had ſeveral times in vain attempted to raiſe the Prince, now made a Sign to them to approach; and holding out her Hand to him, in order to oblige him to change his Poſture, You ſee, my Lord, ſaid ſhe to him ſmiling, that we are not alone, and that you publiſh my Secret. Ah! Madam, cried he, Prince *Aldric* is perfectly well acquainted with my Heart, and I dare believe the diſcreet *Edwige* is too dear to you, to be ignorant of my Happineſs.

After this, the Converſation between theſe four amiable Perſons conſiſted of all that Friendſhip, Zeal, Eſteem and Love cou'd form; but when a ſufficient Space of Time had been allowed to this agreeable Entertainment, Prince *Edmund* intreated *Algitha* to think on the Articles of Treaty, but ſhe wou'd not be perſuaded, ſo he was obliged to take the Care of that Affair upon himſelf; there was little Danger of any Diſagreement between them, the Conqueror was too much in the Power of the Vanquiſhed, to inſiſt on hard Terms, and the Vanquiſhed thought herſelf happy, in yielding every thing to the Conqueror.

She delivered all the ſtrong Places, Lands, and Territories yet remaining in her Power to the Prince; and the Prince re-inſtated her, with the Revenue ariſing

from them. Both being ſatisfied with theſe Conditions, they were ſent to the King for his Ratification, who ſent them back without the leaſt Alteration.

Nothing but the Glory of Prince *Edmund* now made the Subject of Converſation at *London*, and indeed thro' the whole Kingdom: Publick Thankſgivings, Feaſts, and all manner of Rejoicings for his Victory, were celebrated in all the Cities and great Towns; and the Generals and others of the Army having ſent Accounts of this Siege to their Friends, and juſtly expatiated on the Valour of *Edmund*, particularly his Combat with the almoſt invincible *Algitha*, their Amazement was little inferior to their Admiration, when they conſidered what an Exceſs of Modeſty he had obſerved in the Letters he wrote on that Subject; and this augmented in ſuch a manner the Love and Eſteem of the People, that they almoſt idolized him.

Queen *Emma*, to whom his Glory was no leſs dear than if he had been her own Son, wrote to congratulate him on this Occaſion, in Terms which manifeſted the real Friendſhip and Tenderneſs ſhe had for him: But all theſe Honours made but a feeble Impreſſion on his Mind, compared with the Delights he enjoyed at the Feet of his dear Princeſs.

The Articles of Peace had no ſooner receiv'd the Approbation of *Ethelred*, than the Prince cauſed the Caſtle of *Sickfort* to be repaired, and put in a Condition to receive him, the Princeſs, and the moſt conſiderable of thoſe who had attended him in this War; looking on the Camp as a Place too tumultuous for them to partake the Sweets of that Peace they had now ſo happily concluded.

Some Days after they were ſettled there, Prince *Edmund*, whoſe Paſſion received addition every Moment, and by conſequence, his Impatience began to conjure the beautiful *Algitha* to compleat his Felicity, by conſenting to be privately married, giving her to underſtand the little Probability there was, that the King wou'd ever be brought to authorize their Love, if by any Accident he ſhould be inform'd of it; and telling her at the ſame Time, if the Ceremony were once paſt, he had

Hopes

Hopes the Perſuaſion of the Queen, and his other Friend, join'd to the Tenderneſs *Ethelred* himſelf had for him, wou'd influence him to forgive what was paſt recall.

THE Princeſs loved with no leſs Ardour than ſhe was beloved, and was as much deſirous of this Union as he who propoſed it; but the ordinary Inconſtancy of Men in general, and particularly among thoſe of the Age of *Edmund* made her tremble. I can refuſe you nothing, my Lord, ſaid ſhe; and tho' my Honour will doubtleſs ſuffer by a conceal'd Marriage, yet will I readily ſacrifice it, to give a Proof of my Tenderneſs. Alas! added ſhe, what imports it that my Happineſs is a Secret provided it be laſting?

BUT, my Lord, that is my Fear; and is all that hinders me from doing as you deſire · You love me now, but are you certain you ſhall love me always? What can ſecure me from the Effects, the Wrath of your Royal Father, and the Conſiderations of the State may produce?———They will, perhaps, hereafter make you look on a Marriage, ſo little conformable to your Intereſt, as a Crime——They will repreſent to you, that you have eſpouſed the Widow of a Rebel and an Enemy—that your Age and Rank permitted you not to engage yourſelf without the Conſent of the King—they will reproach you with having renounced the Glories to which you might have pretended, and exaggerate the Felicity of a Marriage more illuſtrious, and more advantageous to *England*——they will add a thouſand more unforeſeen Remonſtrances, to render me contemptible in your Eyes, and to draw on me the Fate of the unhappy *Ethelgive* your Mother—they will have but too much Force not to ſhake your Conſtancy—you will bluſh to have liſtned to the Dictates of your Love, and I ſhall fall the Victim to the publick Diſpleaſure; or, 'tis poſſible to the Charms of an Object more worthy of you.

THEN, Prince, then, continued ſhe, letting fall ſome Tears, what will become of the wretched *Algitha?* Shame and Deſpair will be the only Recompence of her Complaiſance and Love:—I know my own Heart, I ſhall love you to my Grave; but alas! nothing can aſſure me of yours.

PRINCE *Edmund* was ſtruck with ſo deep a Sorrow at this Diſcourſe. that he wanted to interrupt her; he found it impoſſible for him to do ſo——the Diſorder of his Soul manifeſted itſelf thro' all his Perſon, and render'd him in ſuch a State, that he was for ſome Moments wholly incapable of replying to what ſhe had been ſaying.

AT laſt, with the moſt languiſhing and dejected Air, I am very unfortunate, Madam, ſaid he, that my Heart is ſo little known to you, that you can believe it capable of the moſt vile of all Inconſtancies!——If the Exceſs of my Paſſion has not been able to inſpire you with Sentiments more favourable, Words I fear will never do it, ſince they are but weak Intelligencers of my Soul's ardent Meaning

BUT is it impoſſible you can think me worthy of your Love, without thinking that if with the Crown of *England*, I ſhou'd be offer'd that of the whole World, it cou'd be capable of obliging me to break the Vow I make to be eternally yours?

NO, Madam, I am neither to be tempted from you by Grandeur, nor terrify'd by the Menaces of an incens'd Father, nor the Murmurs of the State——I know very well, to what I ſubject myſelf and expoſe you; but I know alſo, that whatever Dangers may arm themſelves againſt us, your Glory will be raiſed by my Fidelity and conſtant oppoſing all that wou'd deprive me of you——Be aſſured I can die, but can never be ungrateful or falſe—Permit me once to wear the happy Title of your Huſband, and I will maintain it to my laſt Moment—'Tis by this only I can make known the Greatneſs of my Flame——by this alone my Fidelity can be manifeſted——Oh conſider, Divineſt *Algitha*, conſider that in refuſing what I aſk, you not only tranſgreſs againſt that Paſſion you pretend to acknowledge the Power of, but alſo do an irreparable Injury to my Truth, and I ſhall die unjuſtified in your Opinion——For think not, purſued he, with an Air that had ſomething in it of Diſtraction, think not that I will live without you.

HERE Prince *Edmund* ceaſed to ſpeak, and indeed there was no farther Need of Words to affirm what might

might be eaſily ſeen in his Countenance; a mortal Paleneſs ſpread itſelf over all his Face, his Eyes loſt all their wonted Shine, and fixed on thoſe of *Algitha*, ſeem'd but to attend her Anſwer, and to cloſe for ever. The Princeſs trembled at the Alteration ſhe perceived in him, and cou'd no longer doubt the Sincerity of a Paſſion, which was denoted by ſuch Symptoms.

My dear Prince! cry'd ſhe, preſſing his Hands tenderly between hers, *Algitha* is yours—Diſpoſe of her as you pleaſe—my Suſpicions and my Fears had no other Source than an Exceſs of Tenderneſs, and therefore claim Forgiveneſs; but every Motive of Refuſal ſhall recede to the Glory of being united to you—'Tis for you then to command, Oh charming Prince! I am in all Things ready to obey.

Tho' theſe Words were like the Voice of Pardon to a Wretch condemn'd in the Ears of the tranſported *Edmund*, yet could he not preſently get over the Grief her former Diſcourſe had imprinted in his Soul; and while he thank'd her Condeſcenſion in Terms the moſt paſſionate, yet did a certain Languor remain both in his Looks and Accents; which ſerv'd, more than ever, to convince the Princeſs how ſenſibly he had been touched with the Fears of loſing her. She employ'd all thoſe Graces Nature had ſo prodigally beſtow'd on her, to alleviate a Melancholy of which ſhe had been the Cauſe; and after a Million of repeated Proteſtations of eternal Fidelity on both Sides, it was at laſt agreed, that one of the Princeſs's Chaplains, in whom ſhe plac'd the moſt perfect Confidence, ſhou'd ſecretly join their Hands in the Chapel of the Caſtle, and that none but Prince *Aldric* and the faithful *Edwige* ſhould be Witneſſes of that Ceremony.

All Things being thus concluded, they approach'd the holy Altar on the Evening of the next Day, and were there united by thoſe Bonds which are indiſſoluble but by Death. The whole Affair was conducted with ſo much Privacy, that not one Perſon either in the Camp or Palace had the leaſt Knowledge of it. The Myſtery laſted ſome Months, to the great Contentment of the Wedded Pair, who enjoyed, without thoſe Ceremonies which are the Torment of publick Marriages, all the

Sweets that *Hymen* is capable of affording, when heightned by the moſt fervent Paſſion: It ſeemed, as if theſe two were animated but by one Soul—that one Will and one Deſire diffuſed themſelves thro' both; and ſo well were their Thoughts known to each other, that they converſed frequently, as it were by Intuition, and interrogated, and replied by Looks alone.

But Fate, which, they ſay, allows it not to Mortals to be perfectly happy on Earth, being unable to leſſen their Affection, was reſolved to raiſe them Troubles, to diſturb that Repoſe they had ſo long indulged.

The long Abſence of Prince *Edmund* created ſome Suſpicion in the King his Father; and not being able to comprehend the Motives that kept him from a Court, where every body was burning with Impatience for his Return, he ſent ſome Perſons whom he confided in to the Camp, with ſtrict Orders to inform themſelves of all that paſt, and to be careful Spies over the Actions of the Prince, without doing any thing that ſhou'd make him ſuſpect they were ſo.

This Commiſſion was given to Men well ſkilled in Stratagems, and from whoſe Eyes it was ſcarce poſſible any thing ſhou'd eſcape: They examined the Prince with Attention, and preſently found his Paſſion for *Algitha* This Diſcovery was immediately ſeconded by others, and without any one being able to penetrate into their Intrigues, they got Information of the ſecret Marriage, and ſent Notice of it to the King. It wou'd be in vain to go about to repreſent the Exceſs of his Fury at this News; the whole Court ſaw, and trembled at it; and tho' the Prince was extremely dear to them all, yet none durſt open their Lips in his Vindication.

While Rage has Poſſeſſion of the Mind, Nature but vainly pleads; *Ethelred* loſt all the Father, in the angry Monarch, and forgetful how much himſelf had experienced the Force of that Paſſion he now condemned in his Son, ſent an Expreſs to him, which contained an abſolute Command to reſign the Command of the Army to the Earl of *Kent*, to quit *Sickfort* immediately,

and

and come to render an Account of his Conduct at the Foot of the Throne.

THIS Mandate was like a Clap of Thunder to the Hearts of the truly enamour'd Prince and Princeſs; they no longer doubted, if they were betray'd, or if *Edmund* was recall'd out of any other Motive but the extremeſt Wrath. But this laſt alarm'd them leſs, as they had prepar'd themſelves for it: But what was moſt remarkable in this Adventure was, that *Algitha*, who had the greateſt Cauſe to dread what might befal her in this Separation from the Prince, ſeem'd leſs dejected than he did, and was obliged to make uſe of her utmoſt Efforts, to enable him to ſupport it. Nor was his Diſquiet occaſion'd by the Terror of meeting the Eyes of an incenſed Father, and angry King, in whoſe Diſpoſal all his future Fortunes lay; but by the Thoughts of leaving his dear Wife, at a Time when moſt his Preſence was neceſſary, to alleviate the Diſorder ſhe was then in; the Fruits of their reciprocal Affection being now manifeſted in her Pregnancy.

As much however as the Princeſs diſſembled her Concern, in hope to allay that of her Huſband, ſhe cou'd not defend herſelf in ſecret from Agitations, very hard to be endured. She dreaded not any thing the King ſhou'd meditate againſt her; ſhe had too much Courage to regard any thing that touched her Life or Fortune, the Eſtrangement of her dear *Edmund*'s Heart was all ſhe feared: And when ſhe conſider'd ſhe muſt truſt him in a Court ſo famous for Beauties, as that of *England*, not all his Vows cou'd make her ſay to herſelf, He will be mine for ever. And if the Opinion of his Honour ſecured her from the Apprehenſions of his divorcing himſelf from her, and marrying another, as his Father had done; yet, as the Change of his Affection was an involuntary Action, ſhe was invaded with moſt terrible Suggeſtions on that Score; and was too delicate to find any Satisfaction in the Thoughts that he muſt be for her only, becauſe his Veracity wou'd not permit him to be another's

BUT whatever Diſcontents they both endur'd, the Royal Will muſt be comply'd with; and the Prince,

with reaſon, judging, that to delay the injoin'd Attendance on his Father, wou'd only ſerve to irritate him the more, made all imaginable Haſte to prepare for his Departure. And the Conſolation of his beloved *Algitha* being the firſt of his Cares, he obliged Prince *Aldric* to ſtay behind him, that he might hear from time to time of the Situation of that Princeſs's Mind. *Aldric*, on his Side, promis'd an eternal Fidelity, and preſented a Gentleman to him, of whoſe firm Attachment he was convinced, in order that whatever Condition the Prince was in, he might know it from his Pen, and be inform'd of his Commands.

After all theſe Precautions, they took Leave of each other, with ſuch violent Tranſports of Grief, that none were Witneſſes of them, but fear'd they wou'd be attended with ſome fatal Conſequence. *Edmund* exerted all his Forces, to aſſure *Algitha* of an eternal Fidelity; and that Princeſs neglected nothing, that the moſt delicate Paſſion cou'd inſpire, to conjure him to ſet a Guard upon his Heart, and upon his Eyes; and when they had embraced each other a thouſand and a thouſand times, they bid Adieu——A Parting dreadful to themſelves, and touching to all that ſaw it, as not being able to form any Judgment when, or whether they ſhou'd ever meet again!

Grief and Uncertainty were the Companions of Prince *Edmund*'s Journey —— to meet the Eyes of a King and Father, ſo much incens'd againſt him, was no ſlight Motive for the Diſquiet of a Son and Subject practiſed in Obedience; but the Violence of his Love ſurmounted all other Conſiderations; and at his Arrival at *London*, he preſented himſelf before the King, with a Submiſſion full of Reſpect, but with the Aſſurance of a Perſon prepared for every thing. His Preſence, far from exciting any Tenderneſs in *Ethelred*, augmented his Indignation: He reproached, in the moſt cruel Terms, the clandeſtine Marriage he had contracted with the Widow of an Enemy to his King and Country, accuſed him of holding criminal Intelligence againſt both the one and the other; and without reflecting on the Lengths to which

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an Exceſs of Paſſion had tranſported himſelf, alledged all thoſe Reaſons which would have been of more uſe to have regulated his own Conduct than that of his Son, So true it is, that in whatever Rank Providence places Men, they never can be impartial enough to ſee thoſe Faults in themſelves, which they condemn in others.

THE Prince of *England* liſten'd to all this Torrent of Injuſtice, with the moſt perfect Submiſſion; and perceiving the King had left him at Liberty to reply, he threw himſelf at his Feet, and looking up to him with that engaging Air, which charm'd all Hearts, I confeſs I am criminal, ſaid he, in diſpoſing of myſelf without your Majeſty's Permiſſion; but it was the Fear of never being able to obtain it, joined with the Impoſſibility of living without *Algitha*, that made me guilty. Not that I imagin'd you wou'd regard that Princeſs as an Object of Hatred, after the advantageous Peace ſhe concluded with you——— Yes, Sir, I dare affirm, more Blood had been ſhed to gain you Victory, had Love not interpoſed———I apprehended indeed, that your Ambition deſign'd me for greater Alliance, but I knew the Virtues of *Algitha* more worthy than Diadems, and therefore followed the Dictates of my Happineſs rather than my Duty—— But, Sir, continued he, my Crime wou'd yet be pardonable, if you were ſenſible of the Charms of my fair Vanquiſher; and perhaps I ſhou'd find Praiſe where now I am condemn'd ——— Yes, Sir, added he with Vehemence, I adore *Algitha*, I am reſolved eternally to adore her——— But it is not *Algitha*, arm'd againſt my King, to whom I have given my Faith; it is a Princeſs ſubmiſſive to your Laws, faithful to her Duty, and ready to ſuffer Death to atteſt her Loyalty to your Majeſty, and Love to your Son, whoſe Huſband you ſee before your Feet, embracing your Knees, and imploring Grace from an offended Father.

AT theſe Words, *Ethelred*, in ſpite of his Indignation, felt that he was indeed a Father: He ſigh'd, and was ſome time before he cou'd determine in what manner he ſhou'd behave; but ſtruggling with the Tenderneſs which juſt then began to move him, Well

then,

then, reſumed he, ſince you are both ſo ſubmiſſive to my Laws, give a Proof of this Zeal and this Obedience, in ſeparating yourſelves for ever, and do you receive another Wife from the Hand of a Father who loves you —— This is the only Way by which you can obtain Pardon, and oblige me not to treat *Algitha* as an Enemy.

If no other Way we can obtain your Mercy, ſaid the Prince, riſing from the Poſture he was in, I am conſtrain'd to tell your Majeſty, we muſt be for ever miſerable in your Diſpleaſure ——— both *Algitha* and myſelf are ready to loſe our Lives for you; but you ſhall ſacrifice us a thouſand times before we will break our Vows—they are ſacred —— they are voluntary—— they are eternal.

The Prince pronounced theſe Words with a Reſolution which ſurpriz'd *Ethelred*, and re-kindled the before-expiring Fury in his Breaſt. He called to the Captain of his Guards to ſeize the Prince, and order him into Cuſtody. When the Queen entered the Cabinet where they were, ſhe feared ſomething violent wou'd be the Conſequence of this Converſation, and reſolved to labour all ſhe cou'd in the Service of the Prince. She immediately knew by their Countenances the Emotions of their Souls; and perceiving the Captain was about to execute the King's Command, ſhe entreated his Majeſty to forbear till he had given her a Moment's Audience; adding, that ſhe wou'd anſwer for the Prince, and at the ſame time made a Sign to him, and all preſent, to withdraw.

As ſoon as ſhe found herſelf alone with *Ethelred*, ſhe repreſented to him the Wrong he did in proceeding to ſuch Extremities, with a Son, who had behaved in every Action of his Life, bating his Marriage, with the utmoſt Duty———that the Kingdom was in too hazardous an Eſtate, thro' the Preparations of the King of *Denmark*, to admit Civil Broils——that the People, who almoſt adored the Prince, wou'd be excited to murmur at this Treatment of him, and perhaps, run yet greater Lengths in his Favour———She conjur'd him alſo to decree nothing againſt the Perſon of *Algitha*,

githa —— ſhe remonſtrated to him, that the Rebellion was probably not ſo well extinguiſhed, but that it might be rekindled in thoſe Places where that Princeſs had an Intereſt, if any Outrage were offered to her; and all this in Terms ſo ſtrong, tho' full of Reſpect, that *Ethelred* had nothing to object againſt her Reaſons.

THO' this Monarch had not reſumed his former Tenderneſs for *Emma*, and lived with her with little more than a cold Civility, the Obligations he had to her wou'd not permit him to neglect her Advice: Beſides, the Manner in which ſhe addreſſed him on this Score, greatly alleviated his Rage. He gave her his Promiſe to enterprize nothing againſt *Algitha*, either by open Force or ſecret Malice, and not to confine the Perſon of the Prince. But all this beautiful Queen cou'd urge, was unavailing to procure his Conſent to the Marriage, and ſhe was obliged to quit him without obtaining any thing on that Article.

AT her Return to her Apartment, ſhe found Prince *Edmund*, who attended there the Effect of her Sollicitations. She gave an exact Account of all that ſhe had done, and teſtified an unfeigned Concern, that ſhe had been able to prevail no farther; telling him, ſhe foreſaw great Difficulties in the Engagement he had enter'd into; and that ſhe feared, he wou'd have much to ſtruggle with, to make it good.

FOR in fine, my dear *Edmund*, ſaid ſhe, I have ſo little Power over *Ethelred*, that you ought not to flatter yourſelf with a Belief, that he will grant much to my Perſuaſions; and I am very certain, if my Demands had not been founded on the moſt ſolid Reaſons, I ſhou'd have been able to obtain nothing. Thus, added ſhe with a Sigh, I can only lament your Troubles, without a Hope of diminiſhing them by any Effort of mine.

THE Prince returned her a thouſand Thanks for all her Goodneſs, particularly for what ſhe had obtained in Favour of *Algitha*; and prayed her to have for that Princeſs the ſame Friendſhip with which ſhe had honoured himſelf. 'Twou'd be difficult for me,

Madam,

Madam, ſaid he, to make you ſenſible of the Beauties of her Mind, without your being acquainted with her; but thoſe of her Perſon may ſerve in part to excuſe the Paſſion ſhe has inſpired me with. In ſpeaking theſe Words, he drew a little Picture out of his Pocket, which he brought with him from the Caſtle, and ſhewing it to the Queen, Th re, Madam, reſumed he, is the Likeneſs of that Face, to which I have vowed an everlaſting Truth.

EMMA regarded it with Admiration, and confeſs'd that it was very difficult to guard the Heart from ſuch an Aſſemblage of Perfections. Emboldened by the Praiſes ſhe gave her Beauties, he proceeded to delineate the Delicacy, the Purity, the Sincerity of her Soul, and renewed his Proteſtations never to be guilty of Injuſtice to a Perſon ſo truly deſerving; and that he wou'd hazard being as unhappy by his Conſtancy, as *Ethelred* had render'd himſelf by his Infidelities.

The next Day, the King appointed Commiſſioners before whom he compell'd the Prince to appear; but they interrogating him concerning his Marriage, he maintained the Validity of it, and ſaid little leſs to aſſure them, that nothing ſhou'd conſtrain him to forſake ſo dear a Wife, than he had done to *Algitha* herſelf. Had that Princeſs been Witneſs of the Courage and Reſolution of his Love on that Occaſion, it had, perhaps, ſhock'd the Niceneſs of her Soul to think that no Returns ſhe cou'd make were adequate to ſuch a Paſſion.

But this Firmneſs of Mind ſerved only to irritate the King, and he obliged the Commiſſioners to give Judgment. As they were entirely his Creatures, by their Sentence the Marriage was diſannull'd, and the Parties forbid to ſee each other any more, under the Pain of the Royal Diſpleaſure. This Decree the King took Care ſhou'd be immediately ſent to *Algitha*; perhaps, not without Hope the Grief of it might put an End to her Days.

That beautiful Princeſs being inform'd of the whole Proceedure as it went on, by Couriers, ſent to her

her every Day by the Prince, expected a Judgment no leſs ſevere wou'd be given againſt her, and in Spite of the Aſſurances ſhe received of the Fidelity of her Huſband, and the Reſolution with which he maintained the Cauſe of his Love, ſhe was in continual Alarms; ſhe feared for him, for herſelf, and for the Infant yet unborn:——The Sentence was no ſooner paſt, than the Prince imagining it wou'd be ſignified to *Algitha*, diſpatch'd the Gentleman Prince *Aldric* had preſented to him, with a Letter to her, and another to that faithful Friend: The Perſon charged with this Commiſſion, perform'd it with ſo much Expedition, that this Packet was deliver'd before the Arrival of the King's Meſſenger.

In the Letter to *Aldric*, Prince *Edmund* entreated him to hinder *Algitha* as much as poſſible from hearing any News that came from Court, to do his utmoſt to conſole her, and to give her perpetual Aſſurances, that no Time or Chance ſhou'd make the leaſt Abatement in his Affection; but above all, that he wou'd take care that ſhe ſhou'd receive his Letter, before any Diſpatch from the King ſhou'd be brought to her. This Caution was not uſeleſs, the Prince's Gentleman arriving little more than an Hour before the Courier from Court. *Aldric*, who knew the Conſequence of the Affair, went directly to the Apartment of the Princeſs, where the Gentleman deliver'd her the Letter of Prince *Edmund*; which haſtily opening, ſhe found contained theſe Words.

The faithful EDMUND, *to his dear* ALGITHA.

" IF every Misfortune that befals us did not afford
" me a new Occaſion of giving Proofs of my Con-
" ſtancy and Love, I ſhould not be haſty to acquaint
" you with it: But, my dear Princeſs, as I know,
" that nothing but my Fidelity can ſupport you un-
" der the Weight of that Affliction Fate ſhowers
" down upon us, I wou'd be the firſt to let you know
" the preſent Preſſure; to the End that the Aſſurances
" of my Faith may too much engroſs your Soul, to

leave

" leave any Room for Grief, when you ſhall read the
" cruel Sentence paſſed againſt us —They condemn us
" to ſee each other no more, and pretend to deter us
" from doing ſo, by menacing every thing that human
" Nature ſhrinks at — I am proof, however, againſt
" this Thunder-Clap — My Love gains freſh Force
" by this unjuſt Oppoſition, and my Faith becomes yet
" more inviolable than ever——All that they can do
" to ſeparate me from you, ſhall ſerve but to unite me
" more cloſely to you————Here I reiterate all the
" Vows I have made you————to love you to my
" Grave — to prefer you to all the Princeſſes in the
" World——and to ſuffer Death rather than ſubmit to
" the unjuſt Sentence they have given——I conjure
" you to be perſuaded of theſe Truths, if you wou'd
" have me live—Receive the Orders of the King
" without Grief, and without Indignation ; I wiſh you
" cou'd forgive the latter of theſe Emotions in him——
" He may relent, the Sweetneſs of his Nature makes
" me hope it——but whatever ſhall happen, I ſwear to
" you by all that we hold ſacred, to continue to the laſt
" Moment of my Life,

Your faithful Husband,

EDMUND, *Prince of* England.

ALGITHA cou'd not read the Letter without Tears of mingled Tenderneſs and Diſdain : The Affront ſhe received by the Judgment paſſed upon her, occaſioned great Agitations in her Soul ; but ſhe was yet more ſenſible of the freſh Inſtances of her dear Spouſe's Affection ; and reflecting that her Honour cou'd receive no Blemiſh, while the Prince preſerved his Faith, ſhe armed herſelf with a Reſolution to deſpiſe thoſe Formalities Women ordinarily glory in, and to think of nothing but the Happineſs of being beloved by a Prince ſuch as *Edmund*.

SHE alſo took this Opportunity to prove the Deference ſhe paid to the Will of this dear Huſband, and

as

as unjuſt and cruel as ſhe thought the Proceeding of *Ethelred*, was determined to ſhew no Marks of Reſentment before thoſe who ſhou'd be charged with his Orders.

She had juſt brought herſelf to this Point, when the Meſſenger arrived, and delivered the Copy of the Sentence into her Hand, accompanied with an Order to conform to it on Pain of Death. She received the one and the other, with a Courage worthy of the Wife of *Edmund*; and committing the Juſtice of her Cauſe to Heaven, ſeemed only troubled at the little Probability there was, that ſhe ſhou'd ſee the Prince of a long Time.

Some Days after, ſhe brought a Son into the World, who was named *Edmund* after his Father; and this News being immediately ſent to the Prince of *England*, he conceived ſo great a Joy, as for ſome time made him forget all his Misfortunes.

He communicated the Knowledge of his being a Father to the Queen, and to thoſe, of whoſe good Wiſhes he had Experience, who ſincerely congratulated him on that Occaſion; and without conſidering in what manner the King wou'd take it, informed the People of it, and authorized publick Rejoicings.

ETHELRED, who never continued long in one Humour, began already to repent him of having treated the Prince with ſo much Rigour; and tho' he was informed of every thing that paſſed, ſeemed ignorant of the Cauſe of all this Joy, nor oppoſed the Satisfaction of the Citizens, who continued their Feſtival for three Days.

ALGITHA was no ſooner recovered from her Lying-in, than *Edmund*, unable to live without her, cauſed her to remove from the Caſtle of *Sickfort*, and come within a few Miles of *London*, where he every Day indulged his Paſſion with her Converſation; and theſe frequent Interviews gave Birth to a ſecond Prince named *Edward*.

It was about this Time, that the Letter of the unfortunate *Ethelgive* rekindled in the Heart of *Ethelred* all the Paſſion he once had for her; and that the

generous

generous *Emma* took that Opportunity of his Tenderneſs for the Mother, to revive in him all he formerly had borne the Son. Her Pleas cou'd not but be forcible to a Heart already half diſſolved, and which felt all the Reaſons ſhe cou'd urge before ſhe ſpoke them. He ſeemed however to yield to her Perſuaſions, what his own Inclination wou'd not ſuffer him to deny; the Pity he had for the Deſtiny of *Ethelgive*, the Love he now had for her, dead as ſhe was, and the Shame for his paſt Conduct, re-inſpiring him with all the Virtues of his Youth. He thanked the Queen for contributing to ſo good a Work; and to ſhew how deeply he was touched with her Remonſtrances, ordered his Son ſhould be brought that Moment into hi Preſence.

EDMUND, who ſince the Declaration of his Marriage, had never been permitted to ſee his Father's Face, and in the Middle of the Court lived as an Exile, was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd at this Command; he knew not to what Motive to attribute it, and felt in himſelf ſome Repugnance to obey; but as he had ever been a ſtrict Obſerver of his Duty, in all Things in his Power, he overcame all that ſeemed to oppoſe it, and went to the Cabinet where the King then was, with a Mind which had little in it of Tranquillity.

THE Preſence of the Queen, and the Contentment that appear'd in her Countenance, baniſhed part of his Fears; and the King no ſooner ſaw him enter, than ſtretching out his Arms, My Son, ſaid he, receive the Paadon of your Fault, and the Recompence of your Virtues. The Prince who, on the firſt Words of *Ethelred* had thrown himſelf at his Feet, received theſe Careſſes ſo little expected, with a Tranſport of Joy, which eaſily made known to the King how very precious to him was the Return of his Affection.

EDMUND, reſumed he, the Queen, to whom both you and I have the ſtrongeſt Obligations, has conferr'd a greater yet, in permitting me to avow, I have too much loved your Mother, not to regard with the extremeſt Tenderneſs the firſt Son ſhe bleſs'd me with —— I have been guilty of great Injuſtice to her; but I wou'd

wou'd repair them to you ; and it was with that Intention I oppoſed the Engagement you had made with *Algitha*——My chief Hopes were founded on your Happineſs ; I had formed for you great Things in my Imagination, but your Marriage has deſtroyed them all —— I am ſenſible, however, that a virtuous Prince cannot abandon a Woman he has found worthy to receive his Vows, by whom he is beloved, and by a happy Fertility has given a double Cement to the Bonds of *Hymen*.

THESE Conſiderations, my Son, have diſſipated my Rage, and reſtores to you your Father——Take again the Place you have held in my Heart, and in my Power, and which I find you are ſo worthy of; and henceforward let a perfect Union among the Royal Family contribute to diſappoint the Deſigns of our Enemies, as much as the Force of our Arms.

AH, Sir, cry'd the Prince, embrocing his Knees, by what Actions can I ever make your Majeſty a Reparation for having offended you, or merit this tender Return of your Affection ! ——— How happy have you made me! ——— All my Blood, and the whole Services of my future Life, are too mean an Offering for the recover'd Bleſſing of your Favour.

THIS Converſation was ſo truly touching, that the Queen cou'd not withhold her Tears ; and *Ethelred*, in ſpight of his Dignity, and the Gravity he wou'd have aſſumed on this Occaſion, cou'd not reſtrain ſome Drops from falling from his Eyes When the firſt Emotions of Tenderneſs and Joy were a little over, the King permitted the Prince to pay his Acknowledgments to the Queen ; and theſe three auguſt Perſons teſtify'd all that cou'd be inſpired by Nature, Friendſhip, and Eſteem.

THE King of *England* adjudging, that Prince *Edmund* was impatient to carry this News to *Algitha*, ſhortned this Entertainment, to give him that Satisfaction : My dear Son, ſaid he, you have given me too many Proofs of your Paſſion, not to make me know you wou'd gladly make the Princeſs a Sharer in your Contentment ——— I will, therefore, no longer detain

tain you from that Pleaſure——Go, and be yourſelf the Bearer of an Order ſo different from the former. ——Go, and tell her my Commands are, that you ſhall always love each other with a Tenderneſs as ſincere, as you ſhall find my Endeavours for the common Happineſs of you both.

If it were poſſible for me to retract, in an authentick Manner, what I have done againſt your Marriage, I wou'd not defer it one Moment——but it is not a proper Seaſon, our preſent Troubles will not now permit it.——*England* is too much menaced by the Approaches of our cruel Enemies, the *Danes*, to give us Leave to think of any other Affairs than the repulſing them—— they will give you an Occaſion to acquire freſh Laurels; and under the Covert of them, I ſhall, without Shame, ratify your Marriage, and make the whole Kingdom approve of it. Receive, continued he, my Royal Word for the Performance of this, and in the mean time enjoy, without Fear and without Inquietude, the Sweets of an Union, to which I ſhall henceforward be far from putting any Obſtacle.

Prince *Edmund* a ſecond time threw himſelf at the Feet of the King his Father, to thank his Goodneſs; and as he thought himſelf perfectly happy in having gained ſo much, attempted not to exact more; and as he had Permiſſion to depart, haſted to his dear *Algitha*, with a Tranſport worthy of his Love.

This Princeſs ſeeing him arrive with a Satisfaction in his Countenance, which for a long time had been a Stranger there, received him with a vaſt deal of Joy, tho' infinitely ſhort of what ſhe conceived, when he had acquainted her with the Motive.

How great ſoever are the Pleaſures ſecret Love affords, they are accompanied with equal Inquietudes! Nothing is more alarming to a Mind truly wiſe and modeſt, than to be forced to conceal as Crimes, thoſe Actions which are really Virtues: And tho' *Algitha* might ſatisfy herſelf in the Indulgence of her Paſſion, by the Conſciouſneſs it was authorized by Ties the moſt legitimate; yet was it not without the utmoſt Regret, that

ſhe

ſhe conſidered thoſe innocent Endearments, if diſcovered, wou'd be looked upon as ſo many Violations of her Honour.

Such being the Situation of this Princeſs, when the King's Conſent gave her intire Liberty to follow the Dictates of her Inclination, and openly to avow her Tenderneſs for the charming Prince, ſhe cou'd not but be inſpired with Raptures ſuitable to the Occaſion. The Heart and Perſon of her dear Prince ſecured to her for ever!——Her Glory re-eſtabliſhed!——The future Fortune of her Children ſettled!——All that was neceſſary for her Repoſe!——All the Advantages ſhe cou'd wiſh or hope confirmed, was ſuch a Profuſion of Happineſs, as for ſome Moments ſhe cou'd not bring herſelf to believe; and Prince *Edmund* was obliged to repeat the joyful Tidings over and over, and join Proteſtations to his Words, before ſhe cou'd fully aſſure herſelf of the Reality of the promiſed Bleſſings.

But how little am I able to figure out the Exceſs of her Tranſports, when convinced of the Truth!——Her Soul was all diſſolved in Tenderneſs and Joy, Tears flowed in Abundance from her Eyes, while her Lips poured forth Thanks to Heaven, and the gracious *Ethelred*———One Moment ſhe ſnatched her dear Huſband to her Breaſt, and preſſing him ardently, ſaid a thouſand ſoft obliging Things; the next, as if overcome with Extaſy, ſhe lifted up her Hands and Eyes, and by a Silence, more eloquent than any Words cou'd be, expreſſed the Emotions of her Heart. Infinite indeed were the Reaſons ſhe had to be ſatisfied; yet were the Effects more ſo——all that can be imagined of wild Delight, intolerable Joy, appeared in all ſhe ſaid and did; and it was not without ſome Difficulty, that the Prince of *England*, fearing ſuch violent Agitations wou'd be prejudicial to her Health, brought her at laſt to reflect with more Calmneſs.

They paſſed three Days together in an unconceivable Satisfaction; in which Time *Algitha* wrote to the King and Queen. Her Letter to *Ethelred* was full of Reſpect, Love and Majeſty; and that to *Emma*,

of

of Gratitude, and Proteſtations of the moſt zealous and tender Regard.

If *Ethelred* was not before won over entirely to their Party, theſe Letters compleated the Conqueſt of his Heart; and it is not to be doubted, but he would have paſſ'd all Conſiderations to have rendered them entirely happy, if News had not juſt then arrived of too alarming a Nature, not to take up all his Soul.

CANUTE, the young King of *Denmark*, had forc'd the Fortifications made by *Ethelred* in the *North*, to prevent his landing, had routed the Troops placed for the Defence of that Part of the Kingdom, and was marching at the Head of ſeventy thouſand Men towards the Metropolis. Duty, Intereſt, and Glory now obliged Prince *Edmund* to quit once more his dear *Algitha*, who cou'd not take her Farewel of him without a Torrent of Tears; but as ſhe knew the Neceſſity, and had a Courage ſuperior to her Sex, ſhe gave no other Tokens of her Weakneſs; and tho' their parting was extremely moving, yet as it was occaſioned only by their common Good, they conform'd to it without murmuring.

The King of *England* having called together a ſufficient Number of Forces, went to the Relief of his Provinces, and came by ſpeedy Marches very near the *Danes*. It was the Opinion of Prince *Edmund*, and ſeveral other great Generals, that it was better to harraſs the Army of their Enemies by frequent Skirmiſhes, and inventing Stratagems, to get them into a more mountainous and rocky Part of the Country, than to come to a deciſive Action; but *Ethelred* would not liſten to this Advice, and the two Armies being ſoon after in Sight of each other, and equally animated by a Deſire of Victory and Revenge, met with the utmoſt Fury; and tho' *England* had frequently ſeen the Earth dyed with the Blood of her braveſt Men, yet never was there a more cruel Battle fought than this. The Victory was a long time doubtful; but on the Cloſe of Day, in ſpite of the Valour of the Father and Son, the *Danes* were Maſters of the Field; and all that *Ethelred* cou'd do after this Misfortune, was to garriſon ſome of his ſtrongeſt

ſtrongeſt Places, and to return to *London* with Precipitation.

THIS unfortunate Monarch, ſtruck to the Heart with this laſt Defeat, purſued by the Image of *Ethelgive*, whoſe Life and Death was always preſent to his Memory, and quite preſſed down with Remorſe and Grief, was ſeiz'd at his Return with a violent Fever, of which he died in the Capital of his Kingdom, towards the End of the Year 1016, without ſettling the Order of Succeſſion. He had two Sons by Queen *Emma*, *Alfred* and *Edward*; but their Youth, and the Confuſion of the Times, wou'd not permit her to attempt any thing in Favour of their Pretenſions to the Crown: So that the Eſteem ſhe had for Prince *Edmund*, and the Knowledge ſhe had, how perfectly worthy he was to be a King, made her gladly aſſent to the Voice of the whole People, that he ſhould reign; and he was accordingly proclaimed, and ſoon after crowned in the Abbey of *Weſtminſter*, with the uſual Ceremonies, and more than ordinary Acclamations.

THIS young Monarch was no ſooner ſeated on the Throne, than he re-eſtabliſhed his Army, and called the beautiful *Algitha* and his two Children to Court. The Arrival of this Princeſs made the publick Calamity a while forgot. The whole Court were charmed with her Perſon and Behaviour; and throughout the Kingdom the Name of *Algitha* was never mentioned without Admiration. Queen *Emma* was linked with her in the moſt tender Amity; and the King, who was beſt acquainted with her Merit, and the great Knowledge ſhe had in the moſt intricate Points of Policy, always conſulted her in any Affair of Importance, taking her Advice above all others, in every thing that concerned the State, either foreign or domeſtick, and never had any Occaſion to repent him of his Confidence.

THE *Danes*, however, made the beſt uſe of their late Victory, and advanced with all poſſible Speed towards *London*. This capital City of the Kingdom furniſhed the new Monarch with very conſiderable Sums, with which he ſoon put himſelf in a very good Poſture

of Defence; but avoiding the Miſtake of *Ethelred*, he forbore giving them any ſet Battle for the Space of a whole Year, by a continual Movement of his Forces, drawing them from Place to Place, and deſtroying Forage, and all manner of Proviſions, wherever they muſt paſs; till they were ſo harraſſed and fatigued, that they muſt *per* Force have quitted the Kingdom entirely, had it not been written in the Book of Fate, that the Children of *Ethelgive* ſhould, like their unhappy Mother, enjoy Felicity but for a ſhort Duration

While the *Engliſh* Army was employ'd in theſe military Traverſes againſt *Canute*, Queen *Emma* ſeem'd buried in ſo profound a Sadneſs, that the King was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd at it. He thought, at firſt, that the Death of *Ethelred* had been the Cauſe; but, as he was not ignorant, that ſhe never had any great Paſſion for him, and that it was to her Duty and her Virtue alone, the Regularity of her Conduct had been owing; he was aſtoniſhed, that the Deference he paid her, the Reſpect he cauſed her to be treated with, and the ſtrict Friendſhip between her and *Algitha*, ſhould give no Truce to a Grief, it ſeem'd to him, ſhe had ſo little Occaſion for. But, as Women frequently make no Scruple of revealing to each other, what they hide with the utmoſt Caution from thoſe of the other Sex, he flattered himſelf, the Queen, his Wife, might unfold the Myſtery of a Melancholy, ſo alarming to him and the whole Court. To this End, he omitted nothing that might induce her to betray the Secret, he imagined, was repoſed in her; but, ſo far from anſwering his Expectations, ſhe aſſured him, ſhe was no leſs amazed than he had been, and that ſhe had made many Efforts to penetrate into the Source of the Queen's Diſquiets, but never could be able to do it. She told him alſo, that ſhe had frequently ſeen Tears guſh from her Eyes, and Sighs iſſue from her Breaſt, with ſuch Rapidity, as teſtified the Force with which they burſt thro' all Reſtraint, and had a Source too weighty for Redreſs. She added, that ſhe had often preſſed her to diſburden, aſſuring her of an eternal Secrecy, but had never obtained any Anſwer from her, but ſuch as bore not the leaſt Reſemblance of Truth,

and

and ſerved to convince her the more, that what ſhe laboured under, was not only irremediable, but alſo improper to be diſcovered.

THIS Diſcourſe of *Algitha* determined *Edmund* in his Reſolution of finding out the Motives of the Queen's Complaint: The Obligations he had to her, had made him always regard her as his Mother; and he thought it a Blemiſh to his Honour, that ſhe ſhould have any Cauſe of Diſcontent, in a Place where he was Maſter. Full of this Idea, he baniſhed all thoſe Scruples from his Breaſt, which had hitherto kept him from talking to her in ſuch a Manner, as ſhould not leave her the Power of refuſing what he aſked, and went directly to her Apartment. The perfect Freedom that reigned among the Royal Family, aboliſhed all thoſe Ceremonies which are ſo much uſed by the Great; they frequently ran into each others moſt private Chambers, three or four times a-Day; and it was owing to this good Intelligence among them, that King *Edmund* came into the Cloſet of the fair Dowager, without her being the leaſt appriſed of his Viſit. She was alone, ſitting in an eaſy Chair, leaning her Elbow on a Table, and her Head on one Hand, with a Handkerchief in it, while with the other ſhe held a little Picture, which ſhe contemplated with ſuch Attention, that ſhe heard not the Noiſe the King made in entering.

EDMUND looked on her for ſome Moments, without ſpeaking; but, advancing his Head to look on the Picture, wns ſeized with a mingled Vexation, and Aſtoniſhment, to find it was that of his moſt mortal Enemy, *Canute*, King of *Denmark*. He could not now reſtrain himſelf from ſending forth a loud Cry, which raiſed *Emma* from her Reſvery, and making her ſee who was the Witneſs of her Speculations, gave ſo cruel a Shock to the Modeſty of her Soul, that, giving a great Shriek, ſhe dropt the Picture, and, at the ſame time, a Torrent of Tears poured down her Cheeks. The King was extremely touched to ſee her in this State; but, willing to aſſure himſelf of what he but to truly conjectured, he took up the Picture, and laying it near her on the Table, I aſk your Pardon, Madam, *ſaid he*, for having been

the Cauſe of ſo violent a Tumult in your Mind; I was ſurprized, I muſt confeſs, at the Sight of this Picture —— it brings to my Imagination, thoſe dreadful Objects, which not all the Reſpect I have for you, can ever make me forget——I ſee there the Features of a Prince, who has twice made deſolate my Family and Kingdom—— a Prince, whoſe greateſt Pleaſure is the Blood of my People——a Prince who vanquiſhed and dethroned my Father, who endeavours to rend from me the Empire, with my Life; and, *continued he*, who, in ſpite of the Injuries he has done us, and ſtill would do, has found the Way to your Heart——to make you burn in ſecret for him, and to engage your Prayers, and good Wiſhes, while I am endeavouring to ſacrifice him to my People, to my Glory, and to the *Manes* of my Father.

SEE Madam! *added he, after a Pauſe*, to what a dreadful Situation you have reduced the unhappy *Edmund*; you have done for me every tender Office of a Mother; I have obeyed, honoured, and loved you as a Son; but, if I now follow inviolably the Laws ſo dear a Name exacts from me, I muſt renounce my Throne, my Fame, and Life, into the Hands of my moſt cruel Foe; and, if I liſten, as I ought, to my Glory, to what is owing to my Birth, and the Revenge of a dead Father, to the Preſervation of a whole Kingdom, and my proper Right, in purſuing *Canute*, with the Inveteracy he merits from me, in attacking his Life, I attack yours alſo; and in piercing his Heart, give yours a mortal Wound ——Every Victory I ſhall gain over him, will be ſo many Crimes againſt you —— If I diſpute with him for Life and Dominion, I become ungrateful to you; and if I yield to him, I am unworthy of living or of reigning——Oh! Madam, think— thnk ——

HERE the Agitations of his Mind grew too violent, to ſuffer him to proceed; and the Queen, who was, at leaſt, equally diſturbed, not having the Power of replying to what he had been ſaying, they remained, for ſome time, in a profound Silence. At length, the King overcoming his Diſorders, reſumed his Diſcourſe, in theſe Terms.

AH

Hh Madam! *cried he, taking hold of both her Hands,* relieve me from this terrible Dilemma: —— I aſk not that you ſhould ceaſe to love; I know, by Experience, how little we are able to get the Maſtery of that Paſſion; but, Oh! for Pity, ſay ſomething that may help to clear my Underſtanding, quite dimm'd and clouded by theſe dreadful Ideas; point me the Means to unite my Glory to your Love, and be my Mother ſtill.

King *Edmund* pronounced theſe Words with an Action ſo paſſionate, and ſubmiſſive withal, that the Queen, who had a little recovered herſelf, was touched with them in the moſt ſenſible Manner; and, perceiving it would be to little Purpoſe to go about to diſguiſe a Flame, which her Imprudence had made manifeſt, after having dry'd up her Tears, as much as poſſible, Yes, my Lord, *ſaid ſhe*, you are my Son; my Pity in your Infancy, and Admiration of your Virtues in Maturity, made me conſider you as ſuch, nor ſhall any thing be ever capable of making me leſſen that Affection which Mothers feel for their own Offſpring ——— whatever Sentiments have, of late, unhappily poſſeſs'd me, they cannot tranſport me beyond what I owe to you, and to myſelf ——Think not that I deceive you, or that a falſe Wiſdom deceives me———I am guilty, and innocent at the ſame time——guilty, in not having been able to defend myſelf from a miſplaced Tenderneſs; and innocent, in keeping it a Secret from the whole World, and reſolving to do ſo for ever———I acknowledge, that I love with Paſſion, yet ſhall not that Love drive me to commit any thing to merit your Reproaches———My Weakneſs has triumphed over my Virtue, in making me love *Canute*; but my Virtue knows how to triumph in its Turn, over all that would attack your Intereſt and your Glory——— I love *Canute*, as King of *Denmark*, but I deteſt him as the Uſurper of *England*———and, ſo far from wiſhing him to be a Conqueror, I deſire nothing more than to have him driven out of your Territories——— the Fame he has acquired by his Victories here, the Laurels with which he is covered, has, perhaps, con-

tributed to the fatal Inclination I have for him—— Follow him, my Lord! purſue him to the utmoſt Bounds of your Dominions——— Chace him, with Shame, to hide his Head in *Denmark*——— Deprive him of all Hope of any future Invaſion——— Do all againſt him, that Intereſt, Honour, Fame and Vengeance, can inſpire——— inſtead of being ungrateful to me, you will go a great Way to reſtore me to my Peace, and, in the room of killing, give me better Life.

Tho' this beautiful Queen really thought as ſhe ſpoke, and *Edmund* knew ſhe had too much Greatneſs of Soul, to do any thing unworthy of her, or unkind to him; yet the heavy Melancholy that ſhewed itſelf thro' all her Air, and the Tenderneſs, which, in ſpite of her Efforts, languiſhed in her Eyes, on every Mention of the King of *Denmark* made him eaſily judge how dear ſuch Reſolutions muſt coſt her: He lamented her Fate, and his own, in being obliged to treat, as his moſt cruel Enemy, the only Man whom this Princeſs thought worthy of her Love, and whom he ſhould have loved himſelf, had it been any other than *Canute*.

He could not reflect on this Turn of Fate, but as the greateſt of his Misfortunes; however, that he might not augment the Queen's Grief, he feigned to be content with the Reſolutions her Virtue had made her take; and ſo well knew how to make the beſt Advantage of her Confidence, that, by Degrees, he drew from her the whole Secret of her unhappy Paſſion.

She confeſs'd to him, that her Heart had been ſenſible of the Perfections of *Canute*, even while *Ethelred* was living: That his Picture falling into her Hands, with other Jewels, taken after one of thoſe Battles, in which *Ethelred* had been victorious, it had betrayed her Heart to a ſecret Liking, as it had now the Secret of her Liking——— that imagining it no Prejudice to her Virtue, to look upon a Picture, ſhe had indulg'd the Pleaſure of contemplating it, till at laſt ſhe grew unable to take Pleaſure in any other Entertainment; but that, when ſhe found the Effect it had wrought on her, Virtue and Duty got the better of Incli-

Inclination, and ſhe threw it by with a firm Reſolution, to truſt the Danger of it no farther. The Death of *Ethelred*, ſoon after leaving her Miſtreſs of herſelf, her former Fires rekindled in her Soul, and having the Curioſity to enquire, if the Mind of *Canute* correſponded in any meaſure with his Phyſiognomy, the Anſwers made to her on that Occaſion ſerved to confirm a Paſſion, which before had taken but too deep a Root, and ſhe became inſenſibly devoted all to Love ——— She proteſted, however, with the greateſt Sincerity, that the Reflection, how greatly *England* had ſuffered by his Invaſions, and the Dangers to which *Edmund* was continually expoſed thro' his Means, gave her moſt terrible Inquietudes, and occaſioned the bittereſt Conflicts in her Breaſt, between her Friendſhip for the one, and Paſſion for the other. This, ſaid ſhe, your Majeſty may eaſily believe from the Exceſs of Melancholy in which I have been involved; and you may alſo believe, added ſhe, that I will rather die than entertain the leaſt Thought contrary to what is owing from me to the State, to you, and to my own Glory.

THIS Recital confirmed *Edmund* in Sentiments which were no way pleaſing to him: He knew by himſelf, that Love, when oppoſed, becomes but the more violent; and the Conſequences of that which *Emma* was poſſeſſed of, made him tremble: For, tho' he knew ſhe was incapable of Treaſon, yet he could not hinder himſelf from fearing it would contribute ſome Day to the Loſs of the Kingdom. But he let fall nothing before her, which could give her room to gueſs what Apprehenſions they were that troubled him; and having done the beſt he could to conſole her, and aſſured her of an inviolable Secrecy, took his Leave; impatient to acquaint his dear *Algitha*, and conſult with her on Means to prevent the Misfortunes, which he thought were threatned by the Queen's Paſſion.

THE young Queen was extremely ſurprized at the Detail her Huſband made to her of this Adventure; but as Women, of how great Genius ſoever, ſee not ſo far as Men in Matters of Government, ſhe thought the King had no reaſon to be ſo much alarmed at a Thing

which, according to her Idea, might prove a very favourable Accident.

However, bethinking her what was beſt to do, and having a very ready Wit, ſhe adviſed the King to get ſome proper Perſon to inſpire *Canute*, if poſſible, with the ſame Sentiments as *Emma*. She reminded him, that if ſuch a Marriage cou'd be brought about, it might fix the Happineſs of both Kingdoms by a laſting Peace; and, ſaid ſhe, I can find nothing improbable in ſuch a Hope: The King of *Denmark* is young, and by conſequence ſuſceptible of Paſſion; Queen *Emma* is no more than twenty-four, and allowed to be one of the moſt beautiful Princeſſes in *Europe*——— there is all the Appearance in the World, that he will not be inſenſible of ſo many Charms——— the greateſt Difficulty conſiſts in the Choice of one capable of carrying on an Affair of ſo much Importance; one whoſe Fidelity is Proof againſt all manner of Temptations, and whoſe Wit and Addreſs know how to conduct it without ſeeming to be intereſted in it. When among the Princes of your Court, purſued ſhe, you have found one thus qualified, I dare anſwer for the Succeſs of the Deſign. But while this is carrying on, I wou'd have your Majeſty redouble your Efforts for expelling the *Daniſh* Forces out of your Kingdom, and continue all manner of Hoſtilities, to the End nothing may be ſuſpected; and in caſe our Endeavours ſhou'd fail on one Side, nothing ſhou'd be hazarded on the other.

This Counſel appeared ſo good, that the King of *England* heſitated not a Moment, if he ſhou'd put it in Practice; but it was agreed between them, that Queen *Emma* ſhou'd be kept ignorant of the Deſign, leſt ſhe ſhou'd flatter herſelf with falſe Hopes, and the Conſequence grow ſtill worſe. *Edmund* being now determined, caſt in his Mind by what Means he cou'd beſt execute this Project: Many Stratagems he invented; but finding ſome Impediment to them all, he revealed the whole Affair to Prince *Aldric*, who, he knew, held a Correſpondence with ſeveral great Men about *Canute*, and whoſe Zeal and Friendſhip for him had

had been manifeſted in the time of his Marriage with *Algitha* being kept ſecret.

THIS illuſtrious Favourite was charmed above meaſure, with the Confidence his Royal Maſter repoſed in him; and the more ſo, becauſe he thought it more in his Power than any other Prince about Court to ſerve him on this Occaſion: He had a very great Intimacy with Count *Raoul D'Aſting*, a young Nobleman of *Denmark*; who, from his Infancy, had been brought up with *Canute*, and was extremely beloved by him. During all theſe Wars between the two Nations, *Aldric* and he had conſtantly wrote to each other; but as they both were perfectly faithful to their Sovereigns, nothing paſt between them any way prejudicial to their reſpective Countries, their Letters turning for the moſt part on Love and Gallantry; and if they were filled up with News of any kind, it was only who had the Happineſs to pleaſe ſuch a Lady, or who had been falſe to ſuch a one.

THE King of *England* had often taken Pleaſure in reading theſe Letters, and would rally *Aldric* on his Friendſhip for *Raoul*, calling him the loving Enemy; and it ſeemed exceeding probable, that *Canute*, with whom the Count was no leſs free, than *Aldric* had the Honour of being with King *Edmund*, alſo read what was ſent to his Favourite from *England*: And it was this Suppoſition that gave Birth to a Contrivance, which carried with it a greater Promiſe of Succeſs than any had before been thought on.

MY Lord, *ſaid* Aldric, your Majeſty may perceive the Count makes no Secret to me of his Gallantries; he is perpetually on the Subject of Love, and writes very learnedly on the Pains and Pleaſures of that Paſſion. In my Anſwers, I have farther entertained him with the Amours of others than myſelf; and, as I never have confeſt a Tenderneſs, he imagines me either more inſenſible, or more diſcreet than himſelf. But to which ever of theſe Motives my Silence, on that Head, is owing, he tells me, I am equally worthy of Reproach; becauſe, ſays he, not to be ſuſceptible of the Power of Beauty, is to be incapable of every thing a Man of Honour ſhould be proud of; and to maintain a Reſerve to

him, who free'y lays open his Soul to you, is to be ungrateful and unjuſt to the Laws of Friendſhip, which demand Secret for Secret. Thus every Way, he renders me a guilty Perſon.

Now, my Lord, continued he, I will take this Opportunity of putting a falſe Confidence in him, and acknowledging, that there are Charms in Woman-kind, worthy of enſlaving me. Send him the Picture of Queen *Emma*, as of the Lady who has made a Convert of me; I ſcarce doubt, but he will ſhew both that and the Letter to the King of *Denmark*; and, accordingly as the Thing ſucceeds, we ſhall know how to proceed, Should the Portraiture of that admirable Princeſs make the Impreſſion we wiſh, on the Heart of *Canute*, it will be eaſy to undeceive *Raoul*; but if that Prince ſhould remain inſenſible of her Perfections, there will be no need to controvert the Error of his Favourite.

This little Plot pleas'd the King ſo well, that he deſired no Time might be loſt; and that nothing might be wanting, he gave him a little Picture of the Queen Dowager, which had been drawn by a moſt excellent Hand, and was her perfect Reſemblance. *Aldric* thus furniſhed with the principal Material for his Deſign, went immediately about the Execution of it, in the ſame manner as he had told the King.

While *Edmund* and his Confidant were thus employ'd, Queen *Emma* finding herſelf much eaſier, ſince the Confeſſion ſhe had made to the King, and that the Subject of her Fear was, indeed, that of her Conſolation, render'd an exact Account of all the Sentiments of her Soul to *Algitha*, thinking it a little unjuſt to deprive her of the Knowledge of a Secret ſhe had imparted to her Huſband.

This Mark of Friendſhip from the beautiful Dowager, perſuaded the Queen of the Innocence of her Intentions; and, as ſhe proteſted ſhe would omit nothing which might aſſiſt her to expel the Idea of *Canute* from her Breaſt, ſhe was not without Hope that her Endeavours would ſucceed. She ſtrengthened her in this Reſolve, by all the Arguments ſhe was able to alledge, mingling

mingling with her Remonſtrances, the moſt tender Aſſurances of the Part ſhe took in her Diſquiets. King *Edmund* joined his own Efforts, with thoſe of his Wife, to alleviate her Melancholy; and ſhe was too ſenſible of the daily Proofs they gave her, of the moſt diſintereſted Friendſhip, not to endeavour, at leaſt, to ſeem more chearful in their Preſence.

THE *Daniſh* Count no ſooner received the Pacquet from Prince *Aldric*, than he went to the Tent of *Canute*, in order to open it before him; this being a Mark of Deference which both the Favourites paid their Monarchs, to prevent all Suſpicions that any thing paſſed in this Intercourſe of Letters, to the Prejudice of the State.

SOME Officers of the Army being with the King of *Denmark*, when *Raoul* entered, he was obliged to poſtpone the Satisfaction of his Curioſity, till their Departure; but as ſoon as they were alone together, the Count haſtily broke the Seal, and found the Picture, and theſe Words.

Prince ALDRIC, *to the Count* D'ASTING.

"I JOIN with you, that nothing teſtifies a rude unpoliſhed Mind, ſo much as to be inſenſible of "Beauty; and am ſo much piqued at your believing "me capable of it, that I have reſolved to break thro' "all Conſiderations to prove the contrary —— Examine "well the Picture I now ſend you, and judge if it be "poſſible to retain an Indifference at the Sight of an "Object ſo enchanting ——— But tho' the Painter has "very much ſhewn his Skill, yet, were you to behold "the Original, you wou'd perceive how infinitely Na"ture tranſcends Art ——— there are a thouſand inex"preſſible Graces in the Life, which Sculpture cannot "figure out, nor Imagination, without ſeeing them, "conceive ——— Do me the Favour to let me know "how you approve my Choice, when you return the "Picture; which, were I not aſſured your Heart was "already prepoſſeſt, I ſhould not have truſted to your "Eyes, fearing to have made a Rival of the deareſt of "my Friends." ALDRIC.

THE King of *Denmark* liſtened attentively to the Contents of this Letter, while his Eyes were buſy in examining the beautiful Picture; which, after *Raoul* had left off reading, he continued to gaze on, with ſuch Tokens of Admiration in his Countenance, as made that Favourite judge, that Prince *Aldric* had created a Rival much more dangerous than himſelf, and, by way of Prevention to what he looked upon as ſo great a Misfortune to his Friend, he told *Canute*, whom he knew violent in his Nature, and capable of enterprizing any thing for the Gratification of his Humour, that Prince *Aldric* was the moſt gay and whimſical Perſon in the World, and that he believed he had ſent him the Picture of ſome Lady, perhaps, of his own Family, long ſince dead; or elſe, that it was only a Reſemblance of ſomething imprinted in the Painter's Imagination, rather than the real Likeneſs of any Woman, by which he imagined to baffle the Ridicule he had long made on his Inſenſibility.

THE King cou'd not forbear laughing at this Suppoſition of the Count's; and after having pauſed a little, And why, ſaid he, may it not as well be the true Reſemblance of ſome Charmer in the *Engliſh* Court?—— You know, this Iſland has always been as famous for the Beauty of the Women, as for the Valour and Generoſity of the Men——For my part, I am reſolved to believe, becauſe it pleaſes me to do ſo, that there is a Face in the World, Miſtreſs of the ſame divine Attractions that this Painting promiſes; and if you wou'd deſerve the Confidence I have always placed in you, inform yourſelf of the Name and Quality of this inchanting Unknown: My Heart takes a more than ordinary Intereſt in her Fate, and I muſt know the Truth—— Oblige your Friend, therefore, to ſatisfy my Curioſity, and let him know, you never will return the Picture, till my Demands are fully ſatisfied.

THE Count *D'Aſſing* was ſtrangely perplexed how to behave in this Affair; he thought it was the utmoſt Breach of Friendſhip, not to return Prince *Aldric* his Picture, without exacting a Price from him, which he, perhaps, might conſider too dear. He communicated

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the Cauſe of his Diſquiets to the King, and conjured him not to turn into Gallantry, what might poſſibly be an Affair of the greateſt Importance to his Friend; but *Canute*, who, with many good Qualities, had an adequate Share of Faults, and who imagined, that to the Name of Monarch every thing was permitted, anſwer'd him fiercely, that he was reſolved to keep the Piece, that the Happineſs of his future Life depended on the Knowledge of the Original, and that he expected to be gratified by his Means. It was in vain, that the Count alledged a thouſand Arguments to the contrary; the impatient King was not to be prevailed upon: And all he cou'd obtain from him, was his Leave to acquaint Prince *Aldric* with the true Reaſons that his Picture was not ſent back.

RAOUL was, however, obliged to content himſelf with this Condeſcenſion, and immediately wrote an Anſwer to the Prince, in theſe Terms.

RAOUL D'ASTING *to Prince* ALDRIC.

"I Now wiſh the Inſenſibility I have ſo often taken
"the Liberty to reproach you with, were really
"true; to the End you might ſupport the Loſs of your
"Picture with leſs Pain; I ſay, the Loſs of it, for I
"fear it is in Hands whence it will not eaſily be reco-
"vered—The ſupreme Authority has made a Seizure
"of it, and teſtifies ſuch an Impatience to know the
"beautiful Original, as convinces me, you are not the
"only Perſon on whom her Charms have made an Im-
"preſſion—His Majeſty has commanded me to uſe
"my utmoſt Efforts, for the Diſcovery of the Name
"and Condition of this Object of his, and your Ad-
"miration—Satisfy my Enquiry, if your Heart
"will permit you to do ſo; and pardon the enforced
"Neceſſity I am under of breaking thro' the Laws of
"Friendſhip, to fulfil thoſe exacted by a Duty which
"is ſacred to me."

RAOUL D'ASTING.

ALDRIC

ALDRIC opening this Letter, as the former, in the Preſence of his Prince, that Monarch was extremely pleaſed at the Succeſs of his Project, and made him write that Moment to the Count, in the following Manner.

Prince ALDRIC, *to the Count* D'ASTING.

" SINCE this Affair is become ſerious, my dear " Count, I muſt relinquiſh all the Pleaſure I took " in deceiving you: If the Picture your Monarch de- " tains, were that of the real Object of my Paſſion, I " ſhould not, perhaps, be ſo eaſily prevailed upon, to " diſcover her Name; but you will eaſily believe, I " dare entertain no other for her, than that profound " Reſpect and Attachment which is owing from a Sub- " ject to his Sovereign, when I acquaint you, that it is " the admirable *Emma* of *Normandy*, Queen Dowager " of *England*, whoſe Reſemblance I had the Preſump- " tion to ſend you: But, as one ought never to make " Perſons of her Rank the Subjects of our Diverſion, " I beſeech you, that ours may end here, and this Ad- " venture remain a Secret."

ALDRIC.

KING *Edmund* doubted not, but this Letter would have the Effect it was intended for, on the Heart of *Canute*, and was flattering himſelf with moſt pleaſing Expectations, that this long and dreadful War might end, at laſt, in Harmony and Love, when he was attacked by a moſt terrible Indiſpoſition, occaſioned, as ſome ſay, by the Fatigues he had ſuſtained in the Field; but according to others, by the Malice and Treachery of *Edric Streon*, Duke of *Mercia*, and Son in-law to *Ethelred* It is certain, that he had ſecretly aſſiſted the *Danes*, in the firſt Deſcent they made in *England*, and had ever ſince betrayed the Councils, both of *Ethelred* and *Edmund*; but whether he contributed to the Fate of the latter, I will not pretend to determine, neither is it of any Conſequence to the preſent Hiſtory: So I ſhall only

only ſay, that the Symptoms of this Diſeaſe no ſooner appeared on the King, than he was judged, by his Phyſicians, to be paſt Hope of Life.

The ſecond Day of his Sickneſs, which was the fourth before his Death, he ſent for the Earl of *Kent*, his Prime Miniſter, and, in the Preſence of Queen *Emma*, *Algitha*, and his Privy-Council, gave him neceſſary Inſtructions for carrying on the War againſt the *Danes*, that as little as poſſible might be left to Chance; and afterwards deſiring all to withdraw, but the two Queens, who were overwhelm'd in Tears, I die, Madam, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to *Emma*, and at a Time when my Life would be more uſeful than ever, to Perſons who are moſt dear to me: Heaven will not permit me to ſee the Execution of my Deſigns; and no more remains for me, than the Hope you will protect always, and even againſt *Canute* himſelf, the precious Relicks I put into your Hands. 'Tis this unhappy Princeſs, continued he, embracing *Algitha*, and my two Children; in ſpite of the Precautions I have taken, and the Orders you juſt now heard me give, I foreſee the Deſtiny of *England*——Your Charms, fair Dowager, may ſoften your Enemy; but that Love which, perhaps, will oblige him to reſpect my Brothers, becauſe they are your Sons, will not have the ſame Regard for mine——Forſake them not, Madam, but vouchſafe to repay the Children that inviolable Attachment you have found from the Father. And you, my dear Princeſs, ſaid he to *Algitha*, remember you are a Mother as well as a Wife; and let not Grief for an irremediable Misfortune, render you unable to be ſerviceable to thoſe who will have need of you—— Preſerve yourſelf for thoſe ſweet Pledges of our mutual Affection——I know how hard this Separation is——I judge your Agonies by my own; and that which now makes Death terrible to me, will, I fear, render Life inſupportable to you——— However, my dear *Algitha*, we muſt both endeavour to triumph over this Weakneſs——I muſt ſummon all my Stock of Courage, to enable me to leave you as I ought, and you

to

to defend our young Innocents from the Fury of our Enemies——Heaven commands you to do ſo, added he again, ſnatching her to his Arms; and I conjure you to do it, by all that perfect Love, that ardent Tenderneſs, by which we have been united.

It was in vain the deſolate *Algitha* made many Endeavours to reply to this melancholy Diſcourſe; Words were too mean to expreſs a Sorrow ſuch as hers; Tears and Sighs were the only Language ſhe could put in practice; and if ſhe teſtified any thing like a Promiſe to do as he deſired, it was only by the Force of her Embraces. Queen *Emma* ſeemed in a Condition not leſs pitiful; every one of theſe Noble Perſons ſtood in the utmoſt Need of Conſolation, yet employed all the Faculties Grief had left them, to conſole each other. The four laſt Days of his Life were paſſed in this Employment; but the Violence of his Diſtemper, at laſt, triumphing over his natural Strength, and the Greatneſs of his Courage, he reſigned his Soul, in a deep Sigh, on the Boſom of his beloved *Algitha*.

Thus *England* loſt the moſt amiable Prince it ever had; a Prince who poſſeſſed all the Beauties of his Mother, and the Virtues of his Father, without any of his Faults; Nature had aſſembled in him, all thoſe great Qualities, which, ſingly, make other Men paſs for Heroes: He was beloved by his Courtiers, adored by his People, feared by his Enemies, and reſpected by the one and the other.

If it be true, that our Afflictions are ſoftened by the Intereſt we ſee others take in them, thoſe of the two Royal and unhappy Dowagers muſt have received great Conſolation, by the publick Sorrow. There was a general Mourning throughout all the Kingdom: A Mourning of the Heart, as well as Habit: They looked not ſad, or wore Black, becauſe it was their Duty to do ſo, but becauſe their Love and Eſteem for the dead Monarch would not ſuffer them to do otherwiſe: And in their Sighs and unfeigned Melancholy, might be read, a better Panegyrick on his Virtues, than in the moſt eloquent Words.

THERE was ſcarce a Subject, who in loſing this admirable Prince did not imagine he had loſt a Father, a Protector, a Benefactor, and a Friend. The publick Misfortune was lamented as a particular one, by every particular Member of the Commonwealth: Nothing was to be ſeen but Tears, nothing to be heard but Groans. The preſent Situation of the State rendered the Calamity yet more dreadful; and Hope, which they ſay, is the laſt Paſſion that forſakes the Mind, had now no longer any Reſidence among the *Engliſh*.

THE Earl of *Kent*, Prime Miniſter to King *Edmund*, was the only Perſon among his Subjects, to whoſe Intereſt his Death ſeemed propitious. The King of *Denmark* no ſooner heard the Loſs *England* had ſuſtained, than he began to attempt the Fidelity of this Miniſter, by very advantagious Offers; and as ſince the laſt Letter of Prince *Aldric* to the Count *D'Aſting*, he had joined to his immeaſurable Ambition, an equal Paſſion for Queen *Emma*, he ſpared neither Prayers nor Promiſes, to oblige the Earl to facilitate his Conqueſt of the Kingdom.

THE Earl, in whoſe Soul Avarice was the reigning Paſſion, accepted his Preſents, and liſtned to the Propoſals made him on this Score; and at length being wholly won over to his Party, he amuſed the two Queens and the whole Council by various Pretexts, while *Canute* arrived, without Obſtacle, even to that Port of the Kingdom which was neareſt the Capital.

ON the firſt News of his Approach, Queen *Algitha* no longer doubting but they were betrayed, retired with her Family to *Sickfort*, having firſt adviſed *Emma* to ſend the two Sons ſhe had by *Ethelred* into ſome Place of Safety; but carefully concealed all ſhe knew of the Paſſion *Canute* had for her, fearing it might make her depend too much on the Power of her Charms, and neglect the Means of preſerving thoſe precious Remains of the Royal Family; on the contrary, ſhe deſcribed that Prince as cruel and ambitious, and one who, wherever he overcame, wou'd act rather as a Tyrant, than a generous Conqueror.

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WHAT Prepoſſeſſion ſoever this Princeſs had in favour of the Royal *Dane*, as ſhe was intirely ignorant of his Sentiments, ſhe thought it beſt to take the Counſel of *Algitha*, in caſe their Forces ſhould not be able to repulſe the Enemy; which Hope, ſhe at firſt, flattered herſelf and People with; but a little Time ſhewed her the Vanity of it. She was informed of the ſecret Correſpondence the Earl held with him; and, as that Miniſter had every thing at Home in his Power, ſhe no longer heſitated in what manner to behave; and, having diſguiſed the Princes, her Sons, put them into the Hands of Servants ſhe conld truſt, who travelled with them thro' by and unſuſpected Roads, till they got to a Ship, which carried them ſafe to *Normandy*, where Duke *Richard* received them with the ſame Generoſity he had before ſhewed to King *Ethelred* their Father.

WHILE this was doing, the Earl of *Kent* being entirely won over to the *Danes*, no longer made a Shew of Obedience to the Remains of *Ethelred* and *Edmund*; but having all Things in *London* in his Power, as *Edric Streon* had in the North of *England*, they jointly ſubmitted the whole Kingdom to *Canute*; for which Treaſon they were both preferr'd to the greateſt Employments under him, and the Earl of *Kent* married a natural Daughter of that Monarch's, called *Thiera*, Siſter to Prince *Harold*.

MANY of the great Lords, who in their Hearts, were well affected to the Royal Family, yet perceiving there was no longer Hope of eſtabliſhing them on the Throne, went with the Torrent, and ſeemed to approve what it was in vain for them to oppoſe.

ORDERS being iſſued out for the States of the Kingdom to aſſemble, *Canute* was acknowledged by them as lawful King of *England*; after which, he made a magnificent Entry into the Capital, and was crowned with the ſame Ceremonies, as if the Crown had deſcended to him from his Anceſtors.

THE Triumph of his Inſtallation was no ſooner over, than he began to think of that which touched his ſofter Inclination; in ſpite of his Ambition, and natutural Fierceneſs, the Charms of Queen *Emma* hung about

about his Heart, and made him look upon himſelf as but half a Conqueror, till he had ſubdued her.

THIS Princeſs had quitted the Palace, before the Entry of the new King, and retired to a Houſe ſhe had built during the Life of *Ethelred*; the Diſorders of the State, and thoſe of her own Mind, involved her in the moſt heavy Melancholy; the Confuſion of the Times had not diminiſhed her Paſſion, and ſhe reproached herſelf inceſſantly, for loving a Prince, whom ſhe ought to have regarded as the moſt cruel of her Enemies. She was irreſolute, whether ſhe ſhould go into *Normandy*, or wait in *England*, to endeavour to form a Party, in FAAOUR of her Sons, in caſe any favourable Accident ſhould happen, to make the People, who are always fond of Novelty, deſirous of recalling them; when *Canute* ſent, to deſire Leave to viſit her. Such a Meſſage raiſed a Tumult in her Breaſt, which it is not very eaſy to expreſs; and ſhe had not Time to compoſe herſeif enough for a Reply, before ſhe ſaw that Monarch enter, followed by the principal Lords of his Court, both *Danes* and *Engliſh*. But the Pomp with which he was inviron'd, attracted not the Eyes of this fair Queen: It was his Perſon alone, that ſeem'd worthy her Regard. Nor was the Paſſion ſhe was poſſeſs'd of for him, the only Advantage he had; for he was truly a graceful Prince, well made, had an Infinity of Wit, and Fire in his Eyes; and tho' he was exceeding affable, had a certain Air of Grandeur, which accompanied all his Words and Actions.

THESE exterior Perfections finiſhed the Conqueſt of this Princeſs, and if ſhe loved before, ſhe now adored; but, how deep ſoever was the Impreſſion ſhe received, her Beauty made no leſs on the tranſported Monarch; and as the Flame they both confeſs'd, had been inſpired only by lifeleſs Paintings, which, at beſt, cou'd be but the Shadows of their real Graces, to behold all that had enſlaved them, accompanied by the Charms of Speech and Motion, now faſten'd the Chain, beyond the Power of human Art to looſe.

BUT, as it is not the Hiſtory of their Amours, I am about to recite, nor that any remarkable Incidents hap-

happened in the Courſe of their Courtſhip, I ſhall content myſelf with telling you, that only reciprocal Compliments were the Subject of this Converſation; and that, on the next Day, he ſent the Earl of *Kent* to wait upon the Queen, with ſeveral magnificent Preſents from him, and to entreat ſhe would return to her Apartment in the Palace, where, he aſſured her, ſhe ſhould find the ſame Homage, and reſpectful Treatment, as when her Huſband *Ethelred* was living, and King of *England*.

But *Emma*, who had the utmoſt Deteſtation for the Earl, on account of his Treaſons, would receive nothing from his Hands, nor return any Anſwer to the Offers the King made her, through him: So that he was obliged to quit her, very ill ſatisfied, that he had not been able to obtain Forgiveneſs from a Princeſs who had been, and he eaſily ſaw would be again his Sovereign. He was no ſooner gone, than the Queen, ſenſible of the Conſideration *Canute* had teſtified for her, went to Court and thanked him, in Perſon, for the Favours he had offered. This ſecond Interview increaſed the mutual Admiration they had of each other; and the King, who was naturally impatient, reſolved not to delay giving her an Explanation of his Deſires: But, perceiving the little Ear ſhe was willing to give to any thing the Earl of *Kent* ſhould ſay, would make no Propoſals to her thro' his Mouth, but entreated ſhe would allow him a particular Audience, having, as he told her, a Buſineſs to communicate, in which himſelf was the moſt proper Ambaſſador

The Queen, who, by this time, was a pretty good Judge what paſſed in the Heart of this enamour'd Prince, debated a little within herſelf, if ſhe ſhould grant what he deſired. But Love ſoon got the better of that ſcrupulous Modeſty, which would have refuſed him; and flattering herſelf, that it was more for the Intereſt of her Children, than to gratify her own Inclinations, that influenced her to conſent to this Meeting, ſhe ſuffered herſelf to yield to his Arguments, and an Hour was ſet apart for it.

THE Time, perhaps, by both Parties equally wiſh'd for, being arrived, *Canute* went to her Apartment; their Converſation was private, no Perſon on either Side were permitted to enter the Room where they were; but there appeared ſuch an Air of Contentment in both their Faces after it, that thoſe who ſaw them, believed the King had made ſome Propoſals, which ſhe had received without Diſdain. 'Tis poſſible, ſome there were who gueſſed at the Truth; but none were ignorant of it any longer than the next Day, when *Canute* gave Orders, that every thing ſhould be prepared for the Ceremony of their Marriage; and ſummoning his Council, ſpoke to them, to this Effect:

MY Lords, ſaid he, I am about to give you a Queen; I flatter myſelf, your Approbation will go hand in hand with my Deſires, ſince the Princeſs I have made choice of, is one whom you are accuſtomed to obey——I believe, continued he, I need ſay no more, to make you know it is the incomparable *Emma*, of *Normandy*, Dowager of King *Ethelred*.

THIS Speech was anſwered by a general Applauſe; and, in a few Days after, the Nuptials were celebrated in the Chapel of the Palace Royal, the Archbiſhop of *York* having the Honour to join their Hands.

NOTHING was now to be ſeen in the *Engliſh* Court but Feaſting, Dancing, Tilts, Tournaments, and all imaginable Demonſtrations of Joy, which laſted ſix Weeks; in which Time, *Canute* having diſcovered to his Queen by what Means he came to ſee her Picture, ſhe doubted not, if ſhe had owed her good Fortune to the Contrivance of King *Edmund*, and that he had ſecretly endeavoured to bring about this Union. The Truth of this Imagination being afterward confirmed to her by Prince *Aldric*, brought freſh into her Mind, the Virtues of that great King, and the Obligations ſhe had to his Friendſhip; and ſhe thought ſhe could not better teſtify her Gratitude, than by ſharing her Happineſs with his illuſtrious Widow.

SHE wrote a Letter full of Tenderneſs to *Algitha*, conjuring her to come to Court, where ſhe aſſured her,

her, ſhe ſhou'd meet with the ſame Reſpect as herſelf; and to engage her to do ſo, ſhe inſinuated, that this Proof of Complaiſance to her, would be the Means to bind *Canute* to the Intereſt of her Sons; and proteſting, that ſhe wou'd uſe her utmoſt Power with that Monarch, to oblige him to treat the young Princes as became their Birth.

But the prudent *Algitha*, who knew the Diſpotion of *Canute* much better than did the Queen his Spouſe, had reaſon to dread the Safety of her Sons, if in his Power, return'd her Thanks for this Civility; but excus'd herſelf from accepting it, by urging, that nothing either the new King or herſelf cou'd beſtow, wou'd be able to compenſate for the lively Grief ſhe muſt be overwhelmed in, at the Sight of Objects which cou'd only ſerve to remind her of her paſt Felicities and preſent ſad Reverſe—that it wou'd be impoſſible for her to live in a Court, where every thing was ſubmitted to the Laws of a Stranger, who filled the Throne of her Huſband, and where her Sons, born to Monarchy, muſt be look'd upon as private Perſons; and concluded with wiſhing, ſhe might long enjoy the Happineſs ſhe ſo juſtly merited.

Queen *Emma*, who believed the true Motive for her Refuſal was her Apprehenſions of the Fate of her Sons, and began alſo more and more to ſee into the Humour of the King, forbore preſſing any farther, but begged they might always hold a Correſpondence by Letters, which the other conſented to with the greateſt Satisfaction. And there paſſed between theſe two beautiful Princeſſes, a great Number of Letters, worthy of the Hands who wrote them, and which, had they been tranſmitted to Poſterity, might have been glorious Excitements to Virtue for ſucceeding Ages.

ENGLAND was now in perfect Tranquillity; the People pleaſed above meaſure, that *Canute* had ſeated *Emma* with him on the Throne, ſubmitted chearfully to his Government: All the Forts, and Places of Importance, were garriſon'd with his Forces, except that of *Sickfort*, and ſome other ſmaller Caſtles in the Poſſeſſion of *Algitha*, which he had that Conſideration for

for her not to demand the Poſſeſſion of, and which ſhe had aſſured him, ſhould never be withheld to his Prejudice.

CANUTE was now the moſt formidable of all the Princes of *Europe*; he was poſſeſs'd of *England*, *Denmark*, and *Norway*; he had a great Army at Land, and no leſs powerful a Navy at Sea. Add to this, he was Maſter of immenſe Treaſures, which are the Sinews of War; was very vigorous, and in the Prime of his Years. With all theſe Advantages, he fancied it eaſy for him to ſettle the Monarchy of theſe three Kingdoms, in a perpetual Succeſſion, on his Poſterity. He ſaw no Obſtacles to this great Deſign, but the Life of the young Princes, Sons to *Emma* and *Algitha*; and, as often as he reflected there were ſuch Perſons in the World, it gave him a Regret, which had, perhaps, been fatal to thoſe Royal Youths, could he have found convenient Means to compaſs his Intent. He communicated his Sentiments to the Earl of *Kent*, a Man no leſs ambitious and cruel than himſelf, and who, by being Son-in-law to *Ethelred*, and Brother, by Marriage, to the preſent King, was not without Hopes of being, one Day, able to mount the Throne himſelf, if once theſe Princes were removed; *Canute* having, as yet, no legitimate Offspring. In this View, he heſitated not to adviſe the King to make away with all the Princes of the Blood Royal, and to begin with the Sons of King *Edmund*, and Prince *Edwin*, ſecond Son of *Ethelred*, by his firſt Wife *Ethelgive*: Who, being now grown to Maturity, lived at Court, and to whom the Policy of *Canute* allowed a Penſion ſufficient to maintain him, according to the Grandeur of his Birth.

THIS Counſel was too obliging to the ſecret Wiſhes of the King, not to have it followed, provided there could be a Poſſibility of it. The Fate of *Edwin* was eaſy to be brought about, but that of the two young Princes, Sons to *Edmund*, ſeemed much more difficult: *Algitha* had them continually under her own Eye, in the Caſtle of *Sickfort*; and, ſhould they go about to take them from her by Force, the whole Nation would riſe in their Defence: It would only, therefore, be by Strata-

Stratagem, that theſe illuſtrious Victims cou'd be got into their Power

To that End, the King omitted nothing which he thought might prevail on *Algitha*, to bring her Family to Court, and to hold the Rank there, which was her due, as Dowager to the late Monarch. He flattered her Ambition with the moſt magnificent Offers; and to give his Promiſes the Air of Reality, accompanied all the Letters he wrote to her with Preſents of the greateſt Value.

But this careful Mother ſuffered not herſelf to be dazled by this ſpecious Shew of Friendſhip and Reſpect; and to return his Diſſimulation in kind, wou'd not abſolutely refuſe, or ſeem ungrateful to his Offers, but made ſuch artful Pretences for remaining at *Sickfort*, that, without giving him reaſon to imagine ſhe apprehended any Danger, either for herſelf or Sons, left him no room to preſs her farther.

CANUTE finding there was no Hope of Succeſs this Way, grew extremely diſcontented at it; but his Confidant, the perfidious Earl, found Means to diſſipate his Vexation; he had an Intimacy with the Governour of the young Princes, and, for a great Sum of Money, worked on him to betray his Charge into the Hands of the King, by this Means.

ALGITHA, whoſe martial Humour had been neither ſoftened by the Delicacies of the Court, nor chilled by the Diſappointments and Sorrows ſhe had ſuſtained, gave ſometimes a Truce to her Grief by the Diverſion of Hunting; but the two Princes being yet too young to accompany her in that Recreation, were always left at Home, under the Care of their Governour; and it was in one of thoſe Times, that this Betrayer of his Truſt had promiſed to deliver them up; and having ſent Notice of it to the Earl, a Chariot was prepared, with thirty Gentlemen well armed and mounted to attend it, and theſe all placed in Ambuſcade, in a Wood, behind the Park of *Sickfort*.

Every thing being thus in Readineſs, for the Accompliſhment of their Deſign; and the Princeſs being gone out with a great Number of the neighbouring Nobi-

Nobility, who uſually accompanied her in this Diverſion; the Governour led the Princes into the Park, under the Pretence of taking the Air, and, having opened the Gate toward the Wood, made a Signal; on which the Horſemen advanced, and forced the Princes to mount into the Chariot, in ſpite of the Cries and Oppoſition of a Man of their Train, called *Delmack*; who not doubting but there was ſome treaſonable Intent in hand, did his utmoſt to hinder the Princes from going into the Chariot; but the wicked Governour rewarding his Fidelity with a Stab, and, believing him dead, made the Chariot drive away with the extremeſt Swiftneſs.

In the mean time, the Officers belonging to the Princes, who had Orders never to quit them, being told they were in the Park, went haſtily after them, and being come to the Gate that led to the Wood, were terribly alarmed to find it wide open, and *Delmack* bleeding on the Graſs; that faithful Servant, expiring as he was, lifted up his Eyes at their Approach, and forced himſelf to cry out, Run to the Aſſiſtance of the Princes whom their perfidious Governour has borne forcibly away—— This was all he could deliver; and the Violence he did himſelf, in uttering thoſe few Words, perhaps, haſtned his Death ſome Moments.

The Officers, on hearing this, loſt no Time in conſidering what to do, but got immediately on Horſe-back, and rather flew than rode to the Foreſt, where their Princeſs was in Purſuit of the Stag. *Algitha*, on the News of this Misfortune, ſhewed an incomparable Preſence of Mind, and a Fortitude far above what is ordinarily found in her Sex: She neither lamented nor exclaimed againſt ſo ſudden a Turn of Fate, as other Mothers would, perhaps, have done; but turning to the Company ſhe had with her, and entreating them to ſecond her Attempt, rode back, with all imaginable Haſte, to *Sickfort*; where, having armed herſelf, and taken freſh Horſes for herſelf and the others, and followed by the Officers of the Caſtle, purſued full Speed the Tracks the Raviſhers had left behind.

The Endeavours of this noble Company were ſo ſucceſsful, that they overtook the Chariot within ſome Miles of *London*. *Algitha*, whoſe Courage at this Sight was augmented by her Rage, ſtood not to examine the Number of her Enemies, but flew upon them, Sword in Hand, and, with the firſt Blow, laid the chief among them proſtrate at her Feet. The Governour who could expect no Mercy, if overcome, quitted the Chariot, and having mounted the Horſe of him that was fallen, put himſelf at the Head of his Troop, and animated them by his Voice and Geſture. Then the valiant *Algitha*, who, in the Rapidity of her Purſuit, could be followed only by ſix Gentlemen, found herſelf, encompaſſed, on all Sides, by the Raviſhers; yet, without ſuffering her Spirit to be dejected by their Numbers, ſhe not only defended herſelf, but attack'd them in ſuch a manner, that ſhe had laid ſeveral of them on the Earth, before the reſt of her Followers arrived to her Aſſiſtance.

As theſe Men were accuſtomed to the Dangers of the Field, and the more invigorated by the Example of this warlike Queen, Things immediately changed Face; the Raviſhers were attack'd on all ſides, and the greateſt Part having loſt their Lives, the reſt attempted to ſave themſelves by flight; the treacherous Governour was among theſe laſt; but *Algitha*, whoſe Fury was more againſt him than all the others of his Accomplices, purſued him ſo cloſe, that it was impoſſible for him to eſcape; and the Villain, inſtead of imploring Mercy, had the Inſolence to meaſure his Sword againſt that of his Queen. The Combat laſted not long; *Algitha* diſabled his right Arm, with one Blow, and taking him by the Throat with one Hand, while with the other ſhe held her Sword at his Breaſt, obliged him to confeſs, that the Earl of *Kent* had influenced him to this horrid Attempt. He then fell on his Knees, entreating her to ſpare his Life; but her Weapon had already pierced too far; the great Quantity of Blood which iſſued from his Wounds, deprived him, firſt, of his Voice, and, ſoon after, of his Breath; a Fate, indeed, too honourable for a Wretch, who deſerved to have expired in the extremeſt Tortures, under the Hands of the Executioner.

THE victorious *Algitha* returned to *Sickfort*, where all were in the utmoſt Grief and Confuſion; but when they ſaw her arrive at the Head of her valiant Troops, in the midſt of which was the Chariot with the two Princes, Cries and Acclamations ſucceeded in the place of Terror. The firſt Thing ſhe did, after having diſarmed herſelf, thanked her Friends for the Aſſiſtance they had given her, and embraced her Children, was to write to King *Canute* and Queen *Emma*, an Account of this Adventure, and to complain of the Injuſtice ſhe had received. The Court and City were no ſooner informed of it, than the loud Acclamations they made againſt the Treachery of the Earl of *Kent*, convinced *Canute*, that the Blood of their lawful Kings was yet extremely dear to them.

THIS Monarch knew, that as the Governour was killed, nothing cou'd be proved againſt him, denying to have any Part in this Action, and juſtified himſelf ſo well, that the whole Infamy fell on the Earl of *Kent*, who was already mortally hated. The cruel Inquietudes, however, that Queen *Algitha* was involved in, from that dreadful Day, for the Life of her Sons, never ſuffering her to enjoy any true Repoſe, threw her at length into a languiſhing Diſeaſe, and obliged her to have Recourſe to the Remedies Art ſometimes affords, when Nature refuſes her Aſſiſtance.

IF any one Step throughout the whole Conduct of this Princeſs cou'd be termed imprudent, it was the little Examination ſhe made of the Character of her Phyſicians; her Soul was too much employed for the Safety of the young Princes, to have any Leiſure to attend to aught relating merely to herſelf; and thinking her Fate cou'd be of no Conſequence to *Canute*, imagined not he wou'd ever enterprize any thing againſt her Perſon. But this tender Mother ſhou'd have remembered, that if any of thoſe Dangers ſhe apprehended for her Sons were real, the ſame muſt alſo threaten herſelf, who, by her Vigilance over thoſe precious Treaſures, was an Obſtacle in the way to reach at them.

THE ſame Means which had been made uſe of, to bribe the Governour of the Princes, was now put in

practice, to corrupt that Phyſician who attended the Queen in her Indiſpoſition; and inſtead of Cordials, he adminiſtred to her a Poiſon of ſo ſubtile a Force, that it reſiſted all Antidotes. Her Death was neceſſary for the ambitious Deſigns of *Canute* and his Miniſter, and they accompliſhed it like *Barbarians*; and that great Princeſs, who by her Courage and her Virtue had ſtood the moſt cruel Reverſe of Fortune, and the utmoſt Efforts of her publick Enemies, fell a Victim to the ſecret Cabals of her pretended Friends.

In the firſt Agonies of the poiſoned Draught, ſhe doubted not of the Occaſion, and prepared herſelf for her approaching Fate, with a Patience and Reſolution no leſs worthy of Admiration than her former Actions had been: The only Reflection which had Power to ſhake her Conſtancy, was that of leaving her dear Sons a Prey to thoſe who had deſtroyed her Life, in order to become Maſters of theirs; and in the Force of this Sentiment, ſhe wrote, a little before her Death, theſe few Words to Queen *Emma*.

The unfortunate Widow of King Edmund, *to* Emma, *Queen of* England.

" My Death, Madam, wou'd be of little Significa-
" tion, if it was not too ſure a Preſage of that
" of my Children: It was, it ſeems, found neceſſary
" to begin with mine, to arrive at theirs ——— Our
" Enemies in part are ſatisfied; but that they may not
" be intirely ſo, permit me to put you in remembrance
" of the Friendſhip you have always ſworn to me, and
" that which you had for the late King my Husband,
" and to conjure you to teſtify it to the precious Re-
" mains of his Blood——— Prevent my Death from
" becoming uſeful to the cruel Deſigns of their Perſe-
" cutors——'Tis the laſt and only Requeſt made you,
" by the dying

Algitha.

This Letter was delivered to the Queen on the next Day after the Death of her who wrote it. It touched

touched her in the moſt ſenſible manner; ſhe ran immediately to the King, and with Tears in her Eyes, conjured him to attempt nothing againſt the Life of *Edmund* and *Edward*, Sons to the late King and *Algitha*; and to engage his Protection of thoſe Princes, employed the moſt tender Careſſes as well as Words. But, though *Canute* had a very great Love for the Queen, yet Ambition was the predominant Paſſion of his ſoul; he liſtened to her, but anſwered in a manner, which let her ſee, he was more truly devoted to Empire than her Charms; and when he gave her his Promiſe, that the Princes ſhou'd not die, he made her underſtand, that his Safety depended on having them in his Power, and out of a Condition to undertake any thing againſt him. What have I not to apprehend, *ſaid he*, from the Sons of *Edmund* and *Algitha*? Certainly they muſt greatly degenerate from their Parents, if they do not one Day become formidable enough, to make you repent the Compaſſion you have for them——Therefore if you truly love me, you will be content with the Aſſurance I give you, not to take away their Lives, and not endeavour to oppoſe my taking ſuch Meaſures with them, as may ſecure my Throne; which can never remain firm, while thoſe who imagine themſelves born to ſit in it, are in the View of a People famous for their Love of Novelty.

THIS Diſcourſe filled the generous *Emma* with a Diſquiet, which ſhe had much ado to conceal; but perceiving it was impoſſible for her to obtain more, ſhe retired, pierced to the Soul with deep Concern and Pity. Some Days after, Prince *Edwin*, Son of *Ethelred* and *Ethelgive*, and Brother to the late King *Edmund*, was arreſted, on ſome Pretence, and ſhut up in an inacceſſible Caſtle; and the two Children of *Algitha* were removed from *Sickſort*, and confined in a ſtrong Fortreſs on the Borders of *Sweden*; which cold and barbarous Climate, ſo different from the Delicacies of that they had been nouriſhed in, joined to the Deprivation of all thoſe Tenderneſſes they had been accuſtomed to, *Canute* imagined, wou'd in a ſhort Time put

an End to their Days, without the Help of Poiſon, or of a Dagger.

In Effect, Prince *Edmund*, who was the eldeſt, had not a Conſtitution to ſupport ſo ſevere a Change, and died in a ſhort time after he was carried there: *Edwin*, his Uncle, ſurvived him but three Months; but *Edward*, the youngeſt Son of King *Edmund* and *Algitha*, who was endowed with all the Beauties and Perfections of his Royal Parents, ſo well knew how to gain the Affection of his Guards, by the Sweetneſs of his Behaviour, and to win them to a Dependance on him, by the Indifference he expreſſed for Liberty, that they accuſtom'd themſelves inſenſibly to allow him much more than their Orders permitted them to do; and this amiable Prince taking the Advantage of their Negligence, found Means to make his Eſcape into *Germany*, where he was favourably received by the Emperor *Henry* III. and afterwards ſettled himſelf with more Tranquillity then he cou'd have expected.

As for *Canute*, having reigned twenty Years, exerciſing in that Time a thouſand Cruelties for Security of his Power, he died in the Year 1036, leaving only one Son by Queen *Emma*, whom he deſigned ſhou'd be Inheritor of all his Kingdoms. But Providence, which takes Delight to fruſtrate human Projects, diſpoſed otherwiſe of them: *Norway* revolted, and choſe a King of their own: *Harold*, the Baſtard of *Canute*, whoſe Siſter the Earl of *Kent* had eſpouſed, with the Help of his Brother-in law, ſeized on the Crown of *England*; and the Son of *Canute* and *Emma*, who was named *Canute* after his Father, had no more to his Share, than the Kingdom of *Denmark*.

'Twas thus that the univerſal Monarchy, which this Prince had premeditated, was diſſipated; and that the Remains of *Ethelred* and *Edmund* were obliged to live under the Protection of Strangers; *Alfred* and *Edward*, the Sons of *Ethelred*, in *Normandy*; and the young *Edward*, Son of *Edmund*, in *Germany*; and ſuch was the Deſtiny of *Ethelgive* and *Algitha*, that they ſhou'd enjoy no more Happineſs and Tranquillity than their virtuous Mothers.

All

All the Company thanked *Florinda*, in Terms which made her ſenſible of the extreme Pleaſure this Relation, and her Faſhion of preſenting them with it had beſtowed, nor were the Praiſes they gave her more elegant than the Anſwers this agreeable Lady returned.

As for my Part, ſaid *Orſames*, I am particularly touched at the Hiſtory the beautiful *Florinda* has given us; becauſe it has revived in me, the Memory of a Prince, whoſe Character I always admired, and who, in my Opiuion, merited many more Years and happy Days.

It muſt be confeſs'd, added *Julia*, that *Edmund* was a moſt accompliſh'd Monarch; and I cannot hinder myſelf from being infinitely concerned his Thread of Life ſhould be ſo unfortunately cut. But the Earl of *Kent*, cried *Areliſe*, was certainly one of the moſt unworthy Wretches that ever lived. Ambition, ſaid *Canute*, is a moſt terrible Paſſion, when it reigns not in a virtuous Mind; it inſtigates the wicked to all manner of Villanies; as, on the contrary, it inſpires the noble Soul with a Deſire of arriving at Glory, by good and great Actions.

The Earl of *Kent*, reply'd *Alphonſo*, and all ſuch wicked Miniſters, by the Contraſt of their Actions, ſhew us, how much we ought to reſpect and love thoſe who prove, by their Services, the good of their Prince and Nation is at their Heart. Both King and People ſhould join in Thankſgivings, for their common Happineſs, when they ſee, at the Head of Affairs, Men guided by Prudence, Moderation, Diſintereſtedneſs, and Virtue.

Your Reflection, ſaid *Thelamont*, is a Leſſon for us, who enjoy this ſupreme Felicity; but Praiſes, ſuch as are worthy thoſe illuſtrious Perſons, would carry us too far, without being able to do Juſtice to their Merit. ——But let us, therefore, content ourſelves to admire them in Silence; and ſince we are fallen on the Subject of Stateſmen faithfully devoted to the Intereſts of their Maſters and Governments, I believe you will not be diſobliged, if I give you an Inſtance of that kind, which, I believe, is not leſs ſingular, than any that Hiſtory affords.

DARIUS, the Son of *Hidaſpes*, while he was a private Man, contracted the moſt tender Friendſhip with *Zopirus*, General of the *Perſian* Army; and, as it was founded merely on the Principles of Virtue, and a kind of Sympathy between their Souls, it could not but be laſting and ſolid. It was by the Advice of *Zopirus*, that *Darius* had the good Fortune to kill *Smerdis*, who had uſurped the Empire, and governed it with *Tyranny*; and it was by the Management of this faithful Friend, that he, afterwards, was exalted to the Throne: For, after the Death of the Tyrant, all the Princes and great Lords of *Perſia*, convened in Council, made a Decree, to prevent all Cenſure of any ambitious Views among themſelves, that whoever was Maſter of the Horſe that ſhould neigh the firſt before Sun-riſing, ſhould be King. That of *Darius* raiſed him to the ſupreme Dignity; *Zopirus* having the Secret to compel the Animal to neigh before any of the reſt. Such Obligations as theſe, when conferred on a generous Mind, could not but plant the Roots of Gratitude too deep to be ever torn from thence.

DARIUS, full of thoſe Sentiments, ſhould not have looked on his Happineſs as compleat, without a Friend, ſuch as *Zopirus*, to ſhare it with him: However, the firſt Days of his Elevation to the Empire, bringing with them their Cares and Occupations, he had not the Opportunity to teſtify, as he wiſh'd, the Senſe he had of what he had done for him.

As there is a Jealouſy in Friendſhip, as well as Love, which conſtrues every thing to its own Prejudice, *Zopirus* preſently imagined, the Luſtre of a Crown had too much dazled the Eyes of *Darius*, to permit him to look down on any thing beneath; and that in the Monarch, he loſt the Friend; which Thought ſo afflicted him, that the Melancholy of his Heart diffuſing itſelf thro' all his Air, rendered it immediately perceivable by *Darius*.

This Monarch, always too ſenſible of every thing that concerned his Friend, to be without Inquietude on this Occaſion, teſtified to him the Impatience he had to know the Cauſe of his Sadneſs; conjuring him, in the moſt

and preſſing Terms, to open his Heart to him with his uſual Freedom: But *Zopirus*, prejudiced by his own Ideas, could not be prevailed on to break Silence on this Subject; and every Day became more melancholy, and more reſolved to keep it ſecret.

DARIUS was extremely concerned, that he cou'd not penetrate into this unhappy Myſtery; he examined himſelf, if any thing in his own Conduct cou'd poſſibly have given Cauſe for ſuch a Diſcontent; but finding his Heart clear and innocent, he began to fear, that Ambition had taken Birth in that of *Zopirus*: If it be ſo, ſaid he to himſelf, I will load him with ſuch Honours, as he ſhall have nothing more to wiſh; and accordingly ſent him Preſents of immenſe Value, and a Blank to be filled up with ſuch Employments as he ſhou'd make choice of.

But *Zopirus*, whoſe Soul was of a different Mould, to what it now appeared to the King, was ſo far from being ſatisfied with theſe Marks of his Eſteem, that they ſerved only to render him more penſive. As for the Employment offered him, he abſolutely refuſed it, and received the Preſents with Reſpect, but not the leaſt Mark of Gladneſs.

This Behaviour augmented the King's Suſpence; he ſent for him one Day into his Cloſet, whence he was reſolved not to ſuffer him to depart, till he had revealed the whole of a Grief, which ſeemed ſo unaccountable, not only to him, but all who ſaw it.

My dear *Zopirus*, ſaid he, I can no longer endure to ſee you thus ——— By the tender Friendſhip by which we are united, I conjure you to reveal the Cauſe, of what kind ſoever it be ——— I ſwear to you, that there is nothing in my whole Empire, nothing that is ſubmitted to my Power, and nothing ſo valuable to my Heart, that I will not readily ſacrifice for your Relief ——— Speak then, nor perſiſt in an obſtinate Silence, which kills all my Happineſs, in perſuading me I am no longer dear to you.

Not dear to me, cried out *Zopirus*, quite tranſported at the King's Goodneſs! Ah! my Lord, it is

becauſe you are too dear to me, that I am in the State in which you ſee me; and ſince you command me to explain myſelf in Terms too tender to be withſtood, know, that the Fear I do not retain the ſame Place I held in your Heart before your Elevation, is the ſole Motive of my Grief ——— I thought I perceived a Change in you towards me——— That Air of Majeſty which accompanied your Benefits, robb'd them of their Value ——— 'Tis the King now who confers them, not that Friend to whom I was once ſo dear, and whoſe Love and Confidence in me, made all my Happineſs ——— 'Tis a great Monarch, whom I ſhou'd tremble to approach, whom I ſhou'd adore, who, caſting his Regards on me, diſtinguiſhes me, at preſent, from his other Courtiers, as I was once from all the *Perſians*, by the Choice *Darius* made of me for his Friend ——— In fine, it is no more *Darius* who loves me, but the King, who vouchſafes to honour me with his Bounties.

Ah! my Lord, continued he, reſume all your Gifts, and reſtore me your Heart ——— I will have nothing from the Sovereign of *Perſia*, and I wou'd owe every thing to the Friendſhip of *Darius*———'Twere to fail in that profound Reſpect a Subject ought to pay his King, to call him Friend; yet is that Title a thouſand times more precious to me, than all the Riches, and all the Honours you have heap'd upon me——Your Friendſhip, your Confidence, and your firſt Familiarity, are the only Treaſures which can ſatisfy my Ambition; and if you think the Royal Dignity will be impaired by this Conduct, ſuffer me, my Lord, to ſend you back your Preſents, and let me die.

During all this Diſcourſe *Darius* felt the moſt refined Pleaſure, to find himſelf loved merely for himſelf alone; and that all that can attract Affection in other Hearts, had no Effect on that of *Zopirus*, ſeemed ſo worthy of his Admiration, that for ſome time he was wholly taken up in ſilent Wonder, and had no Words to form an Anſwer.

How few Kings are there that taſte this Satisfaction! Exterior Homage and Obedience elate the Mind, and feed Ambition; but afford none of thoſe ſweet Tranſports, Tenderneſs beſtows ——— To ſee the Heart uncovered, and find no Emotions there, but Love and Duty warmly actuated by Zeal, and ever watchful to do good Offices; when this, I ſay, happens, as in the Caſe of *Darius*, a Monarch muſt think himſelf richer in ſuch a Friend, than in the Treaſures of the *Indies*.

My dear *Zopirus*, ſaid he, at laſt recovering himſelf enough to ſpeak. and at the ſame Time embracing him with the utmoſt Tenderneſs, I ſhould be unworthy of the Throne, to which you have rais'd me, if I were capable of changing, even for one Moment of my Life, from that fix'd Regard, I owe ſo worthy a Friend. ———Your Suſpicions have deceived you, and injur'd me———I proteſt, that I ſhall never be a King to you. ———Never ſhall you find me any other than your Friend *Darius* ———for know, that I prefer your Friendſhip to all my Crowns———Far from imagining, I ſhould demean the Royal Dignity, in living familiarly with you, I ſhould think I did it Honour —— Nothing is more glorious to a Monarch, than to have it in his Power to boaſt a faithful Friend; nor can he prove he has one but by the Tokens of his Gratitude. ——— Let us live then, continued he, taking him in his Arms a ſecond Time; let us live as we were accuſtomed before this Change in my Fortune———I ſhall always be *Darius* to you, be you always my dear *Zopirus* ——— Retain the Preſents I have ſent you, and accept of thoſe I ſhall hereafter ſend——they are not the Marks of my Generoſity, but of my perfect Friendſhip: And if I ſometimes put you in mind, that I am King, it will only be by the Joy of ſeeing myſelf in a Condition to make known my Love and Confidence.

These tender Aſſurances fail'd not to calm all the Diſquiets, which ſo lately reign'd in the Boſom of *Zopirus*. He bluſhed to have entertained Thoughts ſo little conformable to the great Sentiments of *Darius*. The Delicacy of his Friendſhip made him fear he had offended,

fended by judging him capable of changing; he ask'd his Pardon for it, and thanked him for the Continuation of his Bounties, and this Converſation cemented more than ever the Bond of Amity which was between them.

ZOPIRUS now reſumed his ordinary Vivacity, and *Darius* his former Familiarity; and as he cou'd not doubt, if he were ſincerely beloved by *Zopirus*, he liſtened to all the Remonſtrances that worthy Favourite made him, whenever he found him fail in Acts of Juſtice or of Virtue; and it was by his Advice, that the *Jews* obtained Permiſſion of this Monarch to finiſh the Building of the Temple of *Jeruſalem*.

But the Zeal of *Zopirus* for his Maſter did not ſtop here, he ſoon after had an Occaſion of making it appear, in a manner ſo very extraordinary, that I queſtion if ever any Act of Friendſhip arrived to that conſummate Height.

The *Babylonians* having reſolved to throw off the *Perſian* Yoke, forced all out of their Gates, who refuſed to join with them in this Revolt. *Darius* was no ſooner informed of what had happened, than he marched at the Head of a puiſſant Army, and ſat down before that magnificent City; but finding Difficulties, and a much greater Reſiſtance than he expected, made to his Attacks, he began to fear, that after a long and painful Siege, he ſhould be obliged to withdraw his Forces, without being able to reduce it.

This he look'd upon as ſo ſhameful to him, that, perhaps, no Vexation ever ſurpaſſed that of his. However, he made no Confidant of it but *Zopirus*; who, finding indeed there were no Hopes of ſucceeding in his Enterprize, by the Ways ordinarily practiſed in Sieges, preſently conceived a Stratagem, which was without all Precedent; and, I dare believe, will always remain unimitated. After he had conſidered a little while, and firmly reſolved himſelf in his Deſign, which he concealed with Care from him, and the whole Army, he cut off his Noſe and Ears, and in this dreadful Spectacle, all bleeding as he was, preſented himſelf at the Gates of *Babylon*; whence he was immediately

diately conducted to an Aſſembly of the Principal of the City, by whom he was no ſooner ſeen than known. Then declaiming againſt the Ingratitude of *Darius*, who, he pretended, had rendered him in this Condition, merely for having given him good Advice; he told them, he deſired nothing more than to revenge the Affront he had received; and to that End, came to offer his Service to them in the next Sally they made: Adding, that no Action cou'd ſo well become the Remainder of his Days as to aſſiſt them in chaſing ſo barbarous a Prince from their Walls.

The *Babylonians* knowing that he was the beſt General among the *Perſians*; and that with his great Wiſdom and Experience, he had alſo a prodigious Valour, received him with the extremeſt Joy, paid him all imaginable Honours, and with an unanimous Voice gave into his Hands the Government of the Guard of their City. The Uſe he made of his Power, in the Orders he gave, and the well diſpoſing the Troops, made known his Skill ſo well, that theſe poor deluded People believed themſelves in the utmoſt Security under him.

The Report, however, of this great Man's Deſertion being ſpread through the *Perſian* Army, filled them with a Conſternation not to be expreſſed; and every one imagined, they had now no more to do, but raiſe the Siege; ſince a Perſon ſo neceſſary, by his Advice and Courage, had gone over to the Enemy.

DARIUS alone was tranquil; and tho' he could not penetrate into the true Motive of this Action; yet judging the Sentiments of his Friend by his own, he heſitated not a Moment, if he ſhould believe there was ſome Myſtery in this Behaviour of *Zopirus*, intended for his Glory. In this Thought, inſtead of raiſing the Siege, he redoubled his Attacks, in which he was always repulſed by the Valour of *Zopirus*. Yet did not even this excite his Doubts, he ſhut his Ears againſt all that was ſaid to convince him that faithful Friend could ever be an Enemy; and ſtill advancing his Works, fortify'd himſelf with a full Aſſurance, that, thro' the Means of *Zopirus*, he ſhould

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at laſt carry his Point. Thus did Friendſhip ſtruggle againſt the greateſt Prhbabilities, and ſurmount what to all others appeared Conviction.

In fine, this glorious Man ſeeing the Works of *Darius* in the State he deſired, found Means to give him Notice, that if he advanced to one of the Gates of the City, which he deſcribed, he ſhould find it without Defence. He ſent Directions alſo in what manner he ſhould make the Breach, and what Number of Troops might enter. The King of *Perſia* followed this Advice in every Particular, and without communicating it to any Perſon, and without any other Aſſurance than that in his own Breaſt, of the Fidelity of *Zopirus*, he approached the Gate mark'd out to him. He found it in the Situation he expected, and with the Number of Troops his Friend had preſcribed, entered the City without Diffidence —— The Alarm was preſently given —— the Citizens were in the utmoſt Confuſion, and *Zopirus* had ſo well taken his Meaſures, that all who oppoſed the *Perſians* were cut in pieces, and the City entirely ſubmitted to *Darius*; who, at the Entreaty of *Zopirus*, forbore any Act of Cruelty to the Inhabitants, contenting himſelf only with exacting their Obedience to the ſame Laws formerly impoſed on them.

But what became of that Monarch? How terrible were the firſt Shocks of his Grief, when he found to what the Reduction of *Babylon* had been owing? —— Tears, and the Swellings of his Heart would not permit him to ſpeak for a long Time: And when *Zopirus* related to him the whole Affair, with an Unconcern, which denoted the Hero even more than the voluntary Maims he had given himſelf; at laſt the impriſoned Sorrows of the Royal Mind burſt out in theſe few Words, which, with the glorious Action that occaſioned them, are tranſmitted to Poſterity: Ah! who, ſaid he, would not have given a hundred *Babylons* to ſee ſo faithful a Friend exempt from ſuch a Deformity.

Justly have you ſaid, cry'd *Silviana*, perceiving *Thelamont* had done ſpeaking, that Hiſtory affords no Proof like this of Zeal and Friendſhip. I am aſtoniſhed

aſtoniſhed at it, added *Camilla*; and my Admiration is accompanied with certain Emotions of Terror, which make me ſhudder. I was before acquainted with this great Action, interrupted *Eraſmus*; but being ignorant of ſome of the Particulars that led to it, this Recital has had all the Charms of Novelty. It muſt be confeſſed, ſaid *Alphonſo*, that this Proof of *Zopirus*'s Attachment to the King, or rather to his Friend, is of the moſt ſingular kind that ever was: But it muſt alſo be confeſſed, that the Confidence of *Darius* had ſomething in it very grand; and that the Friendſhip in his Soul was no leſs heroick, than the dreadful Proofs the other gave of his.

For my Part, ſaid *Hortenſia*, I find nothing in either of them to reproach: If *Zopirus* diſfigured himſelf to deceive the rebellious *Babylonians*, and to reduce them to their Obedience; *Darius* expoſed himſelf to Accidents equally dreadful, by an intire Dependance on his Faith. And this Security he teſtified in him, without knowing any thing more of his Deſign, than that he had quitted his Service, ſeems to me a Proof of Friendſhip equal to that of *Zopirus*.

'Tis certain, replied *Orſames*, that without this Stratagem the King of *Perſia* had been compelled to raiſe the Siege, and to leave the Rebels unpuniſhed. We know, ſaid *Orophanes*, they are often of great uſe, when Force is unavailing; but there are a thouſand Inſtances of Stratagems very different from that of *Zopirus*, and yet not leſs beneficial.

HIMERA was the richeſt and moſt populous City in *Sicily*; its great Commerce occaſioned the Envy of the neighbouring Commonwealths, particularly of *Carthage*, who were reſolved to deſtroy it, if poſſible.

For this Purpoſe, *Amilcar*, their General, with an Army of two hundred thouſand Men, and five hundred Gallies, came to beſiege it both by Land and Sea. The Inhabitants of *Himera*, juſtly alarmed, implored the Aſſiſtance of *Gelon*, King of *Syracuſe*, a Monarch of Wiſdom, Honour, and Courage, and never ſlow in aſſiſting his Allies. But knowing his Forces unable

unable to cope with thoſe of the *Carthaginians*, in a pitched Battle, contented himſelf with poſting them in ſtrong Places; whence iſſuing out ſometimes, they did much Miſchief to the Enemy, by deſtroying the Proviſions round about, and attacking thoſe who went to forrage, whom they often deſtroyed, leaving not a Man alive. But theſe Favours of Fortune were too inconſiderable to provoke the *Carthaginians* to raiſe the Siege; and *Gelon* was in the extremeſt Dilemma in what Manner to proceed, that he might be ſerviceable to his Friends; when Chance put ſomething in his Power, which all his Valour cou'd never have made him hope.

AMILCAR ſent two Deputies with Diſpatches to *Selucia*, ordering the People of that City to ſend him a Reinforcement of Cavalry, to the Number of 10,000, in a Time by him preſcribed. Theſe Men falling into the Hands of *Gelon*, put a Stratagem into his Head, which he executed in this manner: He made the Deputies of *Amilcar* be ſhut up, and ſo carefully guarded, that it was impoſſible for them to inform the *Carthaginians* what had befallen them; and at the Time appointed by their General, equipped the Number he had ordered, of his beſt Cavalry, in the Arms and Livery of the *Selucians*; and having given them ſecret Orders what to do, ſent them to the Camp of the *Carthaginians*, accompanied by two pretended Deputies from the *Selucians*, with Letters teſtifying how ready thoſe People were to obey the Commands of *Amilcar*.

THESE Deputies no ſooner arrived at the Head of their Cavalry, than they were conducted to *Amilcar*, who received them with open Arms, made them magnificent Preſents, aſſigned the moſt convenient Quarters for the Troops they brought, and gave Orders they ſhou'd be furniſhed with all Things neceſſary.

THUS did the beſt Part of *Gelon*'s Forces enter the *Carthaginian* Camp as Allies and Friends: The next Day after their Arrival, *Amilcar* erected an Altar near the Sea-ſide, and commanded a Sacrifice and ſolemn

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Thankſgivings to *Neptune* for the ſafe Arrival of this ſeeming Aid. As he performed the Office of High Prieſt himſelf, the *Syracuſans* taking the Advantage of that Moment, when the whole Army was diſarmed, and at their Devotion, ſeized on the General, and put all the principal Officers who aſſiſted at the Sacrifice to the Sword. While one Party were on this Expedition, the other ſet the Ships on fire; the Flame and Smoak of which was the Signal for *Gelon* to advance, who, pouring with his Forces on the other Side of the Camp, made a moſt terrible Slaughter among them. The People of *Himera* perceiving this Diſorder, and the Colours and Enſigns of the King of *Syracuſe* diſplayed in the midſt of their Enemies, ſallied out, and joined that Prince; who, wherever he paſſed, ſpread Deſolation round him. It was impoſſible for the *Carthaginians* in this Confuſion, and not only encompaſſed, but alſo mingled with their Enemies, to put themſelves in any Poſture of Defence, the boldeſt among them now betook themſelves to flight; but they were too cloſely purſued for many to eſcape. While theſe Things were doing at Land, the Fleet of *Gelon* deſtroyed all that the Flames had ſpared: Never was there a more terrible Spectacle; never had the *Carthaginians* ſuſtained ſo great a Loſs, ſince the Eſtabliſhment of their Republick. No leſs than an hundred and fifty thouſand Men were cut to pieces, and vaſt Quantities of Ammunition and rich Baggage, became the Prey of the Victors. Thus did the City of *Carthage*, ſo accuſtomed to the Smiles of Fortune, prove how little that fickle Goddeſs is to be depended upon: And thus did *Gelon* deliver the People of *Himera* from that imminent Danger which at that Time threatned them.

Tho' this Action, ſaid *Felicia*, has ſomething barbarous in it, I cannot be ſorry for the Puniſhment of the *Carthaginians*. I deteſt thoſe powerful proud People, who would have none happy but themſelves; and whoſe Jealouſy and Ambition are inceſſantly finding Pretence to diſturb the Peace of their Neighbours.

I AM of your Opinion, reply'd *Florinda*; methinks there is ſomething very tyrannick in the Nature of thoſe People, who having many Advantages over their Neighbours, cannot content themſelves without aiming at more, tho' it be the utter Ruin of thoſe who only deſire to enjoy peaceably their own.

IF all the Rulers of the Earth thought in this manner, ſaid *Alphonſo* ſmiling, Mankind would inſenſibly degenerate into Cowardice aud Indolence, 'Tis the Deſire of aggrandizing their Dominions, or preventing others from extending theirs too far, that excites a Love of Glory in the Heart, and gives Men an Opportunity of ſignalizing themſelves,

THAT is very true, ſaid *Julia*; but it ſeems ſtrange to me, that reaſonable Creatures, to whom Pity is inherent, cen perform ſuch Actions, as have juſt now been related, in cold Blood. When Anger, indeed, inflames the Mind, I wonder not at any thing ſo violent a Paſſion may tranſport them to.

NOTHING is more blameable, charming *Julia*, interrupted *Urania*, than thoſe Actions which are inſtigated by Anger; of all the Emotions by which the Breaſt is agitated, I know none ſo dangerous as that: It violates Truth, triumphs over Juſtice, and deſtroys Reaſon: It breathes nothing but Hatred and Revenge, and inſpires only inhuman Projects. It was the Saying of a great Philoſopher, that the Man who abandoned himſelf to Anger, would never execute any thing, of which he would not have cauſe to repent.

THE Emperor *Theodoſius*, continued ſhe, whoſe Merit and Valour raiſed him to the Throne, by the Adoption of *Gratian*, in the Year of *Jeſus Chriſt* 378, was a Prince juſtly eſteemed, wiſe and virtuous, a great General, victorious in War, amiable in Peace, and happy in both. However, this great Prince, of whom the Hiſtorians make ſuch fine Eulogiums, had the Misfortune to ſuffer himſelf to be overcome by this Paſſion of Anger. But this Vice, for the moſt part the Author of Shame to thoſe that harbour it, ſerved but to encreaſe his Glory.

HE

He was returned in Triumph from his Victory over the Tyrant *Maximin*, and from the eſtabliſhing *Valentinian*, the Brother of *Gratian*, on the *Weſtern* Throne, when he received News, that the *Theſſalonians* had rebelled againſt the Magiſtrates he had ſet over them, that they had ſpoken contemptuouſly of his ſupreme Authority, and ſtoned to Death ſome of his inferior Officers.

An Inſolence ſuch as this was indeed ſufficient to exaſperate the mildeſt Nature; but this Emperor ſuffered himſelf to be ſo far tranſported by it, as to make a ſolemn Vow for the general Deſtruction of the whole City. To perform which, he went at the Head of his Army to this happy Place: The Inhabitants repenting of their Fault, ſent Deputies to meet him, and implore Forgiveneſs; but the enraged Prince refuſed to hear them, and entered the City without ſuffering them to pay him thoſe Honours, which were his Due; and the ſixth Day after his Arrival, having ordained publick Shows to be exhibited in the great Theatre, a vaſt Concourſe of People aſſembled themſelves to be Spectators. Then the Emperor looking round, and finding this a proper Time to execute his Vow, ſuddenly left the Place, and ordered his Soldiers to put them all to the Sword, which was immediately performed, without the leaſt Diſtinction either of Sex or Age.

His Rage thus ſatiated, he paſſed thro' *Milan* in his Return to *Italy*; and going to the Church of St. *Baſil*, to pay his Devotion to that Saint, was met by St. *Ambroſe*, Biſhop of that City, who ordered the Doors to be ſhut againſt him, and reproached him for the Barbarity he had uſed againſt one of the firſt Chriſtian Cities in the World; telling him, his Crime was too great for him to hope ever to be admitted into the Temple of God, till he had done publick Penance.

The Emperor was at firſt ſurprized at the Boldneſs of St. *Ambroſe*; but it opened his Eyes at the ſame Time, and obliged him to reflect on the Action he had been guilty of; and he then acknowledged his Fault, made a publick Confeſſion of it at the Foot of the Altar, and ſubmitted to the Penance impoſed on him

him by the Biſhop. What cou'd be more truly great than this Humility? Mean Souls perſiſt in the Defence of Injuries; but thoſe that are truly heroick, whenever they have failed, through the Weakneſs of Humanity, make it their greateſt Glory to acknowledge, and do all in their Power to repair it.

I HAVE always, ſaid *Orophanes*, conſidered this Action as the moſt noble Part of *Theodoſius*'s Life, and that it merits everlaſting Praiſes. He ſeems to me more great after his Fault, than in his Innocence, becauſe it gave him an Opportunity of triumphing over that Vanity ſo common to all Men, but particularly to thoſe in Authority.

ST. *Ambroſe*, reſumed *Urania*, who was perfectly acquainted with the Humour of that Prince, to prevent his falling into the like Error, obliged him to make a Law, whereby the Execution of Death ſhould be deferred till thirty Days after the Sentence was given, to the End the Emperor might have Time for Reflection, and to make Rage ſubmit to Clemency.

THIS Law was ſome Years after the Preſervation of the City and Inhabitants of *Antioch*; for they having rebelled againſt the Authority of the Emperor, and in the Inſolence of their Rage maſſacred all his Officers, and dragged through the Streets the Statue of the Empreſs *Placilla*, whom he tenderly loved, he ſwore to puniſh them in the moſt unheard of manner; to invent new kinds of Tortures for the People, and to lay their City in Aſhes; and for this Purpoſe, went in Perſon at the Head of a puiſſant Army towards the Gates of this devoted City.

BUT being arrived within a few Hours Journey, an holy *Hermit*, called *Macedonius*, preſented himſelf before him, and having ſet forth the Mercies of God, whoſe Vicegerent he was on Earth, he told him, that his Clemency ought to be no leſs to thoſe beneath him. The Emperor liſtened to him, and remembring the Law St. *Ambroſe* had prevailed on him to make; he ſuſpended his March, and ſaid, It is indeed true, that it wou'd be prophane and unjuſt in me to deſtroy the Images of God, for that of a Woman. And fortifying himſelf

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in this Sentiment, within thirty Days of his Judgment, he retracted it, was appeaſed, and ſpared both the Citizens and Inhabitants of *Antioch*.

I PERCEIVE, ſaid *Felicia*, that when a Perſon is greatly addicted to Anger or Rage, call it by which Name you pleaſe, he ought to have the ſame Degree of Goodneſs with this Emperor, to be enabled to moderate it. Not but I muſt confeſs, the People both of *Theſſalonia* and *Antioch* merited very ſevere Puniſhments.

THE greater was their Offence, reply'd *Julia*, the greater Opportunity had *Theodoſius* to exerciſe that Heavenly Attribute of forgiving: And if one may judge of this Emperor's Sentiments, when not overſwayed by Paſſion, I believe he often wiſhed, he had ſhewn no more Rigour to *Theſſalonia*, than he afterwards did, through the Admonition of the *Hermit*, to the City of *Antioch*.

As *Julia* had pronounced theſe Words, the News that Supper waited, obliged this agreeable Society to repair to the Hall, where they paſſed the Remainder of the Evening in Converſation ſomething more gay than the Entertainments of the Day had been —— Love and Joy were now the Subject of their Diſcourſe; and the Hours for Repoſe being arrived, they ſeparated, in the Hopes of paſſing the next Day in the ſame Manner they had done the preceding ones.

THE

SEVENTEENTH DAY.

THE Hour for going into the Ladies Apartment was no ſooner arrived, than *Eraſmus* went into that of *Urania*, to entreat that ſhe wou'd engage the Company to paſs that Day with *Florinda*, who had been indiſpoſed that Night, and was not in a Condition to quit her Chamber. This News alarmed *Urania*, and ſhe told *Eraſmus*, that ſhe was extremely ſorry that he had not ſent to wake her, to the end ſhe might have contributed, as much as was in her Power, for the Eaſe of that dear Friend. But *Eraſmus* reply'd, that her Indiſpoſition was not conſiderable enough to give her that Diſturbance; and that it was only his own Tenderneſs, which making him fear the Air might be prejudicial to her, had exacted a Promiſe from her not to go out of her Chamber that Day.

URANIA highly approved the Care of this tender Huſband, and giving him her Hand to paſs to *Celemena*'s Apartment, they met that Lady with the reſt of the Company coming towards them.

As ſoon as this charming Society were informed of the Motive which with-held *Florinda*, they ran to her with an Impatience, that teſtified the Love and Eſteem

Eſteem they had for that deſerving Lady. *Felicia* being attach'd to her, not only by Inclination, but by the neareſt Alliance, *Eraſmus* being Brother to her dear *Orophanes*, had already prevented the Company; who found her with *Florinda*, accompanied by *Thelamont*, *Orophanes*, and *Alphonſo*.

When *Florinda* ſaw them enter ſhe wou'd have roſe from the Sofa, on which ſhe lay half reclined; but *Urania* obliging her to continue in the Poſture ſhe was in, we come here, ſaid ſhe, only to engage you to take that Repoſe which is neceſſary for you; and to deſire your Apartment may ſerve us this Day inſtead of the Library, the Hall and the Garden.

How great ſoever the Pleaſure is I feel, ſaid *Florinda*, in having you always near me, I proteſt, I am very much aſhamed, that *Eraſmus* has exacted his Proof of your Complaiſance. Give Truce to your Apologies and Compliments, interrupted *Orophanes*, and ſince your Indiſpoſition is not violent enough to render our Preſence incommodious; and as we can follow here, as well as any where elſe, the Law we have eſtabliſhed, let us begin a Converſation more improving, and more conformable to the Friendſhip among us.

With theſe Words, he took upon him to place the Company, as he knew wou'd be agreeable to their Inclinations, every Huſband by his Wife; and when they were ſeated, began, by a gay Turn of Wit, to oblige them to baniſh that Sadneſs their Apprehenſions for *Florinda* had ſeized them with.

When he had done ſpeaking, *Celemena* willing to improve upon his Humour of Gallantry, after looking ſmiling round the Room, I find, ſaid ſhe, *Orophanes* takes the ſame Conſideration for the abſent, as for the preſent, and has ſuffered none of the Company to take up the Places of the Lovers of *Areliſe* and *Silviana*. This Reflection, anſwered *Thelamont*, wou'd be a fine Criticiſm, if we were not perſuaded, that whatever you ſay, you ſecretly approve the Order in which *Orophanes* has ranged us.

WITHOUT doubt I do, cry'd ſhe, and wiſh that *Alcippe* and *Liſimond* were here, to be Witneſſes of the charming Union that reigns here, and to follow ſo rare an Example. There is no need of that, ſaid *Florinda*; their own Honour and Love, and the Perfections of their beautiful Ladies, will oblige them to conform to it. But, continued ſhe, *Alcippe* is unknown to us; and tho' I read in the Eyes of all the Company, that they believe with me, he is perfectly worthy of being dear to the beautiful *Areliſe*; methinks, we ought to be better acquainted with him. *Florinda* is in the right, added *Julia*; and ſince *Areliſe* has recounted to us the Adventures of *Silviana*, it belongs to *Silviana* to make us know thoſe of *Areliſe*.

FOR my part, ſaid *Camilla*, with her accuſtomed Vivacity, I ſhall not eaſily excuſe being deprived of ſo much Pleaſure; and that I may enjoy it fully, muſt make a kind of Contract with *Silviana*, that there may be no Abridgements in a Hiſtory which I fancy muſt be entertaining in all its Particulars. They all laugh'd at this Expreſſion of the amiable *Camilla*; and *Areliſe*, willing to turn the Converſation, ſaid, There is nothing in my Life ſufficiently intereſting to be worthy of reciting: All my Adventures being bounded in confeſſing, that *Alcippe* is the Name of him made choice on by my Family, to be my Husband.

MY dear *Areliſe*, cry'd *Silviana*, you ought not to expect I ſhould be more diſcreet than yourſelf; and tho' I know, that in the Recital deſired of me, there is nothing conſiderable enough to form a Hiſtory, ſuch as the beautiful *Camilla* wiſhes to hear; yet I will not deny, but there are Paſſages, which, for their Singularity, are worthy of being recounted. And ſince I have an Opportunity of revenging myſelf for the Repetition you made of my Weakneſs to this Company, you muſt not imagine I ſhall neglect it. Know then, continued ſhe, without giving the other time to reply, that,

THE Father of *Areliſe* is called *Armond*; he is of the ancient Nobility, very rich, and every way worthy

worthy of his Birth and Treaſures. He had no other Child than *Areliſe*, by a Marriage which he contracted with a Maid of Quality, who died ſoon after the Birth of her Daughter. *Armond*, who wou'd never enter into a ſecond Engagement, gave all his Cares to the Education of this young Beauty; following the Cuſtom of thoſe of his Condition. He put her into a Convent for the firſt Years of her Life; not but he had a Siſter in whom he might have confided; *Merina*, being a Lady of unſpotted Vertue, and diſtinguiſh'd Merit; but ſhe was at that Time at a great Diſtance from *Paris*, and he could not reſolve to ſend this Darling of his Heart ſo far from him.

She was no ſooner arrived at thoſe Years, in which Reaſon begins to ſhew itſelf, than her Inclinanion began to turn entirely on the Study of the Sciences; in which ſhe made a Progreſs very ſurprizing for one of her Sex. We all are ſenſible, Knowledge is not to be acquired amidſt the Noiſe and Hurry of the World; and the great Deſire *Areliſe* had to become a perfect Miſtreſs of all ſhe had, what they call, a ſmattering of, made her extremely pleaſed with a Retirement, which ſo much favour'd her Acquiſition. Her Father made her the Offer of removing ſeveral Times, but in vain; and he began to fear, ſhe was too much in Love with Solitude to be prevail'd with to quit it at all. *Merina* was now return'd to *Paris*, was a Widow, and entirely Miſtreſs of herſelf. She deſired nothing more than to have the young *Areliſe* with her; but ſhe ſtill preferr'd her darling Cloiſter, to all the Enjoyments of Life. This made all her Friends imagine that ſhe was one of thoſe who we may call Enthuſiaſts; and who ſuppoſe there is no Security for a better Life, but by going through the moſt ſevere Mortification and Self-denial in this.

But *Areliſe* being in her fifteenth Year, and aſſuring them, ſhe had no Inclination for a Religious Life, and only deſired to ſtay in the Convent till ſhe had attained a more perfect Knowledge of what ſhe had been learning, they conſented to it.

MERINA viſited her often, and I accompanied her wherever ſhe went, having been bred under the Care of that Lady from the Death of my Mother, which happened in my Infancy. *Areliſe* was pleaſed to think, I had ſomething in me worthy of her Friendſhip, and I conceived the moſt tender one for her; which, far from diminiſhing by any of thoſe little Piques, that often happen between Perſons of our Age and Sex, grew the more confirmed, the longer we were acquainted; and I regretted nothing, but that her Paſſion for Study wou'd not permit me to enjoy, ſo often as I deſired, the Happineſs of her Company.

ARMOND looked on her with the extremeſt Pleaſure —— She was his only Child, young, rich, beautiful, and learned, and in every thing ſuch as might make him hope, ſhe wou'd add Honour to his Family, by an illuſtrious Match.

THESE Sentiments made him reſolve to chuſe a Huſband for her. There were already many who ſeemed ambitious of that Title; her Birth, Beauty, Wealth, and the Fame of her Perfections, attracted every Day ſome new Pretender. *Armond* liſtened to their Offers; but the ancient Friendſhip between him and a Gentleman named *Celion*, influenced him beyond all that cou'd be ſaid to him in Favour of any other.

CELION was of a Condition equal to his own, and had only one Son, who, after having received ſuch Education, as young Noblemen ordinarily have, was gone on his Travels. *Armond* knew, that the young *Celion* had in his Perſon and Mind, all the Requiſites to pleaſe; he therefore heſitated not long, but without any Ceremony, diſcovered his Deſign to his old Friend; who, charmed with the Thought of uniting his Family with that of a Perſon ſo dear to him, accepted his Propoſal with an Infinity of Joy; and that Moment wrote to his Son, to put an End to his Travels, and haſten Home to receive a Wife from his Hand, who had all the Perfections of her Sex.

THE Affair was no ſooner agreed between them, than *Armond* went to the Convent, and declared to

Areliſe

Areliſe what he had done for her, and withal told her, ſhe muſt now leave the Convent, to accuſtom herſelf a little to the Air and Behaviour of the great World.

ARELISE, who, tho' ſhe wanted not Vivacity, had from her moſt tender Years an incomparable Solidity of Judgment, cou'd not think, without Pain, on being married to a Man, whoſe Perſon and Character were unknown to her. She looked on a *Hymen*, who preſented himſelf to her in that Faſhion, only as the Fore-runner of innumerable Ills: And after having pauſed a while, told her Father, that ſhe was ready to obey his Commands, in quitting the Convent, or any thing elſe in her Power; but intreated, he would not be too haſty in diſpoſing of her for ever——She ſaid, it was neceſſary to know, if the Perſon he had made choice of, might think her worthy his Affections, and that ſhe might be able to gueſs, whether there was any thing of that Sympathy between them, which can only unite Hearts: And then painted out to him, in the moſt lively Colours, the unhappy State of two Perſons whoſe Hands are joined only by the Will of their Parents, and have for each other no more than a cold Indifference.

ARMOND was charm'd with her good Reaſoning; but as he thought young *Celion* was worthy of every thing, he did not ſeem much to reliſh the Scruples ſhe raiſed concerning him; and having told her, that his Word was paſs'd, and that ſhe muſt expect he wou'd perform it, as ſoon as *Celion* ſhou'd arrive, quitted her, with a Command to prepare for her Departure from the Convent the next Day.

In fine, *Merina*, to whom *Armond* had communicated his Intentions, went the following Day to the Convent, and brought her to her own Houſe, where ſhe was to remain till her Marriage.

I will not go about to expreſs the Pleaſure we had in being together, nor the Praiſes her Wit and Beauty exacted from as many as ſaw her; the Knowledge you have of the perfect Friendſhip between us will ſufficiently inform you of the one, and I will ſpare her Modeſty on

the other Article; deſigning to be more free with it in Things of greater Importance. Old *Celion* was inchanted with her Perſon and Behaviour, and made Love for his Son, in ſo agreeable a Manner, that I, a thouſand times, have been ſurprized at the ill Humour *Areliſe* always appeared in, when he entertained her on that Subject: But ſhe had taken ſo ſtrong an Averſion to this Engagement, that it threw her into a Melancholy, which made us tremble for her Health.

MERINA, who had never ſeen the young *Celion*, cou'd not intirely blame the Fears of *Areliſe* for finding him not amiable. However, ſhe laboured all ſhe cou'd to conquer this Repugnance in her, but in vain. *Areliſe* diſcover'd to me all her Sentiments, and inceſſan ly entertained me with the Grief ſhe was in, on reflecting that ſhe muſt paſs all at once from a Life happy and tranquil, into the Arms of a Man ſhe knew not, cou'd never love, and, perhaps, might be as little beloved by.

While ſhe was taken up with theſe perplexing Ideas, old *Celion* received an Anſwer from his Son; in which he told him, he wou'd prepare to obey him; but that the Marriage he had mentioned, in his Opinion, demanded more ſerious Reflections——and that he hoped, he wou'd not make uſe of his Authority, to inforce his Inclinations in a Matter of ſuch Moment.

This Letter was not communicated but to the Father of *Areliſe* and *Merina*; the latter, however, thinking it wou'd alleviate her Afflictions to hear the Marriage might not be ſoon ſolemnized, as ſhe had feared, by reaſon young *Celion* teſtified as little Impatience for it as herſelf, made no Secret of it to her.

ARELISE was, indeed, extremely pleaſed at this News; but at the ſame time conceived a greater Averſion than ever for her intended Spouſe: She imagined, that he had ſomewhere ſeen her, before he went to travel, and that it was his Diſlike of her Perſon, rather than this Indifference for Marriage in general, that had made him expreſs himſelf in that manner; and this Thought gave ſo poignant an Alarm to her Pride, that

ſhe

ſhe reſolved to make uſe of her utmoſt Efforts to break this Engagement before his Arrival.

Some Days after this Letter, an Affair of very great Importance, relating to *Merina*'s Eſtate, obliged her to go twenty Leagues from *Paris*. As ſhe cou'd not diſpenſe with this Journey, ſhe deſired *Armond* to permit his Daughter to accompany her, as *Celion* cou'd not be expected till after the Time ſhe propoſed to ſtay in the Country; telling him, ſhe hoped, the Diverſions ſhe wou'd find in that Place, wou'd reſtore her Health, alleviate her Sadneſs, and perhaps render her more ſubmiſſive to his Will at her Return.

ARMOND, to whom the Melancholy of his Daughter began to be a little diſpleaſing, and who was reſolved not to change his Reſolution as to her Marriage, conſented to the Requeſt of his Siſter; and we all three left *Paris* in a Situation of Mind perfectly agreeable: *Areliſe*, becauſe ſhe ſhou'd now be eaſed of the Vexation it gave her to hear the Name of *Celion*; myſelf, becauſe the Change of Place, and Variety of Company was conformable to my Humour; and *Merina*, becauſe of the Pleaſure ſhe procured us.

The News of her Arrival at her Country-Seat was no ſooner ſpread abroad, than all the neighbouring Nobility and Country came to viſit her: Among the Number of the latter, was a Gentleman, whom ſhe had known a long Time, and greatly eſteemed. He had a Son lately returned from the Army, whom he preſented to us, and a Friend of his, named *Alciſpe*, of whom he gave the higheſt Character.

But there needed not much Eloquence to perſuade us of his Merit; *Alcippe* is one of thoſe Perſons, who: at firſt Sight prejudice the Heart with a ſecret Eſteem There is ſomewhat in his Face, his Shape, and Air, which is not to be deſcribed; and tho' he has the fineſt Features, the beſt-turn'd Limbs, and moſt graceful Mien, that out of this Aſſembly was ever ſeen, yet his Behaviour is more ſtriking than them all. With all this, he is extremely learned, without affecting to appear ſo——has a ſparkling Genius, and a manner of

Addreſs, which engages your Attention to what he is about to ſay, before he utters it.

THIS *Alcippe*, ſuch as I have painted him, attracted all our Eyes——I was charmed with him——As for *Areliſe*, ſhe was unable, while he was in the Room, to look on any other Object —— her Heart at once confeſs'd his Power of pleaſing, and grew more rebellious than ever againſt the Inclination her Father wiſh'd ſhe ſhou'd be inſpired with. But if the beautiful *Areliſe* was ſo ſenſible of the Merit of *Alcippe*, *Alcippe* was no leſs ſtruck with the Charms of *Areliſe*. ——Her Beauty ſurprized him, her Wit turned him all to Admiration; and three Hours Converſation ſerved to fix in his Mind the moſt violent Paſſion that ever was. As I was intirely free from any Agitations of my own at that time, I had leiſure to obſerve theirs, and was immediately Miſtreſs of the Secrets of both their Hearts.

THIS Viſit was followed by ſeveral others on the Part of *Alcippe*, who having been once introduced, did not always wait for his Friend, to give himſelf the Satisfaction of coming to our Houſe. *Merina*, as well for his own Merit, as for having been recommended by the old Gentleman, always received him with the greateſt Marks of Civility and Eſteem. However, tho' the Paſſion of *Alcippe* was as great as cou'd be conceived by any Heart, he forbore giving any Teſtimonies of it but by his Eyes: And when I preſſed *Areliſe* to let me know her Sentiments concerning this charming Stranger, ſhe only ſaid, I wiſh the Perſon they wou'd have me marry had the ſame Merit. Nor cou'd I ever draw any farther Confeſſion from her Mouth.

MERINA's Affairs detained her longer than ſhe had expected; we had already paſs'd a Month there, and they were not terminated. *Areliſe* rejoiced at this Delay; and the Diverſion I took in beholding theſe Lovers, who, in ſpite of themſelves, diſcovered every Moment a mutual Flame, hindered me from being ſorry.

THEY

THEY were now become intimate Acquaintance, not a Day paſs'd without his entertaining us either at Home, or in a fine Walk near the Houſe; they found every Moment ſome new Charm to encreaſe the Paſſion they had for each other; and yet all this without ſpeaking one Word, but ſuch as Perſons the leaſt intereſted wou'd have uttered.

As *Areliſe* has ſince confeſs'd, ſhe was not a little perplexed, that ſhe knew no more of this Charmer of her Soul, than that he was a Man of Condition; and wondered, that in all the Diſcourſe he entertained her with, he never mentioned one Word of his Family. But my Curioſity was more alert, tho' my Concern was leſs; and one Day being alone with the old Gentleman, who had firſt brought him acquainted with us, I entreated him to inform me of all he knew of *Alcippe*.

MADAM, anſwered he, the Secrets of our Friends are no Part of our Property: Nor can we diſpoſe of them without a Crime. Forgive me therefore, that I declare not that of *Alcippe*——all that is permitted me to reveal is, that he is a Man of Quality, that he is with me, unknown to his Family, who imagine him at a much greater Diſtance——An Affair of the utmoſt Importance to him, compels him to behave in this manner; and as I am intimate with his Father, I ſhall very ſhortly take a Journey to *Paris*, in order to prepare the Way for the good Reception of *Alcippe*.

THIS Diſcourſe, inſtead of ſatisfying, made me yet more unquiet; I cou'd not imagine what Intrigue, diſagreeable to the Family of *Alcippe*, ſhou'd make him ſtand in need of a Mediator, and cou'd think on nothing, but that he was privately married to a Perſon he cou'd not hope they wou'd approve——I trembled now for *Areliſe*, yet cou'd not avoid communicating my Suſpicions to her. She was greatly aſtoniſh'd, and a viſible Trouble over-ſpread her Face, while I was talking to her; I know not, how far this might have obliged her to own her ſecret Inclinations to me, had not an Accident, then undream'd of, render'd that Confidence unneceſſary.

THE next Day after we had this Converſation, *Alcippe* came to viſit us as uſual, and finding nobody in the Parlour, but *Areliſe* and myſelf, he threw himſelf, the Moment of his Entrance, at the Feet of *Areliſe*; and looking on her with an Air of mingled Tenderneſs and Deſpair, *Merina*, ſaid he, has juſt now told me News, which is the Sentence of my Death——They wou'd marry you, Oh beautiful *Areliſe!* and the unfortunate *Alcippe* muſt never ſee you in the fineſt City in the World, but in the Arms of a Huſband.

FOR, in fine, continued he, without giving her time to interrupt him, I can no longer conceal from you, that I adore you; and ſince in loſing you, I am aſſured I loſe my Life, I cannot leave the World without letting you know the Paſſion you have inſpired me with.

ARELISE was ſo much ſurprized at this Declaration, that ſhe had not Power to reply to it for a conſiderable time; but at length recollecting herſelf, Since, ſaid ſhe, you have been told of the Engagements I am under, you ought to have ſpar'd a Confeſſion, which I can look on as no other than as a double Affront—— My Virgin-ſtate demands a Behaviour more reſpectful and leſs preſuming; and the State, which you ſay I am about to enter into, ſhou'd, methinks, have obliged you to an eternal Silence.

I EXPECTED a no leſs cruel Anſwer, reſumed *Alcippe*, with an Agony which no falſe Love cou'd counterfeit: I came not hither in the Hope you wou'd approve my Flame, which, but for the dreadful Shock it has juſt now received from the Mouth of *Merina*, ſhou'd not have been reveal'd to you, but by thoſe who have the Power of diſpoſing you——but in the Certainty of loſing you, nothing is left for me to wiſh or fear; and the only Favour I implore, is Permiſſion to die at your Feet

LOVE, Grief, and Confuſion, were ſo truly imprinted on his Face, and he appeared ſo full of Charms in this pity-moving State, that *Areliſe* muſt have been much leſs prepoſſeſſed than ſhe was in his Favour, not

to

to be touch'd with what he ſaid. Alas! ſaid ſhe, you are not unhappy alone, I follow not the Dictates of my Duty, but with the moſt painful Reluctance ——— I know not him who is deſtin'd to be my Huſband, I have never ſeen him, and Love has not the leaſt Part in my Engagement

Oh Heaven! cry'd *Alcippe*, what a Conformity there is between our Fates! I am not here, but to avoid entering into an Engagement my Father has formed for me, without conſulting my Heart ——— I never ſaw the Lady they wou'd have me marry; I have not yet ſo much as heard her Name ——— nor was it the Impreſſion of any other Charms, which rendered this Union diſagreeable ——— I lived without any Attachment till I ſaw your Beauties, but the ſole Regret I found in myſelf, to paſs my whole Life with a Perſon wholly unknown to me, till the Moment I was to give my Hand ——— But now, continued he, now judge how odious muſt be thoſe Appreh nſions, when I have ſeen, convers'd, and fill'd my Heart with the moſt adorable Object in the World ——— No, added he with Tranſport, no *Celion*, never hope, that your Son, unable to poſſeſs the incomparable *Areliſe*, will ever give himſelf to another.

Good God! cry'd we both out at the ſame Time, What ſay you, *Alcippe?* What! added *Areliſe*, with an Aſtoniſhment which nothing cou'd equal, is *Alcippe* the Son of *Celion?*

Yes Madam, reply'd he, with a trembling Voice, not knowing to what Cauſe to attribute our Surprize, Is *Celion* of your Acquaintance? Ah! my dear *Alcippe*, reſumed ſhe, giving him her Hand, I can now, without a Crime, confeſs 'tis only you I can be made to love

These Words, ſo little expected, and ſo full of Tenderneſs, made the tranſported *Alcippe* immediately conceive the Truth: And kiſſing a thouſand times the Hand ſhe had ſtretched out to him, Can it be poſſible, my charming *Areliſe*, ſaid he, that you are the Object, I believed ſo injurious to my Wiſhes? And I

am I the happy Man, to whom they wou'd ſacrifice you?

ARELISE was too much taken up with Joy and Wonder to be able to ſpeak; and I was obliged to inform *Alcippe* of all I have been recounting to you. He afterwards told us, that he had no ſooner received the Letter from his Father, than he took Poſt, and came directly to the Houſe of that Gentleman, with whom we ſaw him firſt, in Hope that old Friend might prevail on *Celion* not to precipitate a Marriage, for which he had not the leaſt Inclination, and to permit him to live without any Engagement of that kind, till Love, and the Character of the Perſon he ſhou'd marry, had given the neceſſary Preparations to his Heart.

ALCIPPE finiſh'd his Recital juſt as *Merina* entered the Room with the Gentleman he had been ſpeaking of. The Situation they found us in, extremely ſurprized them; *Areliſe*, who at this Accident cou'd not reſtrain Tears of Joy and Tenderneſs from falling from her Eyes, had a Handkerchief before her Face. *Alcippe* was embracing her Knees, and kiſſing her Hands, with all the Demonſtrations of an unutterable and immoderate Extaſy; myſelf, with the Remains of a pleaſed Aſtoniſhment on my Face, a ſilent Witneſs of their mutual Tranſports. This Scene altogether appeared ſo ſtrange to both the Spectators, that they ſtood for ſome Moments contemplating it without ſpeaking; at laſt, *Silviana!* ſaid *Merina* to me, what has happened? The moſt unexpected and moſt charming of all the Adventures in the World, Madam, anſwer'd I. Theſe Words making *Alcippe* and *Areliſe* turn their Eyes that Way, they both roſe ſuddenly from the Poſture they were in. *Alcippe* ran like a Man quite beſide himſelf to his Friend, and caught him in his Arms, where he held him in the moſt ſtrenuous Embrace, without having the Power of uttering one Word; tho' none that ever liv'd expreſſed himſelf with more Eaſe, or a better Grace on any other Occaſion. And *Areliſe* withdrew to the Cloſet, to conceal the Emotions with which ſhe was agitated: So that

there

there remained only myſelf to explain to *Merina* the Motives of what ſhe ſaw.

I GAVE her as exact an Account as was poſſible in a few Words, being willing to put an End to the Pain an unſatisfy'd Curioſity muſt give her; and alſo to leave to the Lovers the Pleaſure of acquainting her with the Particulars. Never was a Joy more perfect and ſincere, than what this virtuous Lady felt at being informed of this Adventure. She embraced *Alcippe* a thouſand Times, and as often bleſſed the Moment in which ſhe came into the Country. The old Gentleman was no leſs charmed, and congratulated his Friend in Terms, which teſtified how dear his Happineſs was to him: After this, we ran all together to the Cabinet of *Areliſe*, who cou'd not ſee us without being covered with Bluſhes; but the worthy *Merina* having convinced her of the Contentment this Diſcovery had given her, nothing now was talked of, but the unforeſeen Ways by which Providence conducts to Happineſs, thoſe whom it vouchſafes to favour.

MERINA wrote immediately to her Brother, and incloſed a Letter *Alcippe* wrote to him, and another to *Celion:* And you may judge of the Satisfaction theſe two Friends felt, in having every thing fall out ſo much to their Wiſh. *Merina*, who wou'd not be the Cauſe of delaying Nuptials ſo much long'd for by all Parties, left the Care of her Affairs to a Friend, and ſet out with us for *Paris*, where we arrived with Sentiments very different from thoſe with which we had left it.

OUR Lovers, equally charmed one with the other, and growing every Day more dear, waited for the Celebration of thoſe Rites, which ſhould unite them for ever, with a viſible Impatience on one Side, and perhaps a ſecret Propenſity on the other; when the Father of *Areliſe* was ſeiz'd with a violent Fever, which deprived her of him in three Days. His Death gave a ſad Interval to their Delights and Expectations: Not all the Paſſion *Areliſe* was poſſeſſed of, cou'd tranſport her to violate the Decorum ſhe owed to the Memory of ſo dear a Parent; and ſhe told *Alcippe*, he

muſt not hope, ſhe wou'd fulfil her Engagement with him, till the full Time of her Mourning was expired: And tho' he looked on this Delay as the ſevereſt Mortification cou'd have befallen him, he was too ſubmiſſive not to conform to it. This Year has ſerved to make them know each other yet better; and to cement their Hearts more firmly by the Conſtancy, the Aſſiduity and the Tenderneſs of both their Behaviours. It has now been expired three Weeks; but *Merina* being abſent, *Alcippe* and *Liſimond* are gone to her, in order to entreat her Return, and to prevail on her, that both the Nuptials may be celebrated the ſame Day.

SILVIANA having ceaſed ſpeaking, all the Company manifeſted the Pleaſure they took in the Recital ſhe had given them. *Urania*, and her Friends, tenderly embraced *Areliſe*, and congratulated her on her approaching Felicity; and that beautiful Lady, in returning their Careſſes, loſt the Confuſion ſhe had been in during the Diſcourſe of *Silviana*. We ſhou'd have been extremely ſorry, ſaid *Thelamont*, to have been deprived of the Pleaſure this little Hiſtory has afforded us; and the Intereſt *Urania* and all of us take in what concerns you, deſerves this Mark of your Confidence.

I ASSURE you, anſwer'd ſhe ſmiling, I intended to have deſired *Celemena* to inform you of all this after my Departure; tho' I cou'd not reſolve to conſent to it, while I was preſent; and *Silviana* has been guilty of a kind of Treaſon to me in doing it, which I ſhall not very eaſily forgive.

WE muſt all take her Part againſt you, ſaid *Orſames*, having only done it in compliance with our Requeſt, and to augment that perfect Eſteem you have inſpired us with. The Diſcovery of *Alcippe*, interrupted *Camilla*, is very ſingular and delightful; and I cou'd not help wiſhing it might happen ſo, all the time *Silviana* was ſpeaking.

YOURS, with your dear *Alphonſina*, anſwer'd *Florinda*, was not leſs intereſting; and I am perſuaded, that of *Alcippe* brought it into your Mind more than one. Nothing

thing is more certain, added *Eraſmus*, the Looks they caſt on one another, while *Silviana* was relating that Part of the Story, leave us no room to doubt it.

THIS Raillery was for ſome time the Subject of their Converſation, till being told Dinner was ready, *Urania* ordered it ſhou'd be brought into *Florinda*'s Apartment. As this amiable Society never entertained each other with any Diſcourſe, but on general Matters before the Servants, the Table was no ſooner taken away, than *Celemena* began to ſpeak in this manner.

THO' I were enjoined Silence as a Penance, ſaid ſhe, I cou'd not keep myſelf from praiſing the Faſhion in which we live here, nor from remarking to *Silviana* and *Areliſe* one Thing, which is to me the moſt agreeable of all. It is, continued ſhe, that every thing recited here is accompanied with the Charms of Novelty; and tho' one has heard the ſame Stories never ſo often, they are told in ſuch a manner, as to perſuade one that one knew nothing of them before.

NOTHING can be a greater Compliment to us than this Remark, reply'd *Urania*; and we ought to think ourſelves very happy, if in the Time you have honoured us with your Preſence, you have found no Reaſon to repent your Goodneſs.

As for my Part, ſaid *Camilla*, with the moſt charming Sprightlineſs, I am not among the Number of thoſe to whom this Praiſe is addreſſed. I liſten with Pleaſure to all I hear ſaid, and endeavour to improve by it; but freely confeſs, I have not a Fund of Reading ſufficient to enable me to be one of the Speakers.

GREAT Reading, anſwered *Alphonſo*, does not always furniſh out Diſcourſes, ſuch as *Celemena* means. I believe, a Man who contents himſelf with reporting Facts juſt as he has found them, will give but a dull Entertainment to his Hearers; and if they ſwell to any Length, rather fatigue than pleaſe.

THIS is a Truth, which every Day gives us ſame Experience of, ſaid *Thelamont*; it is not by the much Reading, but the good Uſe of it, that we can render it either profitable to ourſelves, or agreeable to others.

All

All Men, who apply themſelves to Study, and hope to draw any Advantage from their Labours, ſhou'd make choice of the beſt Authors, read them with Attention, and many times over; then reflect and meditate on what they have read; and when they have made themſelves Maſters of the whole, range each different Subject apart in the Memory, to avoid the Confuſion of mingled Ideas. This Method, with the Help of a good Genius, for without that nothing can ſucceed, will without all queſtion, render every thing they ſay, or write, capable of doing Service to the World, and Honour to themſelves.

A GOOD Painter fetches his Colours from every Quarter of the World; he grinds them fine; he firſt ſeparates, then mingles them; gives them the Shadows proper to expreſs the Subject he has form'd in his Idea; and then takes his Pencil, and falls to work. Art is ſo well ſeconded by his happy Genius, that he paints the very Mind and Sentiments, as well as Features; gives a Soul to every Figure; and makes the Piece ſo lively and ſo perfect, that it becomes the Admiration of all Ages.

'TIS thus a Man of Wit ſhou'd do with Matters on which he wou'd ſpeak or write. Reading ſhou'd furniſh him with Subject, Education with Words, and Invention with an agreeable Variety; and even the Paſſions muſt not be left out, becauſe they ſerve to illuſtrate and give a Force and Energy to his Diſcourſe.

SOME People imagine, that to repeat what has been well ſaid by another, is ſufficient to pleaſe; and ſo it is to thoſe unacquainted with it before; but to others, he will appear no better than a Plagiary ——— It is the Art of giving a different Turn to the ſame Story, adding ſuch Particulars, as may reaſonably be ſuppoſed to have happened, and diminiſhing ſuch as ſerve neither to amuſe, nor inſtruct —— and diverſifying the Manner, tho' ſtill adhering ſtrictly to the Truth, that muſt make one liſten with any Pleaſure or Attention, to an Adventure one has already been acquainted with.

EVERY

EVERY thing has been treated on, but the different Ways of treating the ſame Subject are exhauſtleſs. A Man, who makes the right Uſe of his Reading, will improve on every thing; form new Maxims and Precepts on the Maxims and Precepts of others; and by ingrafting his own Cions on the Trees of the Ancients, give the Field of Learning a new and more beautiful Proſpect; whence he, at any time, may gather Ornaments for his Diſcourſe.

THIS Inſtruction, ſaid *Orſames*, is as uſeful as agreeable, eſpecially from the Mouth of a Perſon, whoſe own Converſation is a Proof of what he ſays. 'Tis true, added *Eraſmus*, that if every one read in the manner *Thelamont* directs, the Mind wou'd be more embelliſhed, the Memory leſs charged, and the Productions more agreeable. 'Tis eaſy to ſee, interrupted *Julia*, that *Thelamont* has practiſed himſelf, this admirable Leſſon he gives to others.

OROPHANES finding they were preparing to make the Modeſty of his Friend ſuffer by their Praiſes, hindered *Julia* from proceeding, by telling the Company, that ſince they cou'd not walk, they ought at leaſt not to deny themſelves the Proſpect of the Terraſs, ſince that Apartment had the full Command of it; and *Florinda* had aſſured them, it wou'd be no way incommodious to her. On which they opened the Doors of a large Balcony that overlook'd the Gardens and the River beyond them: At the Sight of this laſt Object, *Camilla* cry'd out with a more than ordinary Vivacity, I cannot comprehend, why that Element, that is ſo vaſt, ſo rich, and ſo formidable, has not its Monarchs as well as the Land; and why Men have not endeavoured to appropriate the Seas, as they do the Kingdoms and Sovereignties.

THIS Reflection of *Camilla*'s made all the Company laugh, but *Alphonſo*, who very well knew, that his amiable Spouſe had not made it without Deſign. The Sea, anſwered he, is common to all Men; the Art of Navigation having given Birth to Commerce, by the Means of which ſeveral Kingdoms and Republicks,

Republicks, the leaſt conſiderable in their Origins, have become, in Proceſs of Time, ſtrong enough to cope with the moſt opulent Monarchs, and often to overcome them. In fine, my dear *Camilla*, to anſwer to your Queſtion, one muſt ſay, the Empire of the Sea always appertains to the moſt powerful on that Element.

It is true, ſaid *Thelamont*, that maritime Forces are the beſt Security of a State; and whoever is Maſter of the Sea may, without much Difficulty, become ſo of the Land. It is therefore neceſſary for Sovereign Princes to keep up a Naval Strength, ſufficient to deter their Enemies from a too near Approach. Ambition too, as well as Safety, methinks, ſhou'd prompt all Monarchs to propagate their Power this way: What great Things may be brought about by a powerful Fleet, very early Experience informs us. We need but look back, and ſee to what a Height of Grandeur the *Greeks* arrived, merely by the Help of their Marines.

Before them, added *Orophanes*, the *Aſſyrians*, the *Indians*, the *Perſians*, and the *Egyptians*, attributed to themſelves the Empire of the Sea; and ſince, the *Carthaginians*, the *Romans*, and ſeveral leſſer States.

Yes, reſumed *Thelamont*, all theſe People have pretended to appropriate this Sovereignty, according as they found themſelves more ſtrong by Sea than their Neighbours. But I think the *Greeks* boaſt of a Title more authentick, tho' leſs eſſential, which is the Right of Inheritance and Elderſhip. They ſay that *Neptune*, a *Grecian*, firſt invented the Art of Navigation; and that King *Saturn*, his Father, gave him the Command of his Naval Forces, in which Poſt he acquitted himſelf with ſuch Glory, that Poſterity built Temples to his Name, erected Altars, and ſacrificed to him, regarding him as the God of the Sea; and that *Minos*, his Nephew, the Son of *Jupiter*, who was the Brother of *Neptune*, by Right of Succeſſion, as well as by the great Things he did, after him was in Poſſeſſion of the Sovereignty.

However that be, it is certain, that the *Syrians*, the *Egyptians*, the *Rhodians*, thoſe of *Cyprus*, and

of

of *Phœnicia*, have paſſed for the moſt valiant, and moſt experienced in the Art of Navigation; they extended their Commerce into the fartheſt Parts of *Aſia*, and into *Africk* and *Europe*, where they eſtabliſhed Colonies, and founded great Cities; ſome of which are remaining to this Day. As to what regards the *Greeks*, it is proved by *Thucydides* and *Libanius*, that the *Corinthians* were the firſt among them that had Veſſels fit for War; that *Aminocles* of *Corinth* built four for the *Samians*: and that the firſt Naval Fight in the *Grecian* Seas, was betwixt thoſe of *Samos* and the *Corcyrians*. But that which may convince us, how weak they were on the Sea, in their beginning to cultivate the Art of Navigation, is, that when the *Athenians* gave Battle to the *Æginetes*, they cou'd ſend out no more than fifty Gallies, of three Oars a-piece; and that this Republick had then no other Port but that of *Phalerum*, which was very ſmall, and every way incommodious for the coming in or out of Ships.

It was perhaps from this little Port, interrupted *Eraſmus*, that *Theſeus* went to *Crete*, in order to ſatisfy the Revenge that *Minos* had vowed for the Death of his Son *Androgeus*.

And it was here alſo, reſumed *Thelamont*, that *Meneſthenes* ſpread his Sails to conduct the *Grecian* Army againſt *Troy*, that famous War ſo much boaſted of and illuſtrated by the Poets. But in fine, the Forces of the *Athenians* by Sea, their Ports, their Arſenals, were then of little Conſideration; nor become of much more till the Time of *Themiſtocles*, who, expecting the Return of the *Perſians*, their implacable Enemies, perſuaded them to deſtroy the *Pirea*; which was a Place of no other Uſe than for the Publick Council to aſſemble in, and convert it into a large Port, which might contain a great Number of Veſſels, with Arſenals at hand, furniſhed with every thing neceſſary to equip them for an Expedition. This Propoſal being readily aſſented to, this great *Themiſtocles*, for the better Succeſs of his Deſign, engaged the *Athenians* to make all Strangers free, and to give the ſame Privi-

vileges

vileges the ancient Inhabitants enjoyed, to all thoſe who aided the Republick with their Labour or their Subſtance, for the advancing and bringing to Perfection this uſeful Undertaking.

THIS Decree was no ſooner made publick, than a vaſt Concourſe of People flock'd to *Athens* from all Parts; ſome of which contributed their Money, and many more their Labour: So that what with the great Number of Hands, and the Encouragement given to the Workmen, the Affair went on ſo well, that in ſpite of the Jealouſy which the Proſperity of *Athens* inſpired her Neighbours with, and the Enemies of *Themiſtocles* in particular; he obtained, much ſooner than cou'd have been expected, the compleating what he had projected: He alſo converted a waſte Place into another Port, which he called *Munichea*, and put every thing into ſuch a Condition, that the Republick of *Athens* encreaſed every Day in Power and Reputation. The Number of her Inhabitants were enlarged; her Cities aggrandized; her Treaſury filled; and a continual Flow of Wealth poured in upon her by her Commerce; for the Convenience of which, ſhe had now three fine Ports, the *Phalerum*, the *Pirea*, and the *Munichea*.

THEMISTOCLES alſo propoſed to purchaſe an hundred Galleys, to join thoſe already in the Harbours, and to build twenty more every Year, to the End the Naval Forces of the Republick might be inſenſibly augmented, and to oblige the *Athenian* Youth to learn the Exerciſe of the Sea; which, he ſaid, was the only certain Means to render a State rich and powerful by Commerce. In fine, he raiſed this City to ſuch a Pitch of Fame, that it was enough to be born in *Athens*, to be imagined poſſeſſed of every ſhining or uſeful Quality. The *Lacedemonians* gave an Inſtance of this, when having loſt the Empire of the Sea, they choſe *Ariſtides*, a baniſhed *Athenian* for their General, in the great Enterprize of giving Freedom to all *Greece*, and ſubjecting *Perſia*, and ſome Part of *Africk* and *Europe*. But that which moſt ſurprizingly proved the ſudden Grandeur of the *Athenians*, was, that

that when by the divine Eloquence of *Gorgias* the *Sicilian* Ambaſſador, they were prevailed upon to ſend Succours againſt the *Syracuſians*, they covered the Sea with two hundred and fifty large Gallies, all ſtoutly mann'd; and named for their Admirals *Erymedon* and *Sophocles*.

In fine, the Republick having given Commiſſion to *Lycurgus*, the Son of *Lycophron*, to raiſe a powerful naval Armament, he equipp'd near four hundred Gallies; and then by the Advice of *Themiſtocles*, *Pericles*, and this ſame *Lycurgus*, they enlarged the Port and Arſenal of *Pirea*, and had Workmen continually employ'd in building new Veſſels, and refitting up the old. Beſides thoſe three Arſenals I have mentioned, they alſo erected another, of a much greater Circumference; and it ſerved, as it were, for the general Storehouſe, whence all the others were ſupplied: But I need ſay no more, to give you an Idea of this ſumptuous Edifice, than what is agreed by moſt Authors, that the magnificent Arſenal of *Venice* was formed on the Plan of that of the *Athenians*.

When arrived at this high Degree of Power, they eſtabliſhed two Magiſtrates; the one had the Care of equipping the Navy, and furniſhing what Number of Veſſels the Republick ſhou'd have need of; the other, that of ſending them out of the Harbour to the Place of the general Rendezvouz: Where they were received by the Admiral, whom the *Greeks* called *Thalaſſiarcha*. Every Galley had alſo a particular Captain, whom they named *Triarchus*: Theſe were all eminent Men, great Sailors, and took a Pride in outvying each other in embelliſhing their Ships.

By theſe prudent Steps, and honeſt Diligence among the ſuperior and ſubaltern Officers, did the *Athenians* carry their Commerce to almoſt all the Parts of the then known World——Wherever they ſpread their Banners, Reſpect and Fear attended them —— their Ships had Privileges denied to thoſe of all other Nations —— They ſeemed to monopolize Traffick—— and came loaded with immenſe Riches to their Ports —— the publick Treaſure augmented —— particular

ticular Perſons grew every Day more opulent——But alas! this Opulence, this Prodigality of Good fortune, as I may call it, proved fatal to them in the End; it introduced Luxury and Debauchery among them; and they ſunk into an unhappy Indolence, which deſtroyed all the Advantages Induſtry had gained——In fine, they neglected their maritime Forces, by which alone they roſe to Greatneſs—— loſt the Empire of the Sea, ſuffered their Veſſels to be plundered even in their Sight, and themſelves to be inſulted by thoſe very People, who ſo lately had paid them Homage; and from being regarded with Admiration, fell into the utmoſt Contempt and Deriſion.

In this Decay of their State, added *Orſames*, they alſo ran into Acts of Injuſtice, no leſs extravagant than cruel; witneſs the Death of *Socrates*, of which they indeed repented, but too late.

When the Manners of a People are once degenerated, ſaid *Alphonſo*, Crimes grow upon them faſter than their Days; and 'tis not to be wondered at, that when Vertue is aboliſhed, they ſhou'd arrive at a Complication of Vice. But what ſeems moſt ſtrange to me among the *Athenians*, is their exceſſive Superſtition, in ſpite af the great Number of learned Men born and educated in that City. They preſerved in their Ports, thro' a Motive of Religion, two Gallies; one called *Delia*, in which they ſay *Theſeus* ſailed to *Crete*; and the other *Paralus*, after a Hero, whoſe Memory was held in Veneration by them. Theſe Veſſels were kept in continual Repair, and every Year adorned with the moſt valuable Things in the Republick, or that were brought from foreign Coaſts. Painters, Statuaries, and thoſe who were ingenious in ſetting precious Stones, contributed the utmoſt of their Art for the Embelliſhment of the ſacred Veſſels. That called *Delia*, was carried in a ſumptuous manner to *Delos*, to a ſolemn Sacrifice they made there; and from the Time of its Sailing forth to its Return, the *Athenians* were forbid, by an expreſs Law, to puniſh any Man with Death, for what Crime ſoever. Thoſe who mann'd it, were called *Deliates*;

liates; they had double Salaries, were exempt from all Taxes, and treated with the higheſt Reſpect. The *Paralus*, which they alſo named *Salamine*, had the ſame Privileges, and thoſe who ſerved in it were called *Paralli*. This Superſtition reigned among them till the Time of *Demetrius Phalareus*, which was indeed that of their total Ruin. And when I conſider it, I am aſhamed to reflect how little human Nature is capable of being brought to Perfection; ſince Men, whoſe profound Knowledge ſerves as an Example for all the Nations in the World, cou'd devote themſelves to ſuch groſs Fooleries.

I AM not ſo much ſurprized at their Superſtition, ſaid *Florinda*, as I am that all their Knowledge, their Wiſdom and their Philoſophy cou'd not defend them from that Luxury, that Pride, and that Ambition, which occaſioned their Deſtruction.

I RATHER wonder, reſumed *Thelamont*, that Vices ſo known, and acknowledged to be ſuch, cou'd have any Prevalence where Superſtition (which is only the too great Exceſs of Devotion) had ſo much Power; but where a State is deſtin'd to Ruin, even the greateſt Oppoſites unite, for bringing about the Work of Fate. —— But to return to Navigation; the *Phœnicians*, and thoſe of *Tyre* and *Sidon*, carried this Art above all the People of their Time. They acquired the Superiority of the Seas in *Aſia*, *Africk* and *Europe*. They had powerful Succours to afford to their Allies, whenever they ſtood in need of them; and had ſo great a Number of trading Veſſels, that they carried their Manufactures to Countries moſt remote: They had alſo the Honour of exploring many Tracts of Land, which before were altogether unknown.

THEY laid the Foundation of many great and beautiful Cities, *viz. Utica*, *Hippone*, *Lempta* in *Africk*, *Thebes* in *Greece*, *Thebes* in *Egypt*, *Cadiz*, and *Carthage* in *Spain*; but the moſt famous of their Eſtabliſhments, and what did them the moſt Honour, was that of *Carthage* in *Africk*; which, from a ſmall Beginning, and little other Advantage than a happy Situation, became

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afterwards ſo conſiderable by its Victories and Commerce. The Form of Government was ſo wiſe, and ſo well conſtituted, that the Senate of this Republick acquired a high Reputation. Theſe People had no ſooner made themſelves Maſters of the Coaſts of *Africk*, from *Egpyt* to the *Straits* between the two Mountains, which, they ſay, were divided by *Hercules*, and therefore called his Pillars, than they undertook the Conqueſt of *Spain*. The Succeſs they met with in that Enterprize ſurpaſſed their Hopes; and ſeeing Fortune continued ſtill favourable to their Endeavours, they built a City there, called *New Carthage*; where they eſtabliſhed a Senate, a Governor, and other Magiſtrates, and left a powerful Army to maintain their Conqueſt, and to compleat that of the whole Kingdom.

As the Senate of *Carthage* had no Views but thoſe of aggrandizing their Commonwealth, they gave Orders to the Admiral, who commanded their Fleet in *Spain*, to paſs the *Straits*, and diſcover all the Coaſts of *Africk* on the Side of the Ocean. This great Man, who was called *Hanno*, had the Honour to double both the Capes; an Enterprize which our modern Navigators think very difficult. He paſſed the *Arabian* Sea with all his Fleet; and at laſt arrived at *Suez*, a City on the Borders of the *Red-Sea*; from whence he diſpatched young *Aſdrubal* his Nephew, with an Account to the Senate of the Diſcoveries he had made, and a full Deſcription of all the Coaſts of *Africk*, both Eaſt and Weſt, and the Advantages might accrue to the *Carthaginians* by the Knowledge of theſe Places.

After the Deſtruction of *Carthage* by the *Romans*, this Writing was found in the *Archives*, carefully preſerved; whence it was taken, and by Order of the Senate of *Rome*, tranſlated from the *Punic* Language into *Latin*, as an authentic Monument of their Victory, and the Slavery of the *Carthaginians*. Theſe precious Memoirs, as thoſe of *Himite*, another Admiral of the *Carthaginians*, who had diſcovered the greateſt Part of *Europe*, even to the Extremity of the North, were placed among the many precious Things

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the *Romans* had acquired by their Arms. It appeared likewiſe by many other Writings, taken at the ſame Time, that the *Carthaginians* had eſtabliſhed a regular Commerce with thoſe who inhabited the Coaſts of *Africk*; whence they brought a prodigious Quantity of the fineſt Gold in the World. But the *Romans*, who (tho' excellent Soldiers on Land) were neither ſo intrepid by Sea, nor ſuch good Sailors as the *Carthaginians*, profited but little by theſe Diſcoveries.

THE Republick of *Carthage*, ſaid *Eraſmus*, cou'd not be expected to remain long in the Situation it once was: The Fame of her Conqueſts, and her immenſe Riches, having excited the Jealouſy and Envy of all the Potentates of that Time.

'Tis true, reply'd *Orophanes*, the Reputation of the *Carthaginians*, and the daily Encreaſe of their Power, coming to the Ears of *Alexander* the Great, as he returned from his Conqueſt in the *Indies*, gave ſuch a Pique to the Pride of that ambitious Monarch, that he reſolved to deprive them of all the Advantages they had procured, by their Induſtry and Courage; but this was a Glory, Fortune reſerved for the *Romans*.

ALEXANDER, interrupted *Silviana*, might not, perhaps, have been ſo ſucceſsful in that Enterprize as he was in others. The Conqueſt of *Carthage* coſt the *Romans* ſo very dear, that one may judge, without wronging the Memory of *Alexander*, that it wou'd not have been eaſy to him.

BY all that has been ſaid, added *Alphonſo*, we may infer, that a Kingdom or Commonwealth, which has been bleſs'd with the Title of Maſter of the Sea, cannot loſe it without falling into manifeſt Decay and Contempt——But if an Iſland chances to quit that Sovereignty, it is a ſure Token of its approaching Ruin.——Thoſe of the Continent may defend themſelves by powerful Land Forces; but 'tis the Naval Strength alone that can ſecure a Place environ'd by the Sea; becauſe in caſe of an Invaſion, how great an Army ſoever they may be able to raiſe, their Country muſt infallibly become the Seat of War; and how dreadful

dreadful that is, it is needleſs to mention. Beſides, the Life of an Iſland conſiſts in Commerce, which muſt of conſequence be put a Stop to, while their Ports are crouded with a foreign Fleet. How much then does it behove the Prime Miniſters of all ſuch States, to neglect nothing that may maintain the Empire of the Sea? For if tempted by Ambition, they apply the Sums ſet apart for that Purpoſe, to their own Uſe; or by Partiality to their Friends and Creatures, put thoſe at the Head of Affairs, who want Abilities to manage them, or by Avarice receive Bribes from foreign Powers, to become remiſs in this important, this all-neceſſary Care; all the Trading Part of the People muſt expect an immediate and inevitable Deſtruction; and thoſe moſt enobled by Birth and Title, have no other Privilege than to fall the laſt, and their Poſterity, Slaves in a Country where they were born to command.

I CANNOT forbear, ſaid *Camilla*, with the moſt becoming Smile, being highly pleaſed with my own Curioſity; and, I think, the whole Company ought to thank me for it, ſince it has given occaſion to a Converſation ſo inſtructive.

NOTHING can be more true, reply'd *Celemena*; and if I had not been preſent, I cou'd never have believed ſo circumſtantial a Detail of Ships, Commerce, Navigation, and Armaments, cou'd have been given in a Faſhion, ſuch as to render it agreeable to our Sex.

As *Celemena* had ſpoke theſe Words, ſhe was told that one of her People deſired to ſpeak with her. *Urania* and all the Company entreated, ſhe wou'd order the Perſon to come in: But ſhe choſe the contrary, ſo roſe and went out of the Room. When ſhe was gone, *Areliſe*, who ſat next to *Urania*, ſaid to her in a low Voice, and bluſhing while ſhe ſpoke, Either my Heart is a very ill Diviner, or we ſhall ſoon hear that *Alcippe* and *Liſimond* are at *Celemena*'s Caſtle.

I WISH, reply'd *Urania*, in the ſame Tone, that your Preſage may be true; ſince there is nothing I deſire more, than to be acquainted with Perſons ſo dear

dear to you and *Silviana*, and to teſtify the Eſteem your Choice has made me conceive for them.

THELAMONT heard what they ſaid, and ſeeing *Celemena* return with a ſmiling Countenance, ran to her, and giving her his Hand to ſeat her in her Place, We all conjure you, Madam, ſaid he, to uſe the utmoſt perfect Freedom in this Houſe; and if any of your Friends are arrived in this Part of the Country, let them be brought here, to the End we may not ſo ſoon be deprived of your Preſence.

I AM ſo well perſuaded of your Politeneſs and Generoſity, reply'd ſhe, that I waited not for this Invitation. There are indeed two Gentlemen, for whom I have an infinite Eſteem, come down to viſit me, and I have ordered my Servant to ſhew them hither, and to aſſure them of a Reception worthy of their Merit

A FANCY is now come into my Head, cry'd *Camilla*, which I cannot help communicating to the Company; I ſaw the beautiful *Areliſe* bluſh juſt now, when ſhe whiſper'd to *Urania*, *Silviana* is grown on the ſudden more penſive than uſual; yet, with an Air of Contentment, ſuch as Perſons always have, when delighted with their own Thoughts; all this put together, makes me apprehend the Ladies hope to find *Alcippe* and *Liſimond* in the Strangers who are approaching.

I WISH ardently it may be ſo, ſaid *Felicia*; and I am far from doubting it, adden *Julia*; nor I believe any of us, cry'd out *Florinda* and *Hortenſia*.

SINCE you are all ſo penetrating, reply'd *Celemena*, I will confeſs to you, they are no other than the Gentlemen you have named They have conducted *Merina* to *Paris*, and impatient to ſee thoſe they have ſo long and tenderly loved, took a Journey to this Country———They were informed at my Caſtle, where we now are, but the Reſpect they have for the Character of *Urania*, would not permit them to interrupt her Retirement, and therefore ſent to deſire I wou'd return; but as I have already ſaid, being aſſured of the Pleaſure their Company wou'd give this agreeable So-

ciety, I made them an Invitation hither in *Thelamont*'s Name.

You are ſo accuſtomed to confer Favours, Madam, ſaid *Thelamont*, with a low Bow, that I will not thank you for this by any other Ways than my Reception of your Friends, and beſt Endeavours to make them mine alſo.

Some little Time elapſing in theſe ſort of Compliments, There is ſomething particular, ſaid *Orophanes*, in the Change of theſe two Ladies Countenances: The charming *Silviana*, who is little leſs gay than *Camilla*, is fallen into ſo deep a Muſing, as tho' nothing but her own Contemplations were worthy her Attention; and the amiable *Areliſe*, who comes pretty near *Florinda*, in the ſerious and reſerved, has now an Air all Sprightlineſs and Joy.

I do not deny, reply'd *Silviana*, that when I heard there were Company arrived at *Celemena*'s, *Alcippe* and *Liſimond* came into my Head, but without daring to hope we ſhould have the Happineſs of ſeeing them ſo ſoon

For my Part, added *Areliſe*, I ingenuouſly confeſs, that from the Moment I heard there was a Meſſage to *Celemena*, I gueſſed from whence it came, and communicated my Sentiments to *Urania*. That agreeable Lady was about to make ſome Anſwer to what the other had ſaid, when they heard the Noiſe of a great Equipage in the Court-yard. On which, *Thelamont*, *Orophanes*, *Eraſmus*, *Alphonſo*, *Orſames*, and *Melintus* quitted their Seats, and ran down Stairs, where they found the Perſons they expected. *Alcippe* and *Liſimond*, being immediately informed which was *Thelamont*, paid him the Honours due to the Maſter of the Houſe.

The Huſband of *Urania* was not inferior to them in the Politeneſs of his Addreſs, and having teſtified the Pleaſure their Preſence gave him, preſented his Friends to them, who received them with no leſs Marks of Friendſhip and Eſteem.

He then conducted them to the Apartment of *Florinda*, where they were no ſooner entered, than *Celemena*

Celemena advanced to them, and taking each by the Hand, led them to *Urania*: Behold, ſaid ſhe, the Spouſe of *Thelamont*, and Chief of that charming Society, of whom you have heard me ſo often ſpeak, and who deſire nothing more, than that you and your amiable Brides may be added to the Number.

THE Anſwers *Alcippe* and *Liſimond* made to this Diſcourſe, were full of Wit and Spirit; but *Urania*, who read in their Eyes the Impatience they had to finiſh their Compliments, that they might entertain *Silviana* and *Areliſe*, after they had ſaluted all the Ladies in general, addreſſed herſelf to *Alcippe*, and with an amiable Smile, Give Truce to your Ceremonies, ſaid ſhe, all this Company are perfectly acquainted with the Sentiments of you both, and have put you in the Rank of our Friends, before we had the Pleaſure of ſeeing you ——therefore follow, without Reſerve, the Emotions of your Hearts, in giving Teſtimonies of the Joy you conceive in the Sight of thoſe you love.

THIS is a Command, cried *Alcippe*, that has in it too many Charms not to be obey'd; and ſince it is permitted me, continued he, drawing near *Areliſe*, to entertain you for a Moment in the Behalf of that Love you have inſpired me with, be not you, my dear *Areliſe*, diſobliged, that I avow it before all this admirable Aſſembly. *Liſimond* ſpoke in much the ſame Manner to *Silviana*, who was about to anſwer him with that Freedom which was natural to her; when *Areliſe* giving her Hand to *Alcippe*, You are both the one and the other of you perſuaded, ſaid ſhe, of the Pleaſure we take in ſeeing you. This charming Society is acquainted with our Sentiments and yours; but we ought not to abuſe the Complaiſance of *Urania*; and as I know we have but a ſmall Time to remain with her, we ought not to loſe one Moment of the Improvement we may make here. Then taking Notice to *Alcippe* and *Liſimond*, that all the Company were ſtanding, the Civilities common on ſuch Occaſions paſſed between them; after which, every one reſumed their former Seats; and the two

Strangers placing themſelves by *Silviana* and *Areliſe*, *Orophanes* broke Silence in theſe Terms.

You ſee, ſaid he to *Celemena*, that I had ſome Preſage of the Arrival of theſe Gentlemen, by not placing any of us next *Silviana* and *Areliſe*. I know not, reply'd *Urania*, what you thought, but I am very certain the Heart of the beautiful *Areliſe* gave her true Warnings of the Truth.

I CANNOT help believing, ſaid *Florinda*, that Love and Nature give us Predictions, which are generally juſt. They ſeldom fail, indeed, added *Camilla*; but Nature is, I think, the moſt to be depended upon. I firmly believe, that a Father, who had never ſeen his Son, wou'd know him from a Multitude of others, only by the Emotion of his own Heart.

THERE are ſo many Inſtances of the ſecret Workings of Nature in ſuch Caſes, anſwered *Felicia*, that the Truth of what you ſay is not to be doubted: But I am not ſo well convinced that Love, how ſincere ſoever it be, produces the ſame Effects. The Ideas given us by that Paſſion ſtrike ſtrongly on the Mind, and render the beloved Object always preſent to us, but under a thouſand different Forms, as ſometimes kind, at others the reverſe, now faithful, now changing and inconſtant; and all this without any real Foundation. Love deceives us with the moſt contradictory Imaginations, and we deceive ourſelves, by yielding our Faith to one thing To-day, and another To-morrow. But the Emotions of Nature are of a different kind. It is our own Blood that runs in the Veins of our Children, and there cannot but be a Sympathy between us. If a Father by ſome Accident loſes his Son in his Infancy, and after many Years ſees him again, under a different Name, and in a different Station, to what he might expect, I dare anſwer he wou'd be inclined to love him, by a ſecret Impulſe, which he was ignorant of the Meaning of. But if this does not always happen, if Nature ſeems in ſome to lie dormant, nor in the leaſt alarmed in ſuch a Caſe, yet, I may boldly ſay, that when ſhe is, it is

not

not without Foundation ; and that we are not impoſed upon by the Emotion ſhe inſpires.

THIS is indeed a charming Definition, ſaid *Celemena*, and I think unanſwerable. Neither does it ſtand in need of any thing to be added to it, cry'd *Urania*.

I AM not of your Opinion in that Point, beautiful *Urania*, interrupted *Silviana* briſkly ; to give an agreeable Proof of the Solidity of *Felicia*'s Argument, *Areliſe* muſt oblige the Company with a Hiſtory taken from the famous *Michael Cervantes Saavedra*, which ſhe has tranſlated in a Style worthy your Attention.

THIS is an Attack which I did not expect, reply'd that amiable Lady ; and I ſhould not be a little perplexed, at being obliged to make a Repetition of Productions, much too mean for the Entertainment of Perſons ſuch as compoſe this Aſſembly. But that which conſoles me, added ſhe, ſmiling, is the Certainty that *Alcippe* and *Liſimond* are here for no other Reaſon, than to carry us to *Paris* ; and that we ought to think on nothing but taking our Leave.

IF that be all, reply'd *Alcippe*, haſtily, that wou'd deprive us of the Pleaſure of hearing you ſpeak ; I aſſure you, my dear *Areliſe*, that you have yet a whole Day to remain here, and that we ſhall not begin our Journey till the Morning after To-morrow.

I AM glad to hear it, cry'd *Camilla*, for now the charming *Areliſe* cannot diſpenſe with giving us the Satisfaction of this Hiſtory.

ALL the Company joined *Silviana* to engage her amiable Friend to do what was deſired of her ; ſhe no longer reſiſted their Entreaties, and began her Recital in theſe Terms.

The FORCE OF BLOOD. *A* Spaniſh HISTORY.

IN the Reign of *Ferdinand* and *Iſabella* of *Spain*, lived Don *Lewis* of *Zagreda*, one of the moſt ancient noble Families in the Kingdom: This Gentleman having paſſed the Prime of his Years in the Service of his King and Country, retired himſelf to *Toledo*, a City of *New Caſtile*, btuated on the Borders of the *Tagus*, having now no other Care, than the Education of an only Daughter, whoſe Wit, Beauty, and early Wiſdom made him conceive the greateſt Hopes of forming an illuſtrious Alliance for her.

LEOCADIA, for that was the Name of this lovely Perſon, had paſſed her firſt Years under the Tuition of the beſt of Mothers, who had made ſuch Beginnings in the forming her Mind, as left no room to doubt, if ſhe wou'd one Day be the moſt accompliſh'd Lady in all *Spain*. It was the Loſs of that dear Wife, that determined Don *Lewis* to quit the Court, not being able to continue in a Place where every thing ſerved to remind him of what was now impoſſible to be regained.

WOMEN, eſpecially thoſe of Condition, live in ſo great a Solitude, and obſerve a Conduct ſo auſtere, that the beautiful *Leocadia*, tho' brought up at *Toledo*, was known to very few Perſons there. But Don *Lewis*, who had ſpent ſome Part of his Days in Climates more happy for our Sex, endeavoured to ſoften the Retirement of his Daughter, by all the Diverſions he could give her, without breaking thro' the Cuſtoms of his Country.

To this End, he embelliſhed a Country-Seat he had on the Banks of the *Tagus*, at a little Diſtance from *Toledo*, and there procured for her all the Amuſements proper

proper for her Age and Condition. Under the Pretence of that Liberty, which is more allowable in the Country than in great Cities, he permitted Dancing-Maſters, and Muſick-Maſters to aſſemble and make Concerts, and other Entertainments, to divert this young Beauty, and the Women that were with her; and ſerve as a Relaxation from the Study of thoſe more difficult and ſeverer Sciences, which he would have her inſtructed in; and which, in a ſmall Space of Time, ſhe grew a perfect Miſtreſs in.

The Recreations beſtowed on her by this indulgent Parent, did not hinder him from keeping the ſtricteſt Guard over all her Words and Actions; he looked on her as a Treaſure he cou'd never be too jealous of; and whether at *Toledo*, or at his Country-houſe, he was always with her; and ſhe now being arrived at the Age of Fifteen, and as fully accompliſhed, as the beſt Maſters, an unwearied Application, and the fineſt Genius in the World cou'd make her, he began to look about him for a Huſband for her, worthy, by his Birth and Merit, to be poſſeſs'd of ſo ineſtimable a Jewel; when his Deſigns were ſuddenly defeated by the moſt ſhocking and terrible of all Misfortunes.

They had been ſome Time in the Country, when Don *Lewis* was obliged to return to *Toledo* on extraordinary Buſineſs. As it was in the hotteſt Seaſon of the Year, they did not come out of Doors till the Sun was in his Decline, that *Leocadia* might have the Pleaſure of walking the little Way there was between the City and Country-houſe.

The Journey, if it may be ſo called, when the Extent is not above half a League, was the more delightful, as they never quitted the Banks of the *Tagus*, and had their Eyes agreeably diverted between the Proſpect of that fine River on the one Side, and the great Diverſity of Gardens on the other. They had ſent their Equipage before, and reſerv'd only one of the Women that attended *Leocadia*, who ſupported her under one Arm, as her Father did under the other. The Evening was the moſt pleaſant that cou'd

be, they moved ſlowly on to enjoy the Sweets of it; and as there was none but themſelves on the Road, *Leocadia* threw back her Veil, that ſhe might have the greater Benefit of the Air.

THEY were about the Middle of the Way between theſe two Houſes, when they were met by four Gentlemen, well mounted, and magnificently dreſs'd, who ſeemed coming from *Toledo*. They no ſooner came within reach of diſtinguiſhing Objects, than *Leocadia* pulled down her Veil, to prevent them from ſeeing her Face; but all the Haſte ſhe made, was not ſufficient to hinder the Luſtre of her Charms from ſtriking the Eyes of him who was the principal of theſe Travellers. They rode ſo faſt, as they approached *Leocadia* and her Father, that any one, who had ſeen them, muſt have imagined they were agitated by the utmoſt Impatience to be at the Place to which they were going; but the Moment they were paſs'd them, he that caſt his Eyes on *Leocadia*, on a ſudden relinquiſhed his Speed, which obliging his Companions to do ſo alſo, the young Man following the Dictates of his impetuous and fiery Diſpoſition, without the leaſt Regard to Reaſon or Honour, ſpoke to them in this Manner.

I KNOW not, ſaid he, if you had time to remark thoſe Perſons we juſt now paſs'd; but for my Part, the Beauty of the youngeſt of the Women has given me a Wound, which I am reſolved to cure——— therefore inſtead of diverting ourſelves, as we deſigned, in the Country, let us turn back, and ſecond me in bearing off that beautiful Maid; whoſe Charms I promiſe you, you ſhall ſhare with me, as ſoon as you have made me Maſter of them.

THIS Propoſal being made to Perſons no more diſcreet nor ſcrupulous than the Contriver of it, pleaſed them ſo well, that they all turned their Horſes and rode full Speed back after Don *Lewis*; who little ſuſpecting the Affront that was going to be offer'd to him, kept on in an equal Pace, not to fatigue *Leocadia* nor incommode himſelf, whoſe great Age permitted him not to walk very faſt.

THE

The Cavaliers overtook their Prey; and having concealed one Part of their Faces with their Cloaks, ſurrounde Don *Lewis*, his Daughter, and her Woman, each with a Sword in one Hand, and a Piſtol in the other. Three of them diſmounted, while one ſeized *Leocadia*, and gave her into the Arms of the Chief of the Raviſhers. another held Don *Lewis*, and the third, with a Piſtol at the Throat of the Woman, prevented her from oppoſing their Deſign, by her Cries or Reſiſtance.

RODOLPHO, for that was the Name of their Chief, no ſooner had *Leocadia* in his Power, than he clapp'd Spurs to his Horſe, and was immediately out of Sight with his fair Prize, leaving the reſt to the Management of his Aſſociates. The unhappy Don *Lewis*, who, in the Fury of his Paſſion, loſt all Remembrance of his Age and Weakneſs, drew his Sword; but his Forces little anſwering his Courage, he was preſently diſarmed and thrown on the Earth, in which State the Raviſhers left him with the Woman, who was half dead with Fear; and remounting their Horſes, went with all Speed to *Toledo*, where they did not doubt, but *Rodolpho* was gone before them.

In effect, this daring young Man having made ſeveral Tours, in order to evade the Purſuit of any who might follow him, re-enter'd the Town juſt at the Cloſe of Day, and paſſing thro' the moſt unfrequented Streets, arrived at a Houſe where he was but too much Maſter, and went in by a private Door, of which he had the Key. All this was not done without ſome time elapſing; but it might have taken up yet more, without any Danger of *Leocadia*'s being able to do any thing which might put a Stop to his Deſigns. That beautiful Maid having fallen into a Swoon the Moment ſhe was ſeized, had not ſince recovered the Knowledge of any thing, in ſpite of the impetuous Courſe of her Raviſher. But he, who had no Intention to bring her to herſelf, diſmounted ſoftly with her in his Arms, carried her into his Apartment; where ſhutting himſelf up with her, he perpetrated in the Dark that unwor-

thy Project, her innocent Beauty had inſpired him with.

This cruel Deed was no ſooner committed, than Reflection followed it; the long Swoon *Leocadia* continued in, gave him Opportunity both for the one and the other. Her Reaſon was not yet returned; but his now freed from thoſe Miſts of Paſſion, which had obſcured it, made him ſee the Deformity of his Crime, and gave Birth to a Remorſe not leſs violent than had been the Flame which had made him guilty of it.

To what a Degree ſoever the Manners may be depraved, Virtue will again reſume her Empire in thoſe of an illuſtrious Race, and who have received their firſt Principles in a generous Education. *Rodolpho* was of a Family, which by its Rank, its Dignities, and Riches, ſaw nothing above itſelf, but the Blood Royal. He poſſeſſed all the perſonal Qualities that can render a Man amiable; he was perfectly handſome; had the moſt graceful Air in the World, and an Infinity of Wit and Spirit; every thing requiſite to gain the Heart, ſeemed to be aſſembled in him; but theſe Perfections, which ought to have contributed to his Glory, ſerved only to plunge him into Vice. He was the only Son of Parents, who were but too tender of him; and no ſooner perceived, that he had thoſe Qualifications neceſſary to conſtitute Merit, than they ſuffered him to become his own Maſter, at an Age, when he ſtood more than ever in need of being governed. Thus, delivered up to himſelf, and at Liberty to live in the great World before he knew it, the Wantonneſs of Youth ſhut his Eyes to every thing but Pleaſure; and having no other Regard in the Choice of his Friends, than merely their being well born, he kept little Company except ſuch whoſe only Recommendation was, indeed, the Blood from which they ſprung. Their Faults and their Vices became immediately his: The more debauched, the more unjuſt and violent their Pleaſures were, the more eagerly they purſued them; and imagining their Rank gave them a Privilege for every

every thing, they deſpiſed Cenſure, and committed the moſt ſhameful Diſorders without Fear.

RODOLPHO, who, by the blind Indulgence of his Parents, was left at an entire Liberty, went out and came in at all Hours of the Day or Night; and his Apartment being at ſome Diſtance from the reſt of the Houſe, gave him a full Scope of doing whatever he pleaſed in it without Interruption; all his People having Orders not to come near him till he called: And this put him in a Condition to act in the Manner I have already deſcrib'd with *Leocadia*, without any Fear of being ſurprized.

But, as I was ſaying, there were ſtill the Seeds of Honour in his Soul, tho' they too frequently lay dormant and unactive. Theſe, now reviving, made him conſider on what he had done with Shame and Horror, and the moſt bitter Reproaches on himſelf, for the Promiſe he had made his Friends. He thought, that ſince he cou'd not reſtore to *Leocadia* the Honour he had robbed her of, he ought not to expoſe her yet more; and ſeeing that ſhe had not recover'd her Senſes, he drew near, and threw ſome ſweet Water on her Face, which making her begin to move a little, he went ſoftly out of the Chamber, and having carefully locked it, haſted to find his Companions; to whom he ſaid, that at the Corner of a certain Street, which he named to them, the Maid had ſent forth ſuch piercing Cries, that in the Fear of being ſurprized and known, he had ſet her down, and made his Eſcape from her with all the Speed he was able.

He recounted this with ſuch an Air of Truth, that they donbted it not in the leaſt; and as their Deſire was pretty well abated by attending ſo long, praiſed him for having left her thus unviolated.

In the mean time, this unhappy Beauty coming out of her Swoon, and finding herſelf on a Bed, and in the Dark, heſitated not a Moment, if ſhe ſhou'd believe the worſt of Misfortunes had befallen her.

Tears, and the moſt rending Sighs, followed this dreadful Knowledge, and the Silence which reigned in that Place, aſſuring her ſhe was alone, made her give

way to the moſt vehement Deſpair. She roſe from the Bed, and ſearched all about the Room for a Window, with a Deſign to throw herſelf out, and put an End to a Life ſhe thought ſhe could not paſs without Shame; but having opened the Shutters, the great Iron Bars, which reached from the Bottom to the Top, oppoſed this cruel Reſolution; and the Light of the Moon then coming in, making her perceive the Door, ſhe ran to that, hoping to puſh back the Lock, and fly from that deteſted Place before her Raviſher ſhou'd return.

All her Endeavours here being likewiſe unſucceſsful, her Tears again began to flow with their former Violence; but at laſt, reflecting on every thing that had paſs'd, and that Crimes are only worthy of that Name by the Conſent which is given to them, that unerring Judge, which Providence has placed in the Breaſt of every human Being, abſolved her from all Guilt; and made her begin to conſider ſhe ought leſs to think of puniſhing herſelf, than on the Means of being revenged on him, who had committed this Outrage on her Innocence.

The more ſhe reaſoned with herſelf, the more ſhe was confirmed in this Opinion, and that made her with the utmoſt Exactneſs examine every Part of the Chamber. She returned to the Windows, and opened them again, that ſhe might have as much Light as poſſible to diſtinguiſh Objects. She found ſhe was in a Place magnificently furniſhed; the Hangings were of the richeſt Silk Tapeſtry, as was alſo the Carpet on the Floor; the Covering on the Eaſy-Chairs and Cuſhions were emboſs'd with Gold and Silver. She counted exactly the Number of the Chairs, and approaching the Bed, found it was of the richeſt Embroidery with the reſt of the Furniture, with a deep Gold Fringe round the Valens. On the farther Side of the Room ſtood a Cabinet, which ſhone with Mother-of-Pearl and other precious Stones; the Key was in it, and venturing to open it, ſhe found in one of the Drawers a Croſs, enrich'd with Diamonds, which appeared to be of the Order of *Calatrava*, and was of a prodigious Value. This ſhe put into

into her Pocket, hoping it might be the Inſtrument of her Revenge. As ſhe was continuing her Examination, ſhe heard a little Noiſe upon the Stairs, which making her judge ſome Perſon was about to enter, ſhe ſhut the Windows, and ſat down in a Chair, fully reſolved to make the Houſe echo with her Cries, ſhould any new Inſult be offered to her Honour.

It was *Rodolpho*, who having quitted his Companions, was returned with Sentiments and Inclinations very different from thoſe *Leocadia* was apprehenſive of. He was no ſooner entered than this beautiful Unfortunate, perceiving he came towards her, put him back with one of her Hands, the trembling of which made him know the Terror ſhe was in. Whoever you are, ſaid ſhe, if there is in you the leaſt Shadow of Vertue, content yourſelf with a Triumph you owe only to my unhappy Swoon; nor aggravate your Crime by an unworthy Repetition of it. And ſince Night and Silence have been the only Witneſſes of my Shame, repair in ſome Sort the Outrage you have done me, by burying all that has paſs'd in a profound Oblivion. You know me not, endeavour not to know me; but ſuffer me to go out of a Place, which cannot but be odious to me, ſince you have render'd it the Grave of my Innocence—— This, if you refuſe, I will ſend forth ſuch Cries, as ſhall bring hither thoſe, whom Sleep or Diſtance has hitherto prevented from hearing me.

The Voice of *Leocadia* had ſomething ſo very ſweet in the Sound of it, and the Fright ſhe was in, rendering it yet more touching, every Word ſhe uttered ſunk into the very Soul of her Raviſher, and kindled ſomething there he never felt before ——— 'Twas Love indeed, but ſuch a Love as he had not been accuſtomed to ———thoſe furious Deſires, which render'd him capable of undertaking any thing for their Gratification, were now extinguiſhed in him, and Grief, Reſpect, and the tendereſt Regret ſucceeded in their Place. He ſtood for ſome Moments entirely motionleſs, and had the Power of replying no otherwiſe than by a deep Sigh.

At laſt, I come not, Madam, ſaid he, with an Intention to give you any new Offence, which wou'd indeed be a thouſand times more unpardonable than the Crime I have committed——I wiſh to Heaven, there were a Poſſibility of repairing the Injury I have done you, tho' it were at the Expence of the beſt Part of my Blood; but you are ſufficiently revenged by my Remorſe, and the horrible Diſorders with which my Soul is agitated——It is not that I fear your Cries wou'd draw hither any Witneſſes of my Behaviour; all your Efforts that Way, alas! would be unavailing. If I had yet remaining any Inclinations of the ſame Nature with thoſe, which compell'd me to the Act I have been guilty of, I am abſolute Maſter here, and none dare offer to intrude without my Permiſſion——'Tis to my own Converſion alone, you are indebted for a Defence againſt any future Inſults——and ſuch a Defence as you may aſſure yourſelf will not deceive you——Be comforted then, as much as the Situation you are in will permit, and leave to the guilty Wretch the Pangs of a too late Repentance——To convince you of my Sincerity, I am ready this Moment to conduct you whereever you ſhall command, without making any Attempt directly or indirectly, to know either who, or what you are; but in return, you muſt permit me to put a Bandage over your Eyes, to prevent your having any gueſs at him, who can be no other than the Object of your Hate——You muſt hate me, I am ſenſible; I can expect no other, continued he, with a Sigh, which ſeemed to burſt the Boſom it iſſued from: But I wou'd have the Conſolation to conceal from you the Author of your Misfortune, as it will be a Gratification of your Revenge, to leave me in Ignorance of her Name and Condition, whoſe Charms will never quit my Memory.

These Words made *Leocadia* think it was beſt for her not to delay accepting his Offer; and impatient to quit that Houſe, I take you at your Word, ſaid ſhe, and wou'd conſent you ſhou'd ſhut my Eyes for ever, rather than detain me here a Moment. Then *Rodolpho*, having ty'd a Handkerchief before her Eyes, and wrapp'd

wrapp'd himſelf in his Cloak, opened the Door, and taking her under the Arm, led her down as ſoftly as he had brought her in. *Leocadia* telling him, ſhe deſired he wou'd leave her in the great Street of *Toledo*, he conducted her there, after having made ſeveral Turns, to the End that ſhe might not know from what Part of the Town ſhe came.

But if theſe Precautions hindered her from being able to gueſs where he lived; the Particulars ſhe had remarked in his Apartment, never went out of her Memory; ſhe alſo counted the Number of Stairs as ſhe deſcended, and all this, with the Croſs ſhe had taken, gave her ſo ſtrong a Hope of diſcovering the Man on whom her Vengeance ought to fall, that ſhe attempted not to looſen the Handkerchief before her Eyes, nor oppoſe any of the Meaſures he took for the Concealment of himſelf.

When they were come into the Street *Leocadia* had mentioned, You may now, ſaid *Rodolpho*, letting go her Arm, direct your Steps wherever you deſire, without Fear of being followed; no indiſcreet Regard ſhall trouble your Retreat. Adieu, continued he, and if my punctual Obſervance of the Promiſe I have made you, may be looked upon as a Proof of my Regret for having offended you, you will make no Efforts to know who I am.

With theſe Words he turned from her, and ran down a Street which was behind that in which ſhe was, leaving her at Liberty to pluck the Bandage from her Eyes, and return to her Houſe. But tho' he wou'd not forfeit his Honour in following her, he went not ſo far, but that he might with Eaſe have heard her Cries, in caſe any Perſon ſeeing her alone at that Time of Night, had attempted to do her Wrong, being reſolved to defend her at the Hazard of his Life; but after having liſtened a long Time, and hearing nothing that might make him think there was any Danger for her, he went Home with a Soul full of Remorſe, Shame and Grief.

As for *Leocadia*, ſhe no ſooner found ſhe was alone, than ſhe took the Handkerchief from her Face, and

and without daring even to turn her Head, ran directly to a Church which was in that Street, where having waited in the Porch ſome time, and looked round her on all Sides, perſuaded that no Perſon had followed her, ſhe reſumed the Way to the Houſe of her Father, whom ſhe found in a Conſternation which is hardly to be equal'd, but can never be deſcrib'd.

THIS unhappy old Gentleman, whom the Raviſhers had left diſarmed on the Ground, having raiſed himſelf, and ſeeing none near him, but the Woman who had attended his Daughter, and who from the Moment of her Lady's being carried off, had been deprived of Speech, he went to her, and contributed all in his Power for her Recovery: She at length came to herſelf, and they went together to *Toledo*, and into his Houſe, without either the one or the other, the whole Way they walked, being able to give any Ceſſation to the Torrents of their Tears. Don *Lewis* ſent his People to all Parts, in Hopes they might bring ſome Diſcovery, which Way the Raviſhers had taken; but they all returning without being able to hear any thing of the Perſons he deſcribed, he abandoned himſelf to the moſt violent Deſpair, not knowing what Courſe to take in this Extremity. He was waiting with Impatience for the Day, that he might adviſe with his Friends, what was beſt for him to do; when about Three o'Clock in the Morning, *Leocadia*, by her Arrival, calmed a great Part of the Agitations he had been in.

ALL the Family were up, when ſhe came, none daring to take any Repoſe, at a Time when their Maſter was in Agonies which would not ſuffer him to think of Reſt. She no ſooner knocked at the Door, than it was opened, and moſt of the Servants being in the Hall, every one was eager to run to Don *Lewis*, and give the firſt Intelligence of her Return. This tender Father, who never hoped to ſee her more, received her with Tranſports of Joy, ſuch as were near depriving him of the ſmall Stock of Breath he had left. But had he marked her Tears, the great Abundance which fell from her fair Eyes, while he held her in his

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his Arms in the moſt ſtrict Embrace, he would not have needed the Help of Words to inform him what had befallen her. At firſt, ſhe anſwered his Endearments, but with Sighs; and he not regarding theſe Teſtimonies of her Grief, in the preſent Hurry of his Spirits, ſhe cry'd out, Oh, my Father! moderate thoſe precious Proofs of your Tenderneſs and Affection, I am no longer worthy of them; and if I come to throw myſelf once more at your Feet, 'tis but to expire there with Shame and Grief.

THESE cruel Words put a ſudden Check to the Satisfaction of Don *Lewis*; but he was prepared for all before he ſaw her; he imagined nothing leſs than the worſt Calamity had happened to her, and now he did ſee her, he cou'd not be totally diſcomforted. Willing, however, to know the whole Truth, he order'd all his People to leave the Room, and having ſhut himſelf up with her, commanded her to explain what had obliged her to ſpeak in that manner to him, and not to conceal the leaſt Tittle from his Knowledge.

ALL modeſt and timid as Innocence is, it becomes bold, when it has nothing wherewith to reproach itſelf; and tho' *Leocadia* wou'd have bluſh'd to Death, if any other had recited ſuch an Adventure before her, ſhe made no Scruple of relating her own to Don *Lewis*, with that Simplicity which is always the Companion of Truth, but cou'd not do it without manifeſting a Horror at the Remembrance of what had been done; which made her Father tremble, leſt ſhe ſhou'd not be able to overcome it.

HE cou'd not avoid being ſeiz'd with the moſt poignant Concern and Rage, at ſo cruel an Affront; but the Condition ſhe was in, made him diſſemble it all he cou'd, and endeavour to conſole the beautiful Afflicted, by the moſt undeniable Proofs of paternal Affection.

LEOCADIA, ſaid he, Faults are perſonal, and Guilt belongs to thoſe who commit Crimes. The Misfortune that has happen'd to you, has not robb'd you of your Wiſdom or Purity of Mind——You are no leſs worthy than before of the Blood whence you ſprung, nor of the tender Care I ever ſhall have for you

you ——— As to the Revenge you ſeem ſo ardently to deſire, we muſt wait an Opportunity for it in a profound Silence. ——— According to your Report, and the Croſs which you ſhew me, your Raviſher is of a Rank ſuperior to mine: If we make a Noiſe of this Affair, and, demanding Juſtice, produce that which may make him known, his Authority may perhaps render our Complainings vain; and irritated by our Purſuit, he may attempt to vindicate his own Honour, by alledging Things againſt you, which may caſt an everlaſting Blemiſh on yours; and we muſt then remain without either Glory or Revenge. —— Your Shame is now without Witneſſes, let us not call any —— if he who has done you this Outrage, truly repents him of it, he will dread ſome Puniſhment from that unerring Judge, from whom no Crimes are hid, and whom he dare not contradict ——— Thus, not knowing you, nor ſeeking to know you, and fearing himſelf, that ſo baſe an Action ſhould come to Light, it will reſt in the ſame Darkneſs in which it was committed ——— But, if, on the contrary, by any indiſcreet Words, he has the Boldneſs to make known the Adventure, then diſcovering who he is, without his being able to gueſs at us, you may depend on me to contrive Means for your Revenge, without obliging your Honour to be called in queſtion.

THEREFORE, my dear *Leocadia*, continued he, embracing her, be careful of this dreadful Secret —— forget your Misfortune in the Careſſes of a Father, who will never ceaſe to love you, and remit the reſt to the Omnipotent Supporter and Protector of Innocence.

A Diſcourſe ſo wiſe and ſo judicious, worked the Effect it merited and expected. *Leocadia* found herſelf leſs unhappy in finding her Father become her Conſoler. Her Diſaſter loſt great part of its former Horror, now this dear Parent vouchſafed to be her Confidant and her Revenger; and therefore, in Obedience to his Will, endeavour'd nothing more than to baniſh from his Memory all Thoughts of this Adventure, and to ſeem forgetful of it herſelf.

But this Interval of Tranquillity laſted not long; a little Time after convinced her, that ſhe bore about her apparent Conſequences of that unhappy Accident; then did her Plaints and Lamentations begin again, with greater Force than ever. Her Father, to whom ſhe diſcovered the State in which ſhe was, had not the Power to calm the Exceſs of her Grief. However, as there was an abſolute Neceſſity of confiding in ſome one or other in this Extremity, *Leocadia*, by the Conſent of Don *Lewis*, choſe from among her Women, ſhe who had been preſent when ſhe was carried off; and whoſe Fidelity and true Attachment to the Family was well known to her.

This Maid, who had been brought up in Don *Lewis*'s Houſe, had taken ſo tender an Affection for *Leocadia*, that nothing that concerned that Lady cou'd eſcape her Penetration. The profound Melancholy ſhe had been in ſince that Accident; the Sighs which every Moment iſſued from her; the Tears ſhe frequently found her bathed in, had made her ſuſpect part of the Truth: But the Reſpect ſhe had for her, obliged her to conceal her Sentiments, and had always hindered her from letting fall one Word, which ſhou'd make the other imagine, ſhe was more diſcerning than ſhe wou'd have her. And when *Leocadia*, with Don *Lewis*, had taken a Reſolution to truſt their Secret with her, ſhe was much leſs ſurprized at the Knowledge of it, than ſenſible of this Mark of their Confidence.

LUCIA, for that was her Name, aſſured her Miſtreſs of an inviolable Fidelity, and promiſed to ſerve her on this Occaſion with ſo much Zeal and Exactneſs, that no Perſon in the World ſhould be able to diſcover the State ſhe was in, nor that ſhe muſt ſubmit to in a ſmall Time.

This new Confidante was a great Conſolation to *Leocadia*; the Modeſty of her Sex not ſuffering her to diſburden her Heart intirely to Don *Lewis*, ſhe found an Infinity of Eaſe in ſpeaking without Reſerve to her Friend. *Lucia* had that Title more than any of her Domeſticks, being deſcended of a noble Family,

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but poor, and that had obliged her Parents to put her to the Mother of *Leocadia*; and being educated under her, was inſpired with the ſame Sentiments of Virtue and Honour. She was ſome Years older than *Leocadia*, which rendered her leſs ſcrupulous of ſpeaking freely her Thoughts to her Young Lady, than that timid Innocence, which looks on every little Liberty as a Crime.

When *Lucia* was intirely initiated into this Myſtery, ſhe often made it the Subject of her Converſation with *Leocadia*; and this Lady, by being accuſtomed to be entertained by her in this Affair, grew at laſt bold enough to ſpeak of it herſelf, and confeſs to her, tho' not without an Extremity of bluſhing, that the Reſpect, and the Repentance that her Raviſher had teſtified in his laſt Action, had touched her Heart; and that, in Spite of the Horror this cruel Adventure had given her, ſhe had not for the Author of it that Hate ſhe ought to have; and that ſince ſhe knew ſhe ſhou'd be a Mother, it was not poſſible for her to maintain thoſe Deſires of Revenge againſt a Man, who was the Father of the Infant ſhe was going to bring into the World.

These Sentiments, which tho' they cou'd not be called the Effects of Love, proceeded from ſomething nearly approaching to that Paſſion, and ſeemed ſo natural to *Lucia*, that finding but weak Reaſons to combat againſt them, ſhe made uſe of only ſuch as might keep *Leocadia* from indulging a fruitleſs Flame for a Perſon, whom, in all Probability, ſhe wou'd never ſee, or ſeeing, never know: And this prudent Girl knew ſo well how to infuſe into her Mind the Principles which ſhe thought wou'd be of moſt Service to her, that by Degrees ſhe divided her Ideas, and preſerved all the Tenderneſs for the Child, while ſhe eſtranged from her Heart all vain Regards for the Father. 'Twas thus the Time paſſed on, till the Time arrived, when *Leocadia* preſented her Father with a Grandſon, whoſe Birth was celebrated only by a Torrent of Tears.

However, Don *Lewis de Zagreda*, aſſiſted by the induſtrious *Lucia*, took ſuch Precautions, that all the reſt of the Family were intirely ignorant of *Leocadia*'s Diſtemper. *Lucia* had provided a Nurſe long before the Time, to whom ſhe ſaid, that a Perſon of her Acquaintance, who lived in the Country, was to come and lie-in at *Toledo*, and that ſhe wou'd bring her to her as ſoon as the Child was born; but that being the leaſt of her Intentions, *Leocadia* was no ſooner delivered, than ſhe took the Babe, and having carefully wrapp'd it up, put it into a little Baſket, and carried it out of the Houſe, in the Sight of every Body, who little ſuſpected what Burden it was, ſhe had under her Arm. She then gave it into the Charge of the Nurſe, telling her, that the Mother expired in bringing it into the World, and that it would be wholly inſignificant for her to go into a Houſe which was all in Confuſion. Theſe Words being accompanied with a large Purſe of Gold, prevented the Nurſe from concerning herſelf about the Truth of what was ſaid to her. Thus they parted; the one with an Aſſurance, that ſhe wou'd be frequent in her Viſits, and the other proteſting, ſhe wou'd take all poſſible Care of the Charge committed to her.

Neither of them failed in the Promiſe made each other; the Tenderneſs of the Nurſe appeared in the Countenance of the Child; and *Lucia*, who went there three or four times every Week, had the Satisfaction to acquaint *Leocadia*, ſhe had not been deceived in the Choice ſhe had made.

This beautiful Lady regain'd her Health in a ſhort Time, and all her Charms ſeem'd to ſhine with greater Luſtre than before her Indiſpoſition; but ſhe paſſed her Days in ſo cloſe a Solitude, and ſo ſhut up from the World, that her own Family were the only Witneſſes of the Progreſs of her Perfections.

Don *Lewis* perceiving that ſhe grew now to an advanced Age, for ſo they call it after Fifteen, and that there was now no Appearance of ever being able to diſcover the Author of her Misfortune, was continually perſuading her to think on Marriage, telling her, if ſhe

ſhe wou'd once reſolve to enter into that State, he wou'd take care to provide a Huſband for her, ſuch as ſhe cou'd not but approve: But ſhe entreated and conjured him, in ſuch preſſing Terms, not to conſtrain her Inclinations, which ſhe aſſured him, were wholly averſe to any Engagements of that Nature, that he at length gave over, and permitted her to live according to her own Humour.

LUCIA ſtill continued her Viſits to the Infant, whom they named *Carlos*, and the Affair was too beneficial to the Nurſe, for her not to do all the Offices of her Function with the greateſt Aſſiduity; but he was no ſooner arrived at that Age, wherein Children are ordinarily taken from Nurſe, than Don *Lewis* made him be brought to his Houſe, as the Son of a Brother he had in *Valencia*, who had been ſent to *Toledo*, to be brought up under his Care.

In the Title of his Nephew, he was allowed ſuch Education, as befitted a Child of his Age and Condition; *Leocadia*, who, to the Eyes of the World, appeared but as his Couſin, took the extremeſt Care of him; and her Tenderneſs for him was the greater, as having no Huſband to claim a Part, he was the ſole Object of that Love her Heart abounded with. The Beauty of the young Don *Carlos*, the Vivacity of his Wit, which he made known even in the firſt Words he ſpoke, and the extreme Fondneſs he teſtified for *Leocadia* and Don *Lewis*, rendered him ſo dear to them, that they were ſome Moments, in which they heſitated, if they ſhou'd be ſorry for the Accident which occaſioned the Birth of ſo promiſing a young Charmer.

His Reaſon and good Underſtanding advanced ſo faſt above his Years, that Don *Lewis* found himſelf obliged to provide Maſters for him long before he attained to that Age, in which Boys are generally taken from the Tuition of Women; and this early Beginning rendered him, at Seven Years old, the Prodigy of the Time he lived in. It was then he began to make appear part of thoſe Graces, which might be expected in Maturity ——— Beſides the Beauty of his Face, and

and the admirable Proportion of his Limbs, he had a certain Air of Greatneſs which diſtinguiſh'd him above all thoſe of his Age, who were admitted to partake of his innocent Pleaſures, a Wit ſolid and penetrating, accompanied with the moſt charming Sprightlineſs, and ſomething ſo undiſcribably attractive in his Perſon and Actions, as made it abſolutely impoſſible to ſee him without loving.

He had no other Likeneſs of his Mother, than ſomewhat of the Air of the Family; and his Beauty being entirely different from hers, deſtroyed all the Ideas that might be formed of a more near Proximity: But this Difference made *Leocadia* judge, that he reſembled his Father, and ſtrengthened inſenſibly in her Soul the Inclination ſhe had for the Father, without ever having ſeen him.

If my Raviſher, ſaid ſhe to her Confidante, has given me his Picture in this amiable Child, how unhappy am I, my dear *Lucia*, to have been able to inſpire him with no more than a blind, lawleſs, and tranſient Paſſion; and how bleſt might I have been, cou'd I have made him burn with a Flame more worthy of me!——Oh! how ſhou'd I have loved him, continued ſhe, with a deep Sigh, and how greatly is my Fate to be deplored!

Seven Years being now entirely paſſed over in theſe Reflections and Regrets, and neither *Leocadia* nor Don *Lewis* her Father, yet able to diſcover any thing concerning her Rape, they began to loſe all Hope of it; and to ſuffer themſelves to be taken up with no other Care than that of the Education of Don *Carlos*, who was now their only Conſolation, when a new Misfortune arrived to diſturb the Tranquillity they expected to enjoy.

This beloved Child was one Day diverting himſelf with ſome of his young Companions, in a Place pretty diſtant from Don *Lewis*'s Houſe, having with him only one *Valet de Chambre*, who had Orders never to be out of his Sight. The Vivacity of his Nature making him run too precipitately along the Side of a Road, he happened to fall down in the Inſtant that

that a Chariot, drawn with eight Mules, who ſeemed rather to fly than march, was coming that Way, and in its rapid Courſe went over his Body, leaving him, in all appearance, dead. At this Accident, the Cries of the People, and of thoſe who were in the Chariot, obliged him that drove it, to put a ſtop to his Career. Then the Count *de Ribeiros*, a Grandee of *Spain*, and the Counteſs his Spouſe, to whom that Equipage belong'd, deſcended haſtily from the Chariot, and excited by Compaſſion and Generoſity, ran to the young *Carlos*, and took him in their Arms. His excellent Beauty, in ſpite of the Blood that diſcolour'd his Face, ſo ſtruck their Eyes, and Grief for ſo ſad a Chance, had ſo penetrated their Hearts with ſuch a Tenderneſs for him, that they wou'd permit no Body to touch him, but themſelves; and finding he had yet Life in him, remounted with him, laying him a croſs their Knees, and, in that Poſture, carried him to their Palace, where they made him be put into a Bed; and the beſt Surgeons were immediately ſent for, to take Care of the Hurts he had received.

This amiable Child, who had regain'd his Spirits, by the tender Careſſes given him by the Count and Counteſs, remembred what had happened to him; and finding himſelf between the Arms of Perſons unknown to him, and in a magnificent Bed and Apartment, ſeemed neither abaſhed nor diſconcerted at it; but returned the Embraces they gave him with ſo charming a Grace, as perfectly aſtoniſhed Don *Fernand de Ribeiros*, and *Stephania* his Spouſe; who confeſſed they had never ſeen any thing ſo worthy their Admiration. But giving Truce to their tender Civilities, that he might have his Wounds dreſs'd, they heard with an inexpreſſible Joy, that he had none mortal, having only ſome light Contuſions on his Body, and one Cut in his Head, which, thro' Care, wou'd be no way dangerous, and was the only Place whence the Blood iſſued, which had given them ſo much Terror for him. The Surgeons, however, after having applied proper Things to him, ordered he ſhou'd not be obliged to ſpeak much.

THE Counteſs *de Ribeiros* ſat on the Side of the Bed, nor wou'd be ſeparated from him; and as the Habit he had on, was rich enough to make her think he was of an elevated Condition, ſhe prayed him, kiſſing him at the ſame time with the utmoſt Tenderneſs, to tell her his Name, and that of his Family: On which, without the leaſt Heſitation, and with an Air that charmed her more than ever, I am called *Carlos*, ſaid he, and am Nephew to Don *Lewis de Zagreda*, who loves me as his Son, and who, without doubt, wou'd have been already here, if he had been informed of this Accident. While he was ſpeaking, the Eyes of the Count and Counteſs ſwam in Tears in ſpite of them; and they felt the ſame Emotions of Love, Admiration and Compaſſion for this charming Boy, as they wou'd have done for one of their own Blood.

HE had no ſooner named Don *Lewis de Zagreda*, than the Count *de Ribeiros*, who knew him perfectly, ordered a Chariot to be made ready to fetch him to his Palace.

IN the mean time, the Valet, who had been Witneſs of the Misfortune of Don *Carlos*, not doubting but he was dead, and almoſt out of himſelf with Deſpair, ran Home, and in the moſt frantick manner related the dreadful Tidings to Don *Lewis*. *Leocadia* was preſent when he came in, and forgetting all the Reaſons ſhe had to conceal how nearly ſhe was intereſted in his Fate, flew directly to the Place where the Servant told her he had left him. A great Number of People having aſſembled themſelves there, ſhe was told by them, without Order or Congruity, the Accident of the Child, and the generous Behaviour of the Count and Counteſs, every one relating it after a different Faſhion; but *Leocadia* finding, in the End, that he was in their Palace, wou'd have run thither on Foot, tho' it was at a conſiderable Diſtance, if Don *Lewis* had not come that Moment with his Equipage, and they went together.

THEY entered juſt as the Count had given Orders for the Chariot to fetch Don *Lewis*; and News was

no ſooner brought him of their Arrival, than both he and the Counteſs came to receive them.

I AM extremely troubled, ſaid the Count to Don *Lewis*, that to ſo unhappy Occaſion I owe the Honour of ſeeing you here; but, Signior Don *Lewis*, be comforted, I aſſure you there is nothing to be feared for your admirable Nephew; with whom the Counteſs and myſelf are ſo much charmed, that he is no leſs dear to us than to yourſelf.

WHILE they held this Diſcourſe, and Don *Lewis* was replying with all the Reſpect due to the great Quality of Don *Fernand de Ribeiros*; the Counteſs embraced *Leocadia*, who having lifted up her Veil, diſcovered ſo perfect a Beauty, that the other retreated ſome Steps, to ſatisfy the Aſtoniſhment the Sight of ſo many Charms had inſpired her with. Ah! cry'd ſhe, renewing her Careſſes, has Don *Lewis* all this time concealed an Angel in his Houſe?——Has he been in Poſſeſſion of ſuch a Treaſure as this, and wou'd ſuffer none of his Friends to congratulate him upon it?——*Leocadia* reply'd to theſe Words, with a Wiſdom and Modeſty, which compleated the gaining of *Stephania*'s Heart, who, taking her by the Hand, conducted her to the Apartment where they had put Don *Carlos*, while the Count did the ſame by Don *Lewis*.

WHEN this beautiful Child perceived them coming into the Room, he raiſed himſelf upon his Pillow, and ſtretching out his Arms, Signior, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to Don *Lewis*, the Hurts I have ſuſtained are nothing in compariſon with the Honours I have received from the Generoſity of theſe noble Perſons. Don *Lewis* embraced him with Tears of Joy; and judging of *Leocadia*'s Impatience, withdrew to give her Place. The Careſſes ſhe gave her Son, and thoſe ſhe received from him, were ſo lively and touching, that Don *Lewis* fearing they would appear extraordinary to the Count and Counteſs, who never had their Eyes off Don *Carlos*, endeavoured to divert their Attention by ſpeaking in this manner:

MY Daughter, ſaid he, has taken upon herſelf the Care of bringing up this Child; ſhe loves him with the ſame

ſame Tenderneſs as if he were her Brother; therefore the Tranſports ſhe is in, at finding him in a Condition ſo much leſs to be feared than ſhe expected, cannot be wondered at.

I BELIEVE there are none that can avoid loving him, reply'd *Stephania*; the firſt Moment I beheld him, I felt for him, Sentiments equal to thoſe I muſt have been inſpired with at the Sight of my own Son, in ſo dreadful a Situation.——Alas! continued ſhe, obliging them to ſit, every Look of his brings to my Mind the firſt Years of a Son ſo dear to me, that his long Abſence ſpreads a Night of Sadneſs over all my Happineſs.—— It is now, purſued ſhe, burſting into Tears, near Seven Years ſince he has quitted us in ſo cruel and ſo ſtrange a manner as never will go out of my Memory——We were Four Years without knowing to what Part of the World his Travels were directed, or if he were yet living,——and ſince we have been informed he is in *Flanders*, we are not leſs afflicted by his obſtinate refuſing to return. Pardon me, Don *Lewis*, added ſhe, that I entertain you with Things in which you can have no Concern; but Don *Carlos* is the Cauſe. All his Perſon and Behaviour are accompanied with thoſe Graces I found in my Son, when of his Age; and tho' he was Twenty-three Years old when he departed, yet had he not loſt that Delicacy in his Features and Complexion, which I now ſee in this amiable Child——In fine, there is ſo perfect a Reſemblance between them, as ſurprizes me, pleaſes me, and at the ſame Time pains me.

DURING this Diſcourſe, *Leocadia* being a little recovered from the Trouble and Confuſion the Misfortune of Don *Carlos* had involved her in, began to be more attentive to the Objects that offered themſelves to her View. The Magnificence of the Apartment attracted her Eyes, and put her in mind of that where her Unhappineſs had commenced. She ſaw a Cabinet exactly reſembling that whence ſhe had taken the Croſs: She ſaw the Windows of the Room defended by great Iron Bars from Top to Bottom, juſt as ſhe had found thoſe ſhe had endeavoured to make her Eſcape

from, the Night of her Raviſhment. The Form of the Chamber was alſo the ſame with that; the Door, the Bed, and all the Moveables were alike placed; and the more ſhe looked about her, the more her Heart was agitated: But continuing to examine every thing, ſhe remembred the Tapeſtry, the Gold Fringe, the emboſs'd Work of the Chairs, which were of the ſame Number with thoſe ſhe had counted that fatal Night; and all conforming with a Place ſo ever preſent to her Thoughts, an univerſal Shivering ſeized on every Part, and the laſt Words of *Stephania* compleating the Aſſurance of what ſhe cou'd not but before imagine, ſhe fell in a Swoon, in the Arms of that Lady, near whom ſhe was ſitting.

The End *of the* FIRST PART.

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VOL. IV. PART II.

SEQUEL of the

SEVENTEENTH DAY.

SO unexpected an Accident filled every one with Surprize and Grief: Don *Lewis* ſuppoſing it only to proceed from the Remains of that Terror ſhe had been in for Don *Carlos*, intreated the Counteſs, that ſhe might be conducted into another Room, for the Benefit of the Air, that being kept extremely cloſe on Account of the Child. *Stephania*, who had the ſame Imagination, made one of her Women take *Leocadia* under one Arm, while ſhe ſupported her under the other, and ſo led her into her own Apartment, where was a large Balcony open to a magnificent Garden.

THERE the Counteſs, aſſiſted by her Women, unfaſtned her Garments, doing all they cou'd for her Recovery; but perceiving, that the more of her was unveil'd, the more Graces ſhe diſcovered, they cou'd not help

giving her ſuch Praiſes, one to the other, as had ſhe been capable of hearing, would have made her almoſt die with Shame. The ſweet Water, however, that they threw on her Face, and the Air at length reſtored her Spirits; and finding herſelf half naked among ſo many People, a modeſt Crimſon covered all her Face, at the ſame Inſtant that a Torrent of Tears, too long reſtrain'd, burſt, with the utmoſt Violence, from her Eyes. The Counteſs was pierced to the Heart, to ſee her in this Pity-moving Poſture, and tenderly kiſſing her, Beautiful *Leocadia*, ſaid ſhe, recollect yourſelf, and calm theſe Tranſports of a Grief, for which there is no Cauſe; I do aſſure you, there is nothing to fear for Don *Carlos*; diſturb not then, the Joy we have to find him in ſo good a State, by putting us into new Apprehenſions for you.

LEOCADIA could no otherwiſe reply to theſe obliging Words, than by kiſſing the Hands of her who ſpoke them, and bathing them with her Tears; while, at the ſame time, her Boſom ſent forth Sighs ſo deep, and in ſuch ſwift Succeſſion, as gave the other ſufficient room to imagine, ſomething of greater Conſequence to her, than the Indiſpoſition of Don *Carlos*, was the Subject of ſo extraordinary an Affection. In this Conjecture, having made all her Women withdraw, ſhe took the diſconſolate Beauty in her Arms, and embracing her with all the Marks of an unfeigned Affection, Charming *Leocadia*, ſaid ſhe, if the Agitations I ſee you in, are occaſioned by any Misfortune more conſiderable than the Accident that has happened to your Couſin; and if you think I love, and am capable of ſerving you, I intreat, I conjure you to declare it to me. I am reſolved, that neither you nor Don *Carlos* ſhall depart from my Houſe, till his Cure is fully perfected ——— therefore, look on me as your Friend——as your Mother; in fine, as a Woman who feels both for you and him, the moſt tender Emotions.

How happy wou'd it be for me, Madam, anſwered *Leocadia*, and how much more happy than it is now miſerable, wou'd my Condition be, if I were ſure you wou'd always retain the ſame Sentiments! But, con-

continued ſhe, I muſt make a Proof of it,——my Fate obliges me to do it, whatever ſhall be the Conſequence. ——I have a ſurprizing Story, Madam, to acquaint you with ——— I riſque every thing in diſcovering it, but your Goodneſs, and thoſe interior Motions you ſpeak of, in Favour of Don *Carlos*, makes me think I ſhould riſque yet more in keeping Silence———But, Madam, added ſhe, permit my Father may come into this Room, and that he alone may be Witneſs of the Secret I am about to confide in you —— You may afterwards make what uſe you pleaſe of it, and are at Liberty to communicate it to the Count your Spouſe.

STEPHANIA, whoſe Curioſity, as well as Tenderneſs, was greatly heightened by theſe Words, ſent for Don *Lewis*, to come into her Apartment, and deſired the Count to remain in that of Don *Carlos*, for Reaſons which ſhe bid her Woman tell him he ſhould after be informed of. Her Will was perfectly obſerv'd ; and as ſoon as Don *Lewis* entered, Signior, ſaid *Leocadia* to him, it is now time to break that Silence we have ſo long preſerved; but before I begin the Account I am to give, if you have about you the Jewel I committed to your Charge, I beg you will ſhew it to Madam the Counteſs, perhaps ſhe may have ſome Knowledge of the Owner.

Don *Lewis* was in the utmoſt Conſternation at this Diſcourſe of his Daughter ; but knowing her Modeſty and Prudence, judged ſhe muſt have ſtrong Convictions to enable her to take ſuch a Reſolution ; and immediately took a Box out of his Pocket, which he always carried about him, and having opened it, preſented to the Counteſs that Diamond Croſs, *Leocadia* had taken from the Cabinet of her Raviſher. I never, ſaid he, go without this, in Hope the Juſtice of Heaven will, in ſome lucky Hour, diſcover to me the Maſter.

STEPHANIA had no ſooner caſt her Eyes upon it, than, without regarding the laſt Words of Don *Lewis*, ——— Have I, cry'd ſhe, ſome Knowledge of the Owner of this Croſs! who can doubt it, ſince it belongs to my *Rodolpho !* that dear Son of whom you heard me ſpeak——it was a Preſent to him from the Queen,

that Day that their Majeſties honoured him with the Order of *Calatrava* :——I thought he had taken it with him, and cannot comprehend by what Chance it fell into your Hands.

It was by an Adventure, replied *Leocadia*, ſo cruel to me, that I cannot remember it without Horror: Then, with a Voice frequently interrupted with Sighs, ſhe recounted all that paſſed between her and her Raviſher, not forgetting any Circumſtance which might prove the Truth of her Words, and the Manner by which ſhe came by the Croſs. The exact Reſemblance, continued ſhe, between the Chamber whence I took this Jewel, and that wherein I found my Son, and that which you ſay is between the Features of your Son and this Child, and the Time you tell me *Rodolpho* has been gone, all ſerve to confirm me, I have no where elſe to ſeek the Undoer of my Honour. Fear, Hope and Grief, on the firſt Surprize, threw me into the Condition you have ſeen: All that perplexes me, is, that I paſſed that fatal Night thro' a great Court, which at my Entrance To-day I did not, and that little expecting the Diſcovery I now have made, I did not count the Number of the Stairs; but well I remember, thoſe my Raviſher made me deſcend were Fifteen.

'Tis enough, cried the Counteſs, throwing herſelf all in Tears, on the Neck of *Leocadia*; there needs no more to prove, it is my own Blood that runs in the Veins of Don *Carlos*——my immediate Inclinations for him, the Agonies I felt at ſeeing him hurt, the Pleaſure it gave me to embrace him, and the exact Similitude between him and *Rodolpho*, are greater Aſſurances to me than all your Obſervations——My dear *Leocadia*, added ſhe, henceforward I ſhall regard you as my Daughter; and as thoſe Things which we call Misfortunes, are ſometimes our greateſt Bleſſings, let us all join in Thanks to Heaven for this—— *Rodolpho*, who, no doubt, has ſuffered for his Crime, will find the Reward of his Sufferings, in being united for ever to a Perſon the moſt worthy in the World of him ——and you, my lovely Daughter, will taſte the Sweets

of

of Happineſs in a more elevated Degree, than if you had never known a contrary State.

THEN, impatient that the Count *de Ribeiros* was ſo long ignorant of the Subject of their Entertainment, ſhe made him be called; and without giving him time to ſpeak to Don *Lewis* or his Daughter, recited to him all that ſhe had learned from *Leocadia*.

THIS Nobleman, to whom Honour was ever ſacred, and who look'd on Juſtice as a Vertue moſt becoming the Dignity of Man, had the ſame Sentiments on this Affair as his illuſtrious Spouſe; and as Nature had work'd no leſs ſtrongly in him at the Sight of Don *Carlos*, he was as ſtrongly convinced of the Truths told him. He embraced Don *Lewis*, and conjured him to forget the Crime of *Rodolpho*, ſince he wou'd make him repair it ſo glorioufly to *Leocadia*, that nothing ſhou'd be wanting to her Satisfaction ——— Then turning to *Leocadia*, he gave her Careſſes not inferior in Tenderneſs to thoſe ſhe had received from *Stephania*. But the Soul of this beautiful Lady was wholly diſſolved in Joy and Gratitude; ſhe threw herſelf at his Feet, in ſpite of the Efforts he made to hinder her; and not being able to find Words expreſſive enough to make known what paſſed in her Heart, ſhe embraced his Knees, then thoſe of the Counteſs, kiſs'd their Hands; and in this dumb Rhetorick, teſtified, better than her Tongue cou'd have done, the Exceſs of her Contentment.

AT laſt, Don *Fernand* rais'd her from the Ground, and taking her in his Arms, and calling her a thouſand times his deareſt Daughter, entreated her to give over her Tears, and her too great Reſpects; told her, he look'd on her Alliance as honourable, and that if there was ſome Difference between his Eſtate and that of Don *Lewis*, he thought himſelf happy in the Advantage, only becauſe it gave him Power to render her one of the richeſt Women in all *Spain*. Theſe generous Expreſſions cou'd not be unanſwered in the moſt thankful manner by Don *Lewis*, who, in ſpite of the Nobility of his Blood, had never hoped to give his Daughter a Huſband of the Rank of the Count *de Ribeiros*.

When the firſt Tranſports of Joy and Gratitude were a little over, *Stephania* told *Leocadia*, that ſhe had not been deceived in any thing ſhe had remarked in her Palace; that the Door by which *Rodolpho* uſed ordinarily to enter his Apartment, was in another Court, which had an Entry at the Foot of the Stairs, the Number of which was as ſhe had ſaid. And I am no longer aſtoniſhed, purſued ſhe, at the ſtrange Faſhion in which he quitted us, and the obſcure Meaning contain'd in that Letter we found in his Chamber, after his Departure, addreſs'd to his Father: According to the Date of that Letter, and the Time of *Leocadia*'s being carried off, it muſt be wrote the next Day after. We had been many Days without ſeeing him, and our blind Affection having given him too great a Liberty, we were beginning to repent ourſelves of it; and being greatly diſquieted to hear he had made choice of Perſons for his Companions and Friends, who were irregular in their Conduct, and dangerous in their Principles, we were conſulting on Meaſures to draw him off from ſuch Society, when one of his People brought us a Letter which he had left on his Table.

In ſpeaking this, the Counteſs opened a little Fillagrene Trunk, that ſtood upon her Toilet, and having taken out a Paper, read it to Don *Lewis* and *Leocadia*; it contained theſe Words.

To the Count de Ribeiros.

"My Lord,

"THE Folly and Wantonneſs of Youth have made "me act in a manner ſo little worthy of my "Birth, or that noble Education you have given me, "that I cannot, without Shame, appear before your "Eyes, or remain any longer in *Toledo*——The Re"membrance of my Faults fills me with ſuch an abun"dant Horror, that I ſhou'd think it happy for me, if "this laſt Night were the laſt of my Life——I therefore "go to ſearch in other Countries thoſe glorious Princi"ples of Honour and Virtue you have endeavour'd to

"inſpire

" inſpire me with; ——— where, if my Remorſe for
" what I have done does not quit me, at leaſt my Vi-
" ces will not follow me, and you will have no further
" Cauſe to bluſh for having given to the World,
" The unfortunate RODOLPHO.

THIS Letter, ſaid Don *Fernand*, involved us in the utmoſt Perplexity; we cou'd not gueſs of what Fault, or what Misfortune it was he ſpoke; but being too well aſſur'd his Conduct had been irregular, I was not ſorry he had taken a Reſolution to travel: As we cou'd not, on the moſt diligent Enquiry, hear to what Place he was gone, we concluded he went *incognito*, and by a fictitious Name. ——— You muſt believe, however, the Trouble it gave us both, eſpecially *Stephania*, when a long Courſe of Time roll'd on, without either ſeeing him return, or being able to learn the leaſt News concerning him ——— It is not yet three Months ſince an Accident diſcovered to us that he was in *Flanders*; ſince which we have wrote ſeveral Letters to him, filled with Perſuaſions to return, but altogether in vain. He gave us for Anſwer, That Death would be leſs terrible to him than the Sight of *Toledo* ——— But, continued the Count, he ſhall no longer be Maſter of himſelf, I will ſend one of my Gentlemen Poſt to him, who ſhall not quit him, till he has brought him to me.

THIS Reſolution of the Count *de Ribeiros* was immediately put in Practice; the Gentlemen was diſpatched, with Letters the moſt preſſing that could be, and the moſt poſitive Command to *Rodolpho* to return without Delay. While Don *Fernand* and *Stephania* were thus employ'd, *Leocadia* paſſed the Time with Don *Carlos*, now giving a Looſe to all her Tenderneſs, and indulging herſelf for the firſt Time in calling him her Son, and accompanying her Words with Millions of Kiſſes, all which the Child returned with the ſame Ardency; but not being accuſtomed to the tender Title ſhe gave him, and not daring to call her Mother, was demanding the Reaſon; when the Counteſs, having done writing, came into the Chamber,

and hearing the witty manner in which he queſtioned *Leocadia*, drew near to him, and taking him by the Hand, Yes, Don *Carlos*, ſaid ſhe, the incomparable *Leocadia* is no longer your Couſin, but your Mother, nor muſt you call her by any other Name henceforth.

THIS amiable Child, far from being aſtoniſhed at ſo unexpected a Piece of News, ſtretched out his Arms to *Leocadia*, and repaid with Uſury all the Careſſes ſhe had given him: I am charm'd, cried he, I am charm'd to find I have ſuch a Mother;—— but who then is my Father? Will you not give me a Father alſo? Yes, I promiſe you, replied *Stephania*, who took an extreme Pleaſure in hearing him ſpeak, and you ſhall know him very ſoon.

THE greateſt Part of the Day was taken up in theſe Endearments; and the Count and Counteſs being abſolutely reſolved not to part with *Leocadia*, obliged her to conſent to remain in their Palace, where they allotted her a magnificent Apartment adjoining to their own; and as Don *Carlos* ſeemed too far from them in that of *Rodolpho*, they made him be removed to a fine Pavillion at the End of a Gallery, which led to the Counteſs's Antichamber. In fine, nothing could be added to what the Count *de Ribeiros* and *Stephania* did, on this Occaſion, to expreſs the real Affection they had both for the Mother and the Son; and Don *Lewis*, who wou'd not be prevailed on to ſtay, returned to his Houſe, more overwhelmed with Joy and Gratitude, than he had left it with Concern and Grief.

THE beautiful *Leocadia* wou'd have none of her own Women to attend her in this Palace, but the faithful *Lucia*; not only becauſe ſhe wou'd not be too incommodious to her generous Hoſteſs, but alſo becauſe ſhe wou'd have none but that Confidant witneſs of what paſſed. The Hurts of the young Don *Carlos* were cured in eight Days, and his Health perfectly re-eſtabliſhed. During this Time, the Counteſs and her noble Spouſe having gained a more perfect Knowledge of *Leocadia*, regarded her as a Miracle of Wit and Vertue: Her Sweetneſs and Complaiſance made her Miſtreſs of all the

the Hearts in that Palace, and equally charming by her Beauty, Character, and Accompliſhments, had no fewer Conqueſts than there were Perſons to behold her. Don *Lewis* came there every Day, and not one paſſed over without his receiving Millions of Bleſſings from the Count and Counteſs, for being the Author of a Perſon ſo every way compleat and perfect.

As ſhe play'd to Admiration on ſeveral Sorts of muſical Inſtruments, and had the fineſt Voice in the World, all the Evenings were devoted to that Amuſement; and tho' according to the Cuſtom of *Spain*, no Strangers were admitted to thoſe Entertainments, yet *Leocadia* did not want a great Number of Admirers, among thoſe who were of the Blood of the Count or Counteſs *de Ribeiros*, and for that reaſon, had the Privilege of ſeeing and hearing her.

It was thus that they found Means to beguile the Length of Time, which muſt needs elapſe before they cou'd hear News of *Rodolpho*, which they all expected with a ſufficient Impatience, but *Leocadia* with the moſt. This lovely Creature now ſeeing herſelf at Liberty to purſue her Inclination, without any Shame, delivered herſelf up intirely to it; but in the midſt of her Hopes of her being in a ſhort Time the Wife of *Rodolpho*, the Fears of not being loved by him, mingled with thoſe other more agreeable Ideas; and as ſhe concealed nothing from her dear *Lucia*, ſhe often entertained her on this Theme: A vicious and ungovernable Wantonneſs, ſaid ſhe to her, enflam'd him once with a Deſire of poſſeſſing me, without having ſcarce ſeen me; and, perhaps, after the firſt Tranſports, deteſting his Deportment, cou'd not ſee the Occaſion of it without Pain; and my feeble Attractions, far from giving Birth to a laudable Paſſion in his Heart, have excited only Indifference, and it may be, added ſhe, with a Sigh, Contempt.

LUCIA, who was of a gay, ſprightly Diſpoſition, wou'd not ſuffer her to continue in an Apprehenſion, which ſeemed to her to have ſo weak a Foundation; and ſeeing every thing ſucceed ſo much beyond their Hopes, gave herſelf a greater Liberty of Speech than was uſual with her on this Occaſion. I judge quite other-

otherwiſe, Madam, ſaid ſhe, of the Sentiments of *Rodolpho*: If the Sight of you but for half a Moment inſpired him with a Paſſion he was unable to reſiſt, what ſhall become of him, to behold thoſ thouſand Charms which he had not time then to examine? I rather apprehend, continued ſhe, laughing, that after what he has been compelled to do by an imperfect Sight of you, he will entirely loſe his Reaſon, when he ſhall view the whole Luſtre of your Beauty.

By ſuch like Diſcourſes, ſhe diſſipated all the Diſquiets of her Miſtreſs. But while every one in the Palace ſeem'd to vie with the other in manifeſting their Zeal and Attachment to the amiable *Leocadia*, the Gentleman who was ſent to *Rodolpho*, found him at *Gaunt*, where the Archduke then kept his Court: He was held there in an Eſteem and Conſideration which might have ſatisfied the utmoſt Wiſhes of a vain Heart, and cou'd not but have been pleaſing to his, if that which paſſed in his Mind had left any Remains of Self-love. But all the Honours he received from the Prince, the Friendſhips he had made with the Courtiers, and the Amuſements with which that Palace abounded, had not the Power to eraſe the Memory of that laſt Night he had paſſed at *Toledo*: His injured *Unknown* purſued him every where; the Sound of her Voice was perpetually in his Ears, and, in ſpite of the Diverſity of Places thro' which his Curioſity had carried him, the Rarities of *Italy*, and the Beauties of *France*, he was always poſſeſs'd by the Object of his Remorſe, and of his Love; and tho' his Love took riſe from that very Offence which ordinarily deſtroys it in other Men, it the more firmly rooted it in him; and all the Circumſtances of that Adventure, which were never one Moment from his Thoughts, making him appear hateful to himſelf at the ſame time rendered the beautiful Occaſion more adorable; and in the whole Courſe of his Seven Years Abſence, he neither found any Ceſſation to his Grief, nor Abatement in his Love.

But that which greatly added to his Trouble, was the Aſſurance, that it was the *Unknown* who had taken the Croſs out of his Cabinet, and by that Means,

wou'd

wou'd diſcover the Author of her Rape. He had laid it in the Drawer of that Cabinet, when he left his Apartment, in order to go into the Country with his Friends, as he never took thoſe Marks of Diſtinction when he went upon a Party of Pleaſure; and having the Key of that Chamber in his Pocket, no Perſon cou'd have been in; it muſt therefore be the Unknown who had committed the Robbery, in hope of revenging what ſhe had ſuffered by him. Neither cou'd he flatter himſelf with being conceal'd, if ſhe expoſed that Croſs; for tho' there were many of the Order, his was adorn'd in a peculiar manner, and much richer than any of the others; and beieg a Preſent to him from the Queen, wou'd be known to the whole Court.

When he reflected on this, and that the Woman for whom he burned with the extremeſt Paſſion, ſhou'd know that it was *Rodolpho de Ribeiros* from whom ſhe had received ſo unpardonable an Outrage, he was ready to die with Shame and Rage.

The Agitations of his Soul were the more violent, in that he had reſolved never to confide ſo far in any Perſon, as to truſt them with the Secret of his Love and Grief. The ſtrongeſt Paſſions find ſome Eaſe in being communicated; and as he refuſed that only Relief, he ſuffered himſelf to be continually torn with ſuch Emotions, as it would be very difficult to deſcribe.

It was in this cruel Situation the Gentleman from his Father found him, and preſented to him his Diſpatches. It is ſo natural for thoſe whoſe Minds are wholly taken up with any one thing, to imagine every thing they hear or ſee has a Tendency to that, that it is not to be wondered at, that *Rodolpho* imagining his Secret was diſcover'd, open'd the Letters with a Terror equal to his Impatience. That from the Count was in theſe Terms:

To Rododpho de Ribeiros.

"AN Affair of the moſt preſſing Nature, and of "near Concern to both our Honours, obliges "me to command your immediate Return; heſitate "not

" not to obey me, if either my Glory or your own have
" any Share in your Conſideration.

FERNAND DE RIBEIROS.

In that of *Stephania*, he found theſe Words:

To RODOLPHO DE RIBEIROS.

" THE Moment you receive theſe, my Son, quit
" the Place you are in; the moſt cruel Affront
" in Nature demands your Preſence at *Toledo*: And,
" ſince we have only you to ſupport the Glory of your
" Blood, ſhew yourſelf worthy of it, by your Eagerneſs
" to return, if you wou'd ſtill find the ſame tender
" Mother you have done in

STEPHANIA DE RIBEIROS.

THE Words *Affront*, *Honour*, and *Glory*, worked on *Rodolpho* all the Effect they were intended for: He preſently imagin'd his Father had received ſome Outrage, and that he was called to waſh off the Affront in the Blood of his Enemy. In this Thought, an Ardency for Vengeance took up all his Breaſt: Let us go, cry'd he, and ſhew Don *Fernand*, that *Rodolpho* is his Son. But, *Leonard*, ſaid he, to the Gentleman tnat brought the Letters, can you tell me nothing of this Affair? Have you no farther Inſtructions for me than what is here contain'd? But he, who had Orders to diſcover nothing to him, reply'd, That his Commiſſion extended no farther, and that all he knew of the Matter was, that both the Count and Counteſs appeared greatly agitated when they put theſe Letters into his Hand, and had expreſsly charged him, not to return without effecting the Buſineſs he was ſent upon. There needed no more to oblige *Rodolpho* to depart; full of Courage, of Reſpect and Love to his Parents, he haſted to give them Proofs of it: And it was in this only Moment, that the Memory of his Unknown abandon'd him.

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He immediately put his Affairs in order, took Leave of the Archduke and the other Nobility, with whom he had been intimate, and came Poſt with *Leonard*, who quitted him at a little Diſtance from *Toledo*, to adverti ſe the Count and Counteſs of his Approach.

Two Months were elapſed ſince the Departure of *Leonard*, and *Stephania* was expecting every Moment, when he appeared with the joyful Tidings. The Tranſports of ſo tender a Mother, at hearing her dear and only Son was ſo near at hand, after an Abſence of Seven Years, might well be expected to engroſs her whole Soul, at leaſt for ſome time; but they had already reſolved in what manner they ſhou'd conduct the Plan they had laid, that her Emotions did not hinder her in the leaſt from putting every thing in the Order they had projected.

She made *Leocadia* and the young Don *Carlos* retire into an Apartment on the other Side of the Palace, whence they were not to ſtir till the Time they had concluded; and injoined all the Servants to Secrecy, on every thing that had paſſed: Which, every one hoping to have a Share in the Pleaſure this Accident wou'd at laſt create, was obſerved with the utmoſt Punctuality.

In fine, *Rodolpho* arrived, and tho' the Equipage of a Man that rides Poſt cou'd not have much Decorum, he wou'd not change it, that he might the better teſtify to the Count and Counteſs, the Haſte he made to obey their Commands. This Interview drew Tears of Joy and Tenderneſs from all Parties; and tho' Don *Fernand* did his utmoſt to maintain his Gravity, he cou'd not reſtrain his Eyes from overflowing, when he beheld his Son at his Feet.

STEPHANIA embraced him a thouſand times: And this ſeven Years Abſence had made ſo advantageous an Alteration in his Perſon, that ſhe cou'd not help regarding him with Admiration; the Regularity of his Features, the uncommon Luſtre of his Eyes, the Exactneſs of his Shape, noble Stature, and that Air of Grandeur which accompanied the leaſt of his Actions, made him appear

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no leſs accompliſhed a Man, than *Leocadia* was a Woman. But that which attracted the Eyes of both the Count and Counteſs, was, in ſpite of the Difference between Maturity and Childhood, the perfect Reſemblance the young Don *Carlos* had of him; and had they not been before confirmed by a thouſand Circumſtances of the Truths *Leocadia* had told them, this of itſelf had been enough.

THE firſt Tranſports of their meeting were no ſooner over, than *Rodolpho* entreated his Father to let him know by what manner he cou'd prove himſelf worthy to be his Son, and repair the firſt Faults of his Youth. My Son, reply'd Don *Fernand*, I am ſatisfied with your Obedience, and charmed with the laudable Impatience you teſtify to anſwer the Demands of Duty and Honour; but the Affair I wrote to you upon, is accommodated; I was not offended in ſuch a manner, as cou'd admit no other Satisfaction than the Blood of the Offender; it was my firſt Emotions that dictated the Letter you received, but I have now more calm Reflections. However, I am not ſorry I have acted in that Faſhion, ſince by it you are reſtored to your Family ——— Go, and take that Repoſe which is neceſſary after the Fatigue of your Journey ——— To-morrow I will acquaint you with every thing you deſire to know.

RODOLPHO, who perceived his Father had no Inclination to ſpeak farther at preſent, forbore to preſs him on that Article, and deſired he wou'd permit him only to change his Habit, and enjoy the Satisfaction of paſſing the Remainder of the Day with his Mother. At theſe Words, he was conducted to his own Apartment, where all the ſad Ideas which had ſo long tormented him, and, but in the Hurry of his Father's Commands, had known Ceſſation, returned with double Force into his Mind, on entering a Place which had been the Scene of that Crime, to which they owed their Birth. He cou'd not ſee again that Chamber and that Bed, without being agitated with the moſt cruel Reflections ——— His former Melancholy came now accompanied with Horror, to which abandoning himſelf, he fell into ſuch a Con-

a Condition, that had Don *Fernand* or *Stephania* ſeen him that Moment, it wou'd ſcarce have been poſſible for them to have known him.

The Counteſs, in the mean time, judging of the Suſpence *Leocadia* muſt be in, had no ſooner quitted her Son, than ſhe went to her Apartment, where ſhe found her all in Tears, holding Don *Carlos* in her Arms, and begging of Heaven to inſpire *Rodolpho de Ribeiros* with the Sentiments of a Father for that amiable Child. *Stephania* entreated ſhe wou'd not doubt it, and that ſhe wou'd uſe her utmoſt Efforts to compoſe herſelf, for the better Accompliſhment of the Deſign they had formed. That beautiful Lady had been ſo ſtruck with the Cries of Joy, which reſounded thro' the Palace on the Arrival of *Rodolpho*, and with the mixed and tumultuous Emotions of Hope and Fear, at the Knowledge he was ſo near her, and that the Criſis of her Happineſs or Miſery for ever was now at hand, that her very Soul ſeemed all diſſolved, and ſtreaming at her Eyes. The illuſtrious *Stephania* was a long Time before ſhe cou'd diſſipate theſe Perturbations; but at laſt her Endeavours ſucceeded, *Leocadia* grew more aſſured, and promiſed to bring herſelf into a Condition to execute her Pleaſure, with all the Reſolution that was neceſſary for it.

The Counteſs not being willing to give any Suſpicion to her Son by a too long Abſence, retired to her own Apartment, as ſoon as ſhe had a little ſettled the Mind of *Leocadia*; and *Rodolpho*, to whom the Sight of his Lodgings was a perfect Hell, was coming into the excellent *Stephania*'s Antichamber the Moment ſhe entered. Don *Fernand* well knowing his Preſence inſpired too great a Reſpect and Awe in his Son, to ſuffer him to expreſs himſelf before him with that Liberty he wiſhed, was already withdrawn, leaving his Wife to act in what manner ſhe thought fit, for the better Explication of *Rodolpho*'s Sentiments. The Tenderneſs with which ſhe loved him, made her readily undertake this Taſk; and, in order to oblige him to ſpeak freely to her, omitted no Careſſes that the fondeſt Mother cou'd beſtow; but taking Notice of his profound

profound Melancholy. *Rodolpho*, ſaid ſhe, the Joy I have to ſee you is far from being perfect, ſince I perceive you do not ſhare it with me.——That gloomy Penſiveneſs and Languor, that ſits upon your Brow, makes me think the Houſe of your Father has no longer any Charms for you, and that you have left at *Gaunt*, or ſome other Place, Objects more agreeable to your Mind than any you can find at *Toledo*.

THIS Remark of *Stephania*'s made *Rodolpho* ſigh, he had not Command enough over himſelf to conceal ſo violent a Grief as he was now aſſailed with; but conſtraining it as much as poſſible, I ſwear to you, Madam, anſwered he, that *Toledo* contains all that is dear to me in the World; and that in all my Travels, I have never ſeen an Object capable of making me forget, even for a Moment, what I have left behind.

THE Counteſs had a much better Gueſs than he imagin'd, at the Meaning of theſe Words, but reſolved to make him explain himſelf: And why then, reſumed ſhe, are you not rejoiced in ſeeing us again —— or wherefore did you quit us? For, in fine, *Rodolpho*, continued ſhe, I cannot think but ſuch a precipitated Departure as yours was, muſt be occaſioned by ſome very violent Diſcontent——I know very well, that on your firſt attaining to the State of Man, you led a Life little worthy of you; and had Companions who drew you into Irregularities I am unwilling to mention —— but after all, my Son, I know no young Man exempt from Faults; you ought not for that Reaſon have abandoned us. Cou'd you not quit your Vices without quitting a Father and Mother, who ſo tenderly loved you, who were ever ready to forgive the falſe Steps you made; and whoſe Example and Precepts might have re-conducted you in the Paths of Virtue?

SPEAK, my dear *Rodolpho*, nor diſguiſe to me the Cauſe of a Departure, which gave us ſo much Trouble. ——You have now nothing to fear from our Reſentments —— We are fully convinced, you will repair all you have done, and one Day give us much more Happineſs than ever you did Diſquiet —— therefore,

you

you ought not to apprehend either Reproaches or Rigours from us. ——— Explain to me, I intreat, I conjure, I command you, the obſcure Meaning of that Letter you left on your Table; and, if you have any Sentiments of Duty or Tenderneſs for a Mother, to whom you have ever been ſo dear, refuſe me not this Satisfaction.

THIS preſſing Solicitation threw *Rodolpho* into the utmoſt Confuſion; the Tears which his Mother cou'd not reſtrain from falling, while ſpeaking in this manner, made his flow faſt; and his Heart, which had never yet diſburden'd itſelf in the Breaſt of any Perſon, found this Moment a kind of Sweetneſs in the Liberty of doing it, at the Feet of a Woman to whom he was bound by all the Ties of Blood, Nature, Duty and Affection. Shame, however, made ſome Reſiſtance to the Deſire he had of complying with her Demands; and before he was able to declare the ſhocking Story, looking on her with an Air the moſt ſad and piercing: Ah, Madam! cry'd he, what a Confeſſion do you oblige me to make!

WHATEVER it be, reply'd *Stephania* haſtily, and willing to take Advantage of the State ſhe ſaw him in, I again require it of you, and to embolden you to make it fully, I promiſe you an eternal Secrecy; and that Don *Fernand* himſelf ſhall never know it, if it be any thing unfit for him to hear.

THIS Aſſurance from a Mouth on which he cou'd ſo well depend, the Teſtimonies of her Goodneſs to him, and above all, the Hope he had of finding Eaſe in the Communication of his Grief, determin'd him to make the Diſcovery. He remained ſome time with his Eyes fixed on the Earth, and his Arms acroſs his Breaſt, denoting the inward Perplexity he was in: At laſt changing ſuddenly his whole Poſture, he addreſſed her in theſe Terms.

BELIEVE not, Madam, ſaid he, that I heſitate, if I ſhou'd obey you. —— I ſhou'd be indeed unworthy of that Tenderneſs you have always ſhewn to me, if I ſhou'd any longer preſerve a Secret you are deſirous to be informed of. ——— But, O Heaven! how will the Reſpect I owe you permit me to make a Recital of

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an Adventure the moſt ſhocking in the World !——— But you command it in Terms not to be withſtood ; and the only Favour I entreat of you is, that you will remember that you have done ſo.

THEN, perceiving ſhe was attentive to what he was about to ſay, he recounted the Rape of *Leocadia* in the manner it happened, and as ſhe had before related, with theſe Additions, of the Promiſe he had made his Friends, his Horror for that Promiſe, and the Behaviour, which was afterwards inſpired by his Regret, the manner in which he deceived his Companions, his Return to *Leocadia*, and his Diſcourſe with her. But tho' he took all Precautions neceſſary, to make his Expreſſions ſuitable to the Chaſtity of the Ears of thoſe who heard him, he cou'd not ſpeak of the Violence of his Deſire, and the Tranſports which compell'd him to ſuch an Action, without bringing Bluſhes ſeveral Times on the Face of the virtuous *Stephania*. However, he continued his Narration, and concluded it with a Reſolution he took the ſame Night, to go out of *Spain*, and rather abandon every thing, than remain in a Place which he had diſhonoured by ſo unworthy an Action.

THIS, Madam, ſaid he, is the Truth of what you command me to reveal ; and the only Cauſe of my quitting you, and of that Melancholy you obſerve in me at my Return. But, methinks, reply'd the Counteſs, Time might eraſe the Memory of this Accident ; and tho' your Crime was of the moſt grievous kind, I hope ſo long a Day of Penance, may be ſome Atonement for it ——— It is true indeed, continued ſhe, that I did not expect an Account of this kind ; but as I gave you my Promiſe not to make you any Reproaches, I ſhall be ſilent on that Topick.

ALAS ! Madam, cry'd he, my own Reflections are ſufficiently my own Tormentors ; cou'd it be poſſible, that any thing cou'd be added to the Heinouſneſs of my Crime. Yet is Remorſe the leaſt of Ills that I endure ; to my Misfortune, I love and adore the Object by whom I never can be but hated——— The Reſpect I have for her, is greater than the Outrage I have done

done her; and as nothing wou'd be ſo happy for me as to know her, if there were a Poſſibility of her Forgiveneſs; ſo that nothing is ſo terrible to me, as the Apprehenſions that, by the Means of that Croſs ſhe took away, ſhe may one Day diſcover the Author of her Wrongs, and curſe *Rodolpho* in her nameleſs Raviſher. I confeſs to you, Madam, that I can ſcarce retain my Reaſon, when I reflect, that I am conſidered as the moſt unworthy of Mankind, by the only Woman my Fate will ſuffer me to adore.

A THOUSAND Sighs now ſtrove for Paſſage in the Breaſt of the amorous *Rodolpho*, and prevented him from proſecuting his Diſcourſe. *Stephania* was touched ſo ſenſibly with the Condition ſhe ſaw him in, that had it not been for Fear of diſobliging the Count, ſhe had calmed all the Diſorders of his Mind, by acquainting him with what ſhe knew; but as ſhe was unwilling to infringe her Orders, ſhe conſtrained herſelf to conceal the Contentment it gave her to hear him ſpeak in this manner, and aſſuming an Air altogether grave and ſerious:

THE Paſſion, ſaid ſhe, you have for this Unknown, is no leſs ſurprizing, than falling in Love after Death with a Perſon one never had any Tenderneſs for in Life. But I wou'd adviſe you, my Son, to make uſe of all your Reaſon for extinguiſhing a Flame, which muſt render you unhappy, if indulg'd. If ſhe, you have offended, had been of noble Birth, having ſo authentick a Teſtimony againſt you as that Croſs, her Parents would have endeavoured to revenge the Wrong, or at leaſt have obliged you to repair it, by making her your Wife; but as Seven Years are paſſed ſince this Adventure, and we have heard nothing of it, ſhe muſt doubtleſs be ſome inconſiderable Creature, and took the Croſs from you only as the Price ſhe thought due for the Loſs of her Innocence. Or, perhaps, continued ſhe, ſhe may by this Time be dead.———But whatever ſhe be, I wou'd have you think of her no more; Time eraſes every thing, and I hope will cure you of ſo fruitleſs a Deſire, and put you in a Condition to accept a Sponſe worthy of you. Be aſſured, my dear

Rodolpho,

Rodolpho. I ſhall omit nothing may ſerve to diſſipate thoſe melancholy Ideas; and among other Things, will engage the Daughter of Don *Lewis de Zagreda,* who is one of the moſt amiable young Ladies in the World, and a dear Friend of mine, to permit you to be preſent at the Pleaſure ſhe gives us ſometimes with the ſweet Accents of her Voice: 'Tis the only Conſolation I have taſted ſince your Departure, and I flatter myſelf, it will be no inconſiderable one to you. But 'tis late, added ſhe, I wou'd have you retire, and not ſhew yourſelf in Publick, till the Count has communicated ſomething to you he wou'd have you know.

RODOLPHO let her know by his Anſwer, that this laſt Order was unneceſſary, and that Solitude had more Charms for him, than either the Court or City. He returned her Thanks for all the Tokens ſhe had given him of her Goodneſs: But at the ſame time teſtified a great Indifference for the Amuſements ſhe offered him; and then took his Leave, that ſhe might go to Bed.

But Repoſe was a Thing ſhe cou'd not reſolve to take, till after ſhe had viſited *Leocadia,* and given her a faithful Account of what had paſſed; finding an extreme Pleaſure in being the firſt that ſhou'd inform her of the Sentiments of *Rodolpho:* The Count, who was there before her, was charm'd at the Recital, and *Leocadia* appeared no leſs ſenſible than ſhe ought. All their Meaſures being taken for the next Day, Don *Fernand* and *Stephania* withdrew to their Chamber, in order that *Leocadia* might enjoy the Sweets of that Reſt, which the Confuſions of her Mind had for a long time denied.

But Joy was now a greater Enemy to Sleep, than Grief had been; this beautiful Lady had ſo much to think upon, ſo much to ſay, that the Night was too ſhort to give Vent to half the Tranſports of her Soul; the Morning found her thus employed, and the faithful *Lucia* had enough to do, to perſuade her to Moderation, that ſhe might be able to ſee *Rodolpho,* and ſupport the different Agitations the Sight of him muſt

of

of neceſſity create. That young Nobleman paſſ:d his Hours in his ordinary melancholy Reflections; and the Count and Counteſs were the only Perſons who enjoyed a perfect Tranquillity. The Return of ſo dear a Son, and the Certainty of his loving her they had deſtined for him, intirely baniſhed all their Inquietudes.

THE Counteſs employed the greateſt part of the Morning in ſeeing *Leocadia* dreſſ:d in the moſt rich and becoming Faſhion that can be imagined; the Seams of her Habit were covered with Pearls and Rubies; her Hair was partly looſe, and flowing with a ſtudied Negligence over her Shoulders; the other was tied up in Puffs, between every one of which were large pendant Diamonds of a prodigious Luſtre, and glittered round her Head like the Stars in *Ariadne*'s Crown. In the Middle, juſt above her Forehead, was placed a Triangle of Jewels in Form of a *Tiara*, which being compoſed of different precious Stones, ſuch as Emeralds, Topazes, Jacinths, Rubies and Saphires, had ſuch a beautiful Variety in their mingled Blaze, as both pleaſed and pained the Eye at once. Her natural Charms thus embelliſhed by all the Ornaments of Art, ſhe appeared the moſt lovely and the moſt dazling Object that ever was beheld. *Stephania* put about her Neck a fine String of Diamonds, to which hung the Croſs of the Order of *Calatrava*; but becauſe this extraordinary Ornament ſhou'd not be ſeen till they ſhou'd find a proper Time, the String which held it was ſo long, that it fell upon her Stomach, and was concealed by a rich Mantle thrown acroſs her Shoulders for that Purpoſe.

THE young Don *Carlos* was alſo magnificently habited, and nothing was wanting to inſpire *Rodolpho* with Admiration both of the Mother and Son; who, far from imagining what was preparing for him, was all this time in the Apartment of the Count. This tender Father, to amuſe him, entertained him with a Thouſand different Adventures that had happened among Perſons of their Acquaintance ſince his Departure; and then beguiled the time till it was conve-

nient to go into *Stephania*'s Apartment, with queſtioning him on what he had ſeen in his Travels.

When they came into that Lady's Apartment, they found her alone with her Women, and the Converſation was but juſt began, when a Servant came into the Room, and ſpoke ſomething in a low Voice to the Counteſs. Let her come in, anſwered ſhe aloud: You know, I am never ſo much engaged, to refuſe Admittance to ſo dear a Friend. My Lord, continued ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to the Count, it is the incomparable *Leocadia*, who is come to dine with us. With theſe Words ſhe roſe from her Chair, and the Door being immediately opened, *Leocadia* appeared more charming by her native Lovelineſs than by the Magnificence of her Habit: She had the young Don *Carlos* in her Hand; and the Counteſs embracing her, How happy am I, ſaid ſhe, my deareſt *Leocadia*, that you are come to participate with us in the Pleaſure of my Son's Return! See, Madam, continued ſhe, preſenting him to her, that *Rodolpho*, of whom you ſo often heard me ſpeak, and whoſe Abſence I have ſo long deplored.

LEOCADIA ſaluted him, without making any Anſwer to the Counteſs; and being ſeated near her, began to entertain her in a half Whiſper. As for *Rodolpho*, all his Senſes ſeemed ſuſpended at this charming Object; he had never imagined, there was any thing ſo perfect in the World, and regarding her with ſo great an Attention, he ſaw nothing elſe about him.

But Don *Fernand* relieved him from this Ecſtaſy, by making him take Notice, that little Don *Carlos* ſtretched his Arms out to him; this Action, which had not been premeditated, a little diſconcerted the Count and Counteſs, and particularly his Mother; but every one conſtraining themſelves as much as poſſible, they turned their Obſervation intirely on *Rodolpho*; who, ſtooping to embrace *Carlos*, had no ſooner caſt his Eyes on him than it was not in his Power to take them off: His Beauty, his graceful Air, and the tender Careſſes he gave him, made him feel ſomething thro' his whole Frame, to which all his Life hitherto he had been

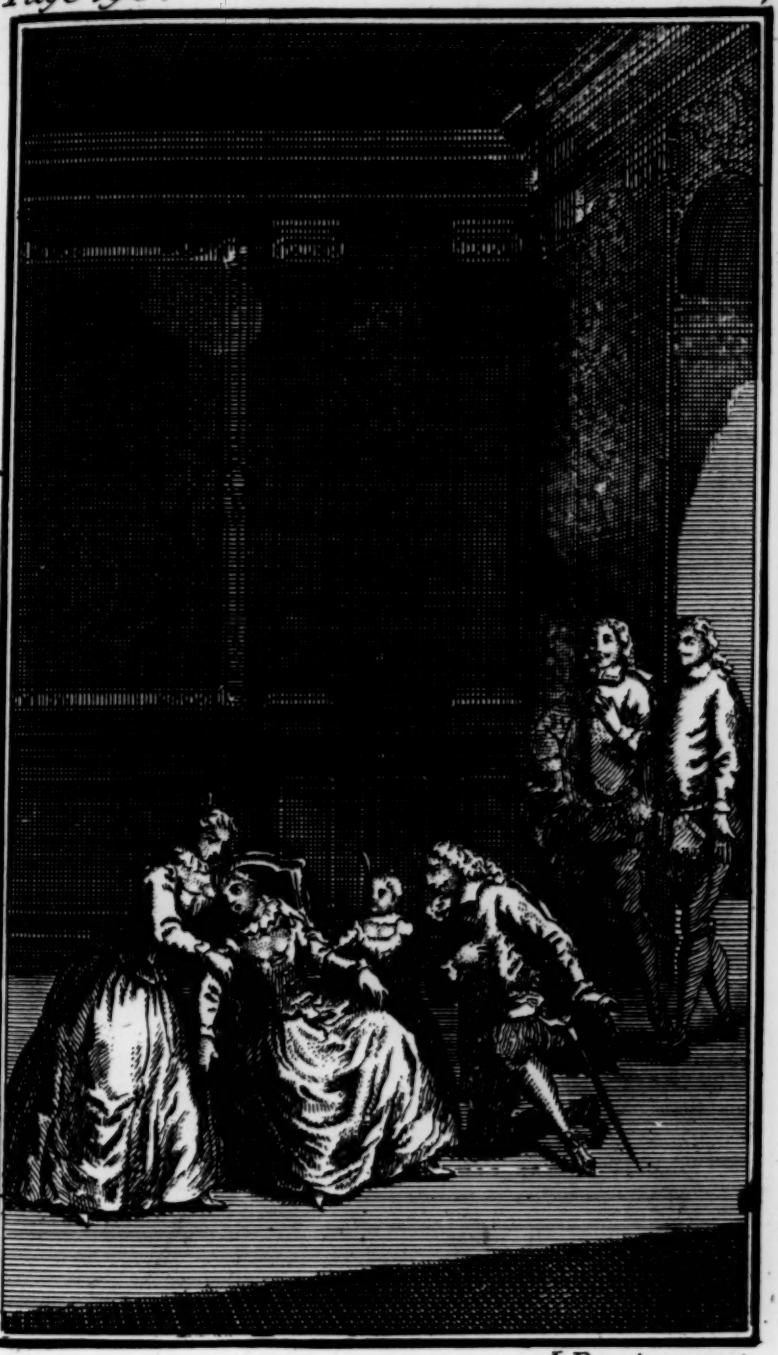
been a Stranger. The Reſemblance he found in him of himſelf, ſtruck him with a mixed Aſtoniſhment and Tenderneſs; and, in ſpite of him, made ſome Tears fall from his Eyes; and not able to reſt in theſe Agitations, Madam, ſaid he, turning to *Stephania*, is this amiable Child of your Blood? ——— I ſee an Air of the Family in him, which ſurprizes me; and my Heart, methinks, tells me I ſhall hear ſtrange Things. I know not, cried Don *Carlos* haſtily, but I wiſh you were the Father that Madam the Counteſs promiſed me.

THESE Words touched *Leocadia* in ſuch a Manner, that her Face was in an Inſtant bathed in Tears. My Lord, ſaid ſhe to *Rodolpho*, forcing herſelf to ſpeak, my Son is ignorant of the Author of his Being, and you muſt pardon his indiſcreet Wiſhes. The Accents of that Voice were too preſent to *Rodolpho* not to be remembered; and if the little he had ſeen of *Leocadia*, and ſeven Years Abſence, had made her Features not abſolutely known to him, her manner of ſpeaking was not in the leaſt forgot. His Confuſion increaſed the more he reflected; and without ſuffering Don *Carlos* to quit his Arms, What Madam, ſaid he, is this your Son, and does he not know his Father? How unhappy muſt be the Man, who is ſeparated from a Wife and Son ſo perfectly charming! This is an Adventure, anſwered ſhe, too melancholy for our Entertainment in a Day of Joy, ſuch as this; and I beg you will excuſe the Tears that ſo cruel a Remembrance forces from me. In ſpeaking this, ſhe let the Mantle fall off her Shoulders, as if by Accident, and diſcovered the Croſs of the Order of *Calatrava*. *Rodolpho*, more aſſured than before, that he was not deceived in the Sound of her Voice, was animated by Emotions the moſt extraordinary that could be; and more carefully examining her whole Form, the Croſs immediately attracted his Eyes, and threw him into ſo prodigious an Aſtoniſhment, that he was wholly unable to diſſemble it. What is it I ſee, cried he? What is it I hear? Then turning his Eyes about, and ſeeing the Count and Counteſs in Tears, and the beautiful

Leocadia with her Head reclined, and almoſt faint; Juſt Heaven! added he, can what I think be poſſible? Ah! continued he, throwing himſelf on his Knees with the utmoſt Agonies of Love, Hope, Fear and Wonder, put an end, I beſeech you, I conjure you, to the Uncertainty I am in —— tell me, if my Deſires deceive me? or, if I am happy enough to ——— It was not in his Power to conclude what he was about to ſay, a Storm of riſing Sighs ſtopp'd the Paſſage of his Words, and were near depriving him alſo of Breath, when Don *Fernand de Ribeiros*, not able to endure ſo moving a Spectacle; Preſumptuous *Rodolpho*, ſaid he to him, with a Voice in which Tenderneſs had a greater Share than Anger, behold the Affront thou art to waſh away—— behold the Honour thou art to repair ——— behold to what thy Glory and ours excite thee, and either die, or acknowledge thy Wife and thy Son. Theſe Words in a Moment diſſipated all the Obſcurity of his own Ideas, and abandoning himſelf wholly to the Exceſs of his Joy; What is it you, ſaid he to *Leocadia*, ardently kiſſing her Hands? Is it you, the divine Object of my moſt violent Paſſion, to whom I owe my Blood and my Life? And is this lovely Child the Son of the Criminal *Rodolpho?*

Then taking Don *Carlos* again between his Arms, and putting him in thoſe of *Leocadia*, he embraced the one and the other with Tranſports ſo vehement, as tho' he wou'd have inſpired his Soul into them at every Preſſure. Yes, my Son, ſaid *Stephania*, Heaven has puniſhed your Crime ſufficiently in your Remorſe; and what has made you wretched, now makes you happy.

During all this Diſcourſe, *Leocadia* was in a Condition very difficult to expreſs, and not having the Power to bring forth one Word, made known only by her Eyes the Emotions of her Soul. *Rodolpho* appeared too amiable for her not to follow with Pleaſure the Inclination ſhe had for him; but when ſhe perceived that Tenderneſs which the Sight of Don *Carlos* had inſpired him with, and the Confuſion the Sound of her Voice had put him in, Love, Joy and Hope threw all her



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her Spirits in ſo great a Hurry, that ſhe had much ado to recover herſelf.

RODOLPHO, who judged the Situation of her Mind by his own, conjured her not to refuſe his Careſſes: My dear *Leocadia*, ſaid he, 'tis no longer an unworthy Raviſher that preſents himſelf before you, 'tis the moſt reſpectful and ſubmiſſive Lover;——'tis a Huſband, who, with all the ardour of an honourable Paſſion, comes to drive that which has offended you far from your Remembrance.——'Tis no longer in the Horrors of Darkneſs he hides his guilty Love, but in the Face of Heaven, and the Preſence of thoſe who gave him Being, that he ſwears to you an inviolable Tenderneſs;—— that he gives you his Faith, and demands yours.

THESE tender Proteſtations having in ſome meaſure reſettled the Calm in *Leocadia*'s Soul; And it is, anſwered ſhe, giving him her Hand, in the Preſence of thoſe you mention, and with the Conſent of him to whom I owe my Birth, that I receive with the extremeſt Joy, the Faith you offer me, and engage mine to you.

THESE Words, and the obliging Look that accompanied them, compleated the Satisfaction of *Rodolpho*; every thing he ſaid, every thing he did, teſtified the moſt perfect Love, the moſt perfect Gratitude; and the Count *de Ribeiros* having ſent for Don *Lewis*, who choſe not to be preſent at the firſt Diſcovery of this Myſtery, that venerable Gentleman appeared, whom *Rodolpho* no ſooner caſt his Eyes upon, than he immediately knew, having had time to conſider him while his Emiſſaries, with their Swords at his Throat, kept him from defending his Daughter. Ah! my Lord, cried he to him, advancing with open Arms, how guilty does your Preſence render me! And how little am I worthy of the Bleſſings Heaven has this Day beſtowed upon me! But, continued he, if to have given the incomparable *Leocadia* my Heart and my Faith, be not a ſufficient Atonement for my Crime, take my Life, my Lord; I will yield it with Pleaſure, ſo by it I may purchaſe your Eſteem. God forbid, replied Don

Lewis, embracing him, that I ſhould ſhed the leaſt Drop of Blood which is become ſo dear to me: Let us talk no more of Guilt, or of Revenge: Don *Fernand* having taken *Leocadia* for his Daughter, I can no longer regard you but with the Eyes of a Father.

It was in this Inſtant, that the Palace of the Count reſounded with a thouſand Acclamations of Joy, and that theſe five illuſtrious Perſons delivered themſelves up wholly to the utmoſt Exceſs of Love and Tenderneſs. The Careſſes *Rodolpho* gave to his Wife and Son, by Turns, at laſt permitting Don *Fernand* to inform him, by what Means *Leocadia* was brought to their Houſe; all the Teſtimonies by which ſhe endeavoured to prove the Truth of her Adventure, were nothing in compariſon of thoſe lively Emotions the Force of Blood excited at the Sight of Don *Carlos*. It was with Wonder and with Reverence *Rodolpho* reflected on the Conduct of Providence in this Affair: But theſe grave Conſiderations giving way to the tender Impatience of his Paſſion, for the full Accompliſhment of his Happineſs, he intreated Don *Fernand de Ribeiros*, and the Father of *Leocadia*, not to attend any Formalities which might retard it. To this they readily conſented; and the ſame Night *Leocadia* and he were united by Bonds, which can never be diſſolved but by Death. Their Paſſion for each other was not more wonderful in the Birth of it, than it was in the continued Progreſs through their whole Lives; their Conſtancy, Fidelity and Tenderneſs rendering celebrated for the preſent, and memorable for the future, the Effects of Love and Natnre.

This is indeed, ſaid *Urania*, the moſt ſingular and the moſt touching Hiſtory I ever heard; and I believe it no otherwiſe poſſible to prove to the beautiful *Areliſe*, how greatly we have been moved with it, than by the Tears ſhe has ſeen us ſhed. I proteſt to you, added *Thelamont*, that I found it impoſſible to reſtrain mine, and I have been, as it were, divided between my Concern for the Facts related, and my Admiration of the Manner of relating them.

ABOVE all, interrupted *Orophanes* ſmiling, methinks the Lady has diſcovered an Infinity of Delicacy, in making us know the Crime of *Rodolpho*, without doing it in any Terms which exceed the Bounds of the moſt ſtrict Decorum.

IN fine, cried *Felicia*, to hinder *Orophanes* from ſaying any more on that Head, ſhe knows how to touch, and intereſt our Paſſions, without wounding our Modeſty; and I think *Camilla* had reaſon to deſire ſhe might ſpeak a long Time, ſince it is in her Power to acquit herſelf ſo well of the Task.

ALL the Company, in their Turns, expreſſed the Pleaſure ſhe had given them; and this amiable Lady was obliged, in ſpite of her Efforts, to hear thoſe Praiſes which were due to her Wit, and the Graces which accompanied every thing ſhe ſaid: But reſolving, if poſſible, to turn the Converſation another Way, You do not remember, interrupted ſhe with a gay Air, that *Alcippe* and *Liſimond* came not here to liſten to Eulogiums on me, and that *Urania* and *Thelamont* ought to be the ſole Objects of their Attention.

WE wou'd be thoſe of their Eſteem and Friendſhip, ſaid *Urania*, and we cannot more deſerve it, than by the Juſtice we do you: However, ſince your Modeſty ſilences our Inclinations, we muſt agree to what you deſire.

AS our Company is now pretty extenſive, cried *Celemena*, methinks it wou'd not be amiſs for us to divide; and that to leave *Florinda* in more Tranquillity, one Part enjoyed the Remainder of this fine Day in the beautiful Gardens of this Houſe, and the other remained here. I perceive, anſwered *Florinda*, that you are impatient to make *Alcippe* and *Liſimond* Witneſſes of all the Charms this Dwelling abounds with; which, I aſſure you, I am ſo far from oppoſing, that I was this Moment going to mention the ſame Thing; but it is on this Condition, that thoſe who quit me, ſhall hold no other than general Converſation in this little Abſence, and ſhall reſerve every thing that I am a Stranger to, till their Return. I promiſe you that, ſaid *Urania*, riſing to accompany *Celemena*, and that if we

are inſpired with any agreeable Thoughts, you ſhall be the Miſtreſs of them when we come back. At theſe Words *Thelamont*, followed by *Orophanes*, *Arſamnes* and *Alphonſo*, with *Urania*, *Felicia*, *Camilla* and *Celemena*, conducted *Alcippe* and *Liſimond* into the Gardens: *Areliſe*, *Silviana*, *Julia*, *Hortenſia*, *Eraſmus* and *Melantus*, ſtaid with *Florinda*, tho' that beautiful Lady wou'd fain have perſuaded them to have participated of the Pleaſure of the Walk.

THE Lovers of *Silviana* and *Areliſe* were charmed with *Urania*'s Retreat; that obliging Lady having ſhewed them the Gardens, the Wilderneſs, and great Number of fine Grots and Caſcades, carried them thro' all the Apartments; but when they entered the Library, and ſaw the great Choice of learned and elegant Books, *Alcippe* cou'd not retain his Acclamations, and intreated *Urania* and *Thelamont* to permit him and *Areliſe* the Happineſs of repairing often thither, to the end they might inſtruct themſelves in what they were ignorant of, and call to memory that which they had already been acquainted with.

THIS modeſt Demand was not unanſwered by the Owners of the Place, who knowing perfectly well how to do Juſtice to Merit, teſtified to *Alcippe*, in the moſt obliging Terms, the Pleaſure his Requeſt had given them: But not willing either he or *Liſimond* ſhould be too long deprived of the Sight of *Areliſe* and *Silviana*, they reconducted them to the Apartment of *Florinda*, where they found by the Twilight, which now took place of the Sun's Beams, they had ſomewhat abuſed the Permiſſion ſhe had given them.

EVERY one being ſeated as before: We are inchanted, ſaid *Liſimond*, with all that we have ſeen; and if it wou'd not be accounted an extravagant Wiſh, I wou'd pray for nothing with more Fervency, than that this delightful Dwelling might remain to the End of Time, to ſerve as a perpetual Monument to the Glory of *Urania* and *Thelamont*.

NOTHING can be more obliging than what you ſay, replied *Thelamont*; but we muſt not flatter ourſelves with a Fate different from others, nor that this Houſe will be

be reſpected by Time, above the magnificent Cities, which once gave Laws to the greateſt Part of the Earth, and have now not the leaſt Foot-ſteps remaining.

THAT Reflection gives me no little Pain, ſaid *Julia*; I want, methinks, to ſee in reality ſome Marks of thoſe Places, of which Hiſtory gives us ſo glorious an Idea.

YOU then wou'd have been extremely charmed, reſumed *Thelamont*, to be preſent at a Diſcovery made ſome Years ago, in the Land of a Gentleman of *Cotantin* near *Valone*, a Diſcovery which has occaſioned many fine Diſputes among learned Men, without any of them being able to make the Thing perfectly plain. The Fact is this:

COTANTIN is a Length of Earth that extends itſelf to the Sea, in the Province of *Normandy*: In this Country there are ſeveral little Towns, Boroughs and Villages well peopled, and the Land carefully cultivated, produces in great abundance all Things neceſſary for the Subſiſtance of the Inhabitants. A Gentleman of *Valone* was ſo extremely pleaſed with the Situation of the Place, that he employed Workmen to build a Caſtle there: As they were digging pretty deep, in order to lay the Foundation, they found ſomething that reſiſted, and turned the Edges of their Spades; and after having ſcraped away the Earth, diſcovered a ſolid and regular Building, many Foot under Ground. The Gentleman being informed of it, commanded no Damage ſhou'd be done to the Building, and that they ſhould purſue their Work in digging gradually along the Sides of it, let the Extent be never ſo great. With an infinite deal of Labour and Expence, they at laſt diſcovered a Theatre, ſpacious enough to contain five or ſix thouſand Perſons to be placed commodiouſly. Every body was extremely ſurprized at this Novelty; the Governor, and the Intendant of the Province, came immediately to look upon it, and the Court no ſooner heard of it, than Orders were ſent to the Troops, and to the Peaſants of the Place, to work Night and Day, and lay the Earth all open round about;

imagining. that as there was a Theatre, there were alſo other Buildings no leſs worthy of the Search.

THIS Conjecture proved not fabulous; ſeveral very large and magnificent Baths were diſcovered, a Fort, or kind of Citadel, the Walls of which were ſix Foot thick, in ſome Places twelve Foot high, and in others eighteen or twenty; many Porches and Gates half ruined; and in fine, moſt certain Marks that this had been a very great and beautiful City. Theſe conſiderable Remains of Antiquity made ſome imagine, that this was the ancient City of *Alorée*, of which *Ceſar* ſpeaks in his Commentaries, the Capital of the People who were called *Venelly*, or *Unelly*, the Name of *Valone* ſo nearly reſembling that of *Alorée*; but there were no certain Proofs of it, neither does any Hiſtory inform us how that great City came to be deſtroyed, any more than by what Accident, or in what Time this of *Cotantin* was ſwallowed up. On ſeveral of the Edifices, there were Inſcriptions in the *Celtic* Language, but ſo defaced by Time, that it was impoſſible to find out in what Year they were erected, or under whoſe Government.

THIS Diſcovery is extremely curious, ſaid *Arſamnes*, and well deſerves the Notice of ſpeculative Perſons; as wou'd alſo the Revival of many other great Cities; ſuch as the ancient *Perſepolis*, *Babylon*, *Troy*, *Sparta*, *Athens*, and the famous *Carthage*, of whoſe Situation we know no more than by Conjecture, nor of divers others which have been deſtroyed, either by War, Fire, or the ſhaking of the Earth.

I SHOU'D think it a little unjuſt, added *Eraſmus*, if the Work of Man ſhou'd laſt for ever, when Man himſelf does not. They live in the Memory of others, replied *Julia*, and may be ſaid never to die, ſince Hiſtory and Tradition tranſmit their Names and Actions from Generation to Generation.

WHAT *Julia* ſays, interrupted *Urania*, is beyond all Contradiction; and methinks it is a great Conſolation, as well as an Excitement to Virtue, that thoſe who by their worthy Deeds merit an everlaſting Remembrance, are certain of being perpetuated in Hiſtory.

We have proved it ſo by our Quotations, ſaid *Orophanes*; and I read Yeſterday a little Paſſage, which deſerves to be ranked among the moſt noble of thoſe we have recited. Monſieur *de Villeroy*, Miniſter and Secretary of State, who died at *Roan* in his 77th Year, on the 12th of *December* 1627, was the Favourite of four of our Kings, whoſe greateſt Affairs, for the Spach of 53 Years, went intirely thro' his Hands, and were conducted by him in ſuch a Manner, as drew from the Mouth of *Henry* the Great theſe memorable Words; "The whole Buſineſs of the Kingdom, ſaid he, is that "of Monſieur *de Villeroy*; he is indefatigable, he labours inceſſantly, and never does any thing but well." And again, when this illuſtrious Miniſter fell ſick, and *Henry* feared he was paſt Recovery; "I know not, ſaid "he, which of the two Lives is moſt neceſſary to the "Good of the State, that of mine, or that of Monſieur "*de Villeroy*; whenever he dies there can be no Reparation for his Loſs, becauſe his Knowledge is infinitely "beyond what is to be found in all our Books."

These are Praiſes, continued *Orophanes*, which render the Giver and Receiver equally immortal: A Miniſter ſuch as *Villeroy*, merited ſuch a Maſter as *Henry* to commend his Abilities; and a Monarch ſuch as *Henry*, deſerved ſuch a Miniſter no leſs faithful and zealous than *Villeroy*.

It is true, ſaid *Eraſmus*, when Princes neither will command, nor be pleaſed with any thing but worthy Actions, they will always find good Counſellors; the Monarch's Example is the Bias of the Miniſter, as that of the Miniſter is the Rule by which the inferior Courtiers and Officers are ſwayed. Hiſtory, therefore, cannot too often repeat the Praiſes due to Men juſtly qualified for great Employments; it fires the Succeſſor with a generous Emulation to deſerve the ſame, and puts to ſhame any Emotions which might lead him to Actions that would derogate from his Glory.

It muſt be confeſſed, added *Celemena*, that Praiſe is part of the Wages of Virtue, and a Prince can make his Juſtice appear no better a Way, than by a punctual Payment of this Debt. But thoſe Favourites who ſerve

not only thro' a Principle of Duty, but are alſo attached by a particular Friendſhip and Tenderneſs to their Royal Maſters, methinks, can never be too much extolled: The little Hiſtory you recounted Yeſterday of *Zopirus* and the King of *Perſia*, touched me in the moſt ſenſible manner; and tho' the Severity of that General's Deſtiny preſented him with an Occaſion of the moſt dreadful that can be imagined, of manifeſting his Zeal; yet there is ſomething ſo pleaſingly aſtoniſhing in the Adventure, as intirely takes off all the Horror of it.

WHEREVER Affection is joined to Duty, replied *Thelamont*, a Subject is capable of undertaking any thing for his Sovereign: This is a Rule which holds good in all Times, and among all Nations. I know another Example, which in its kind merits no leſs to be remembered with everlaſting Praiſe, than that of *Zopirus*.

KAMHI, the preſent Emperor of *China*, having been told, that Wine, when drank to Exceſs, deprived People of their Reaſon, had a Mind to make an Experiment of the Effects of this Liquor on himſelf: And in this Reſolution, made choice of a *Mandarin*, for whom he had a very great Friendſhip, to be Partaker with him in this Debauchery; and having commanded the braveſt *European* Wines ſhou'd be brought into his Chamber, he had large Veſſels filled out, and bid his Favourite drink with him. The *Mandarin*, who knew not what Effect it might produce both on the Emperor and himſelf, repreſented to him, in the moſt reſpectful Terms, the Hazard both his Glory and Health muſt undergo in making this Proof. But the Emperor continued obſtinate in his Deſign, and the other had no Remedy but Obedience: They drank; the Favourite preſerved his Senſes, but the Emperor became ſo intoxicated, that he fell into a profound Sleep, from which nothing cou'd awake him for many Hours.

THEN the *Mandarin* perceiving that the Emperor had taken an extreme Pleaſure in the Taſte of the Wine, and that it had not produced in him any ill Quality, ceaſed to diſſuade him from any farther uſe of it; and this gave Occaſion

Occaſion to many and dangerous Debauches, in which he was always a Party. But more ſerious Reflections afterwards taking place, hé began again to remonſtrate the Danger of this pernicious Liquor, and as he was very learned, repeated many Inſtances of the Miſchiefs occaſioned by it. But the Emperor was deaf to all he alledged, and wou'd not be prevailed upon to go one Night to Bed, without having his Fill of the beloved Juice.

THE *Mandarin* beheld it with an extreme Grief, and finding all his Efforts for the reclaiming his Royal Maſter, were in vain, had Recourſe to a Stratagem, for the Prevention of what his Love for *Kambi* made him fear, wou'd one Day prove a very great Misfortune.

HE went into the Chamber of the Eunuchs, and having told them, that the Emperor was intirely overcome with the Strength of the Wine he had drank, made them a long Detail of the many dreadful Conſequences which had attended this Vice, and then repreſented how much more dangerous it was in a Prince, who had the Life and Death of Thouſands in his Power, than in a private Man, whoſe Miſchiefs cou'd extend but to a narrow Compaſs: He brought, among others, the Example of that famous Conqueror *Alexander*, of whom their Annals make mention, who in his Wine committed the moſt barbarous Actions, ſet on fire the great City of *Perſepolis*, condemned many innocent Perſons to Death, and ſlew his beſt Friend with his own Hand. He painted all theſe Diſorders in ſuch lively Colours, that none heard him without trembling; and when he had brought them to the Point he deſired, Judge, continued he, if we have not every thing to fear from our Emperor, whoſe Temper being naturally violent, when inflamed with Wine, may be tranſported to the moſt dreadful Acts, from which not thoſe he favours moſt, will be, perhaps, exempted: To prevent therefore, added he, any of theſe terrible Accidents, I beg you would load me with the heavieſt Chains can be procured, and put me in Priſon, as under Sentence of Death by the Command of his Majeſty; this done, leave me to manage the reſt, which I doubt not ſo

to do, as ſhall cure the Emperor for ever of this dangerous Habitude.

THE Eunuchs, truly alarmed at the Picture which the *Mandarin* had given them of the Miſchiefs might happen thro' the Drunkenneſs of *Kambi*, performed what he deſired with all Exactneſs. He was in the Priſon of the Palace when the Emperor awoke, who finding himſelf alone, called for the chief of the Eunuchs, and demanding of him where the *Mandarin* was gone; Alas! replied he, with all the Marks of the extremeſt Sadneſs in his Countenance, he remains in the Priſon to which your Majeſty has doom'd him, till the Sentence of his Death ſhall be executed.

THE Emperor was in a ſtrange Conſternation at this Diſcourſe: Ha! Priſon! cried he; What Priſon! —— What Death! ——— Then retreating, as it were within himſelf, for ſome Moments, he endeavoured to call back ſome Remembrance of this Adventure; but not being able to comprehend any thing of it, he ordered the *Mandarin* ſhou'd be brought before him. He came and proſtrated himſelf at his Feet as a Criminal, who expects every Inſtant the Concluſion of his Fate. Who has put thee into this State? ſaid the Emperor: And wherefore are theſe Chains upon thy Legs and Arms?

I AM wholly ignorant of the Cauſe, replied he, with a well diſſembled Terror; I know only that your Majeſty has commanded it, and I attended my Death when they took me out of Priſon, and brought me once more to behold the Light of the Sun, and the Eyes of my more adored Emperor. *Kambi* was now more aſtoniſhed than before; he again endeavoured to recollect himſelf, but not the leaſt Notion occurring, either of the *Mandarin*'s Fault, or the Puniſhment he had inflicted on him, he no longer doubted but that the Fumes of the Wine had obliterated every thing that had paſſed; and the Horror of having been capable of treating in that Manner, and without Cauſe, a Man ſo dear to him, threw him into the utmoſt Confuſion. He made his Chains be immediately taken off, and having embraced him, ſent him from his Preſence; but tho' the

Dignity

Dignity of his Majeſty wou'd not permit him to acknowledge what he believed was the Truth of this Affair, yet he reſolved to be guilty of the like Violence no more; and ever ſince, has avoided all Exceſs with the utmoſt Care.

THIS Moderation is intirely owing to the Zeal of the *Mandarin*, who run the Hazard of his Life, if his Stratagem had been diſcovered; the Pride and Paſſion of the Emperor being ſuch, as wou'd never have ſuffered him to have forgiven an Impoſition of this kind. I know not, therefore, if this Action may not be put pretty near upon a Parallel with that of *Zopirus*; the one riſquing as much as the other, and being inſpired with the ſame Zeal, tho' on a different Motive, and in a different Situation.

THIS Paſſage pleaſes me infinitely, ſaid *Camilla*, becauſe it confirms the good Opinion I am inclined to have of the *Chineſe:* That Nation ſeems to have a peculiar Delicacy in all they think, and in all they undertake.

I AM perſuaded, interrupted *Felicia*, that the *Chineſe* merit this Prepoſſeſſion; but it muſt be confeſſed, that the farther off we are from any thing, either in Time or Place, the more we are liable to admire: As we know them no other ways than by the Recitals given of them, thoſe Recitals fill us with Ideas of them, which, perhaps, we ſhou'd intirely loſe, on a nearer Acquaintance with them. The Belief we give to Hiſtory, imprints in our Minds ſuch amiable and puiſſant Images of the great Men of Antiquity, that if any one ſhou'd adviſe us to moderate our Admiration of the *Roman* Grandeur, or the Heroes of *Greece*, I really imagine we cou'd not avoid treating them in the ſame manner, as if they attempted to derogate from our own Glory.

NOTHING is more certrin, added *Hortenſia*, and we may eaſily prove it to ourſelves, by this Remark; That if we find an Author gives a ſimple or ordinary Character of thoſe Perſons we have a high Idea of, we cannot read it with Patience; and tho' the Poem has a thouſand Graces in it, we look over it without Pleaſure

ſure, if we do not find it ſpeaks of an *Alexander*, a *Ceſar*, an *Auguſtus*, a *Lewis* XIV. a *Charles* of *Sweden*, or any other ſuch great and wonderful Men, according to the Opinion we have imbibed of them.

I FIND this Obſervation very juſt, ſaid *Silviana*, with the moſt agreeable Smile; and I aſſure you, I ſhou'd have a kind of Deteſtation to a Painter, who ſhou'd repreſent the magnificent Cities of Antiquity as ſo many little Villages, or ſhou'd diminiſh the leaſt Thing of that famous *Carthage*, of which we ſpoke awhile ago, and of which I have erected in my Mind the moſt noble and beautiful Idea.

ALL the Company fell a laughing at the manner in which *Silviana* defended this Argument; after which, replied *Thelamont*, If the Painter, ſaid he, ſhou'd preſent you with *Carthage* as it was in its Beginning, he wou'd not be guilty of a Crime in not ſhewing it with that Magnificence it afterwards acquired. This City was originally founded by *Dido*, the Widow of *Sicheius*, and called *Birſa*; but when it augmented in Riches and Power, the Name was changed to that of *Carthage*. *Dennis* of *Halicarnaſſus* has remarked, that it was built 38 Years before the firſt *Olympiad*, 70 Years before the Foundation of *Rome*, and 370 Years after the Deſtruction of *Troy*.

I AM always diſcovering my Ignorance, interrupted *Camilla*; but ſince it is with a Deſire of being inſtructed, I am not in the leaſt aſhamed of it, nor fear the Cenſure of this learned Society, when I ask what was the Origin of the *Olympiads*, and how many Years do they include.

IT is eaſy to ſatisfy you in that Particular, my dear *Camilla*, replied *Alphonſo*: *Olympia* was a City of *Peloponneſus*, in which they celebrated every five Years certain Games and Combats, where, for them moſt part, the *Greeks* carried away the Prize. Theſe Games were called *Olympic*, after the Name of the City, and under the Reign of *Joathas*, Son of *Ozias* King of *Judea*. *Yphites*, ſovereign Maſter of the City of *Elee*, inſtituted the firſt *Olympiad*, as a certain Epoch for the Calculation of Time, the *Olympic* Games being celebrated every

five

five Years, they cou'd not be deceived, who reckoned from 5 to 10, and ſo on. This ſame *Yphites* alſo made a Decree, by which it was ordained, the *Greeks* ſhou'd meaſure their Time no other Way; and it was then, that they put a new Face on their Political Affairs, and began to write their Hiſtory; all that was recited before the firſt *Olympiad* being fabulous, or at leaſt too obſcure to be depended upon.

THE *Romans*, added *Thelamont*, who have been exact Imitators of the *Greeks* in every thing they found excellent or particular in their Laws and Cuſtoms, inſtituting the *Luſtrum*, which was the ſame Term of Time that the *Olympiads* were, 130 Years after the Death of *Lycurgus* the Legiſlator, *Theopompus*, King of *Lacedemonia*, created five Officers, called *Ephores*, to whom he gave part of the ſovereign Power; and in Imitation of this, the *Romans* created their Tribunes, and gave them the like Authority.

I CANNOT without Aſtoniſhment, ſaid *Celemena*, remember the Ruin of that famous Republic, ſo well eſtabliſhed, ſo wiſely governed, and ſo full of the greateſt Men.

IT is true, replied *Thelamont*, that nothing can be more ſurprizing than the Accidents which brought on that Deſtruction. However, when one examines every Thing with Care, one ſhall find it was impoſſible it ſhou'd be otherwiſe; Ambition, Envy, and Jealouſy, having corrupted the Minds of thoſe, by whom alone it cou'd be ſupported. *Mithridates*, King of *Pontus*, having gained many Battles over *Ariobarzanes*, King of *Cappadocia*, and *Nicomedes*, King of *Bithynia*, both of whom were Friends and Allies of the *Romans*; and having driven them from their Kingdoms, theſe generous People declared War againſt the Conqueror, and gave the Command of the Legions to *Lucius Sylla*.

CAIUS MARIUS, one of the moſt experienced Chiefs, and who had been already ſix times Conſul, and as often triumphed for the Succeſs of his Arms, jealous of the Preference which the Senate and the People had given to *Sylla*, who had been Lieutenant under him, formed a very powerful Party, by the Aſſiſtance of *Sulpitius*,

Sulpitius, one of the Tribunes. *Sylla* perceiving their Intent was to deprive him, if poſſible, of his new Honour, aſſembled all his Friends in Oppoſition to thoſe of *Marius*; and the Number of the latter was ſo ſuperior to the other, that they were intirely put to Silence; and *Marius* being baniſhed *Rome*, took Refuge in *Africa*.

SYLLA, having thus overcome his Enemy at Home, went into *Aſia* with a very formidable Army, where he fought *Mithridates*, obtained a compleat Victory, and ſubjugated all *Cappadocia* and *Bithynia* to the *Roman* Power. But while he was thus employed for that Glory of his Country, new Debates were raiſed in *Rome*; the Conſul *Lucius Cinna* was the Friend of *Marius*, and managed the People in ſuch a manner, that they conſented to the recalling him from Baniſhment: He returned, and entered *Rome* at the Head of an Army: He cut off the Head of *Eneus Octavius*, and of *Marcus Antonius*, the Orator, and many others of *Sylla*'s Party, and the ſeventh Time enjoyed the Conſulſhip. *Sylla* was no ſooner informed of this ſtrange Revolution, than he left *Aſia*, and arrived in *Italy* with his victorious Army; which, fluſhed with their late Conqueſt, and almoſt adoring their General, encountered the Troops of *Marius*, defeated them, and entered *Rome*, which was half depopulated with theſe civil Broils: Nor did this magnificent City alone feel the Effects of the Jealouſy of her ambitious Rulers, all *Italy* ſuffered in ſome meaſure, and Deſolation triumphed in many of thoſe pompous Palaces, where Joy and Grandeur had ſo lately reigned.

After the firſt Fury of the War was over, and *Sylla* re-eſtabliſhed, they began to examine into the Depth of *Marius*'s Conſpiracy, and all that were defeated, or even under ſtrong Suſpicions of being of his Faction, were obliged to ſubmit to either Death or Baniſhment: *Marius* himſelf periſhed miſerably; there were no leſs than two thouſand Senators and *Roman* Knights exterminated, and an infinite Number of Citizens proſcribed.

In fine, *Sylla* was made Dictator, tho' that Dignity had been extinct for the Space of one hundred Years, and

and never appeared in public without twenty-four Mace-bearers to march before him. Then it was, that the whole Earth trembled at his Power; nothing any longer dared to oppoſe itſelf to his Will: And every thing being in a profound Calm, he ſet himſelf to the reforming of the old Laws, and made ſeveral good ones, for the uſe of the public. He was grateful to Exceſs, to all who had eſpouſed his Quarrel; he gave the Surname of *Great* to *Cneius Pompeius*, the Son of *Strabo*, in recompence for the Loſſes thoſe of his Family had ſuſtained in ſupporting his Intereſts. The greateſt Part of the *Patricians*, who were of his Faction, had the moſt conſiderable Employments and Poſts in the Republic given them, where, generally ſpeaking, they behaved like Tyrants, robbing the Provinces they were ſet over, and appropriating the Spoils to their own Uſe, and in every thing acting above all Laws but that of their own Will; and all this with Impunity, the Dictator having his own Reaſons to liſten to no Complaint againſt them. Neither was the Poſſeſſion of immenſe Treaſures, the Plunder of half a ruined World, ſufficient to content theſe haughty Lords; the abſolute Sway they had over the common People, without any Power above them, to whom they ſhou'd give Account of their Actions, made them commit all manner of Injuſtices. *Sylla* was not ignorant of theſe Diſorders, and feared, with reaſon, that if ſome Care was not taken to prevent the Continuance of them, it muſt turn to the utter Ruin of the Republic: He, therefore, ſpoke both in public and private to the Authors; but perceiving they little regarded his Admonitions, and not daring to make uſe of any Violence to chaſtiſe their Exceſſes, he choſe to reſign the Dictatorſhip, and paſs the reſt of his Days as a private Man.

The Populace, who know the Actions of thoſe above them but ſuperficially, look'd on this Reſignation of *Sylla*'s as the greateſt and moſt extraordinary Act of Moderation that ever had been known; when, in reality, it was occaſioned only by his Fear, that the Diſorders which his Creatures committed every Day, without any Puniſhment being given them, wou'd at laſt raiſe up the

the Spirit of the People againſt him, and compel him to lay down an Authority which he owed to them, and held but by their Suffrage.

THUS this Man of Blood, who had ſacrificed ſo many Lives, to acquire his Power, permitted ſo much Cruelty and Injuſtice for the Support of it, and had been the greateſt Part of his Life in War and Tumult, died in Peace, in the Middle of his own Lands, and regretted by the People of *Rome*, who celebrated his Funeral with all imaginable Pomp; every one contributing to the Honours paid him; and the Number who aſſiſted at laying him in the Earth, was incredible.

THE Remains of *Marius*'s Faction, who had eſcaped the Cruelty of *Sylla*, and retired to *Spain*, in the Army of *Sertorius*, continued the Civil War till the Death of that General, who fell by the Hands of his own People, by the Conſpiracy of *Perpenna*; but ſome Time after, this Traitor periſhed himſelf, and all *Spain* ſubmitted to the *Romans*. But the Troubles of this Republic were not yet at an End, and ſoon after, ſome of the greateſt Families ſerved in the Troops of the Gladiator *Spartacus*, who involved all *Italy* in Confuſion, and was at laſt deſtroyed by the Courage of *Marcus Craſſus*.

PUBLIUS SERVILIUS made War againſt the Pirates of *Sileſia*, took the Fortreſs of *Iſauria*, which was their principal Retreat; and, in fine, ſubjugated both *Sileſia* and *Iſauria*, and obliged them to entreat Peace: But on occaſion of a new Revolt, the great *Pompey* was ſent with a powerful Sea Force, who attacked them ſo vigorouſly, that in forty Days they were all deſtroyed.

THE *Romans* began now to be again incommoded by their ancient Enemy *Mithridates*, who being a little recovered from thoſe Loſſes he had ſuſtained by the Arms of *Sylla*, entered into *Cappadocia* and *Bithynia*, at the Head of a very formidable Army. *Lucius Lucullus* was ſent againſt him. They fought ſeveral Battles, in all which *Mithridates* had the worſt; and the laſt deciſive one obliged him to fly for the Safety of his Perſon, among the Mountains of *Pontus*. His Country was plundered.

dered, and the *Romans* returned loaded with immenſe Riches.

QUINTUS METELLUS having attacked the *Cretans*, after ſeveral Combats gained the Victory; all their Cities and Towns were pillaged, or ſacked, and the whole Country converted to a *Roman* Province.

MITHRIDATES now entered a third time into *Italy*, with greater Forces than ever: *Pompey* marched againſt him with all the Flower of the *Roman* Cavalry, and gained over him Victories on Victories; he conquered all *Phœnicia*, converted the whole Kingdom of *Pontus* into a Province of *Rome*; and then paſſed into *Judea*, where, in return of ſome Affronts given by *Ariſtobulus*, King of the *Jews*, he attacked and took *Jeruſalem* by Force, made the Walls be beaten down, and opened the Way to the moſt ſacred Receſſes of the Temple, into which he went, but followed only by a few Perſons, the Chiefs of his Army, and obliged the High Prieſt to explain to him the Faith of the *Jews:* But joining Piety to his Valour, he ſuffered no Prophanation to be done to that holy Place, nor any of the conſecrated Veſſels to be taken out of it; contenting himſelf with rendering *Judea* Tributary, and to carry *Ariſtobulus* a Captive to *Rome*, in order to grace his Triumph.

THE Spoils of theſe great Provinces conſiſted of vaſt Treaſures; all which were carried to *Rome*, where Things now began to take a new and better Face than they had worn of a long Time: But it laſted but a ſmall Space of Time; that Spirit of Diſſenſion, which before had been ſo fatal to them, now revived again: Ambitious Projects and factious Cabals were carried on among the Great Ones; the Increaſe of their Wealth ſerved only to afford them ſtronger Means of Oppoſition. The Luxury of *Aſia* had alſo contributed to corrupt their Morals; and tho' every one was jealous of his Neighbour's Glory, few there were that took any Care to preſerve their own; and the *Roman* Name, once ſo famous for Wiſdom, Moderation and Virtue, was now defiled with the moſt criminal and ungovernable Paſſions;

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the Treaſures of the conquered Nations ſeemed given them for a Curſe rather than a Bleſſing; and had they been leſs victorious, they had doubtleſs been more *happy*, becauſe more *good*.

It was their private Debaucheries, their own Pride, and Envy of each other, that gave Riſe to the Conſpiracy of *Lucius Catiline* the Senator: This great Man having the Art to draw into his Party, the Pretor *Lentulus Cethegus*, with ſeveral other Senators, and ſome of the Prime of the Nobility, the Fall of *Rome* ſeemed the more certain, as the Plot had been a long Time contrived by thoſe who had, as one may ſay, the very Heart of the Republic in their Hands. But the Penetration and Vigilance of *Marcus Tullius Cicero* diſcovered it, and made the Pretor *Lentulus Cethegus*, and the other principal Conſpirators, be ſeized; who were no ſooner examined, than they confeſſed the whole Ground-work of the Deſign, and how it was intended to be carried on; theſe had a Puniſhment ſuitable to their Crime. But *Cicero* perceiving, by the Liſt they gave him of the Names of their Accomplices, that ſome of the greateſt and moſt powerful Families in *Rome* were engaged in it, judged it improper to puſh the Affair any farther; and having injoined Silence to all that were acquainted with it, ſent the Conſul *Antonius* againſt *Catiline*, who had eſcaped into *Tuſcany*, and had there raiſed Forces, with which he threatned *Rome*. *Antonius* gave him Battle, and *Catiline* was vanquiſhed, killed, and his Army intirely defeated.

It was on this Occaſion, that *Cato*, Tribune of the People, honoured *Cicero* with the glorious Title of Father of his Country. This memorable Epoch was in the Year 690 from the Foundation of *Rome*. The Friends of the Conſpirators had ſo great a Hatred for *Cicero*, that three Years after, *Publius Claudius*, one of the Tribunes, cauſed him to be baniſhed; and tho' he was recalled by the People in about ſix Months, with all the Honours they cou'd poſſibly pay him, yet he was not leſs the Object of Deteſtation, by ſome very great Men, who were at that Time forming new Plots for the Deſtruction of the Republic.

JULIUS

JULIUS CESAR having married his Daughter *Julia* to the great *Pompey*, there was the moſt ſtrict Amity between theſe two Heroes, that cou'd poſſibly be formed, and indeed enough to become the Grave of Republican Liberty; for *Ceſar* being alſo allied to *Marcus Craſſus*, ſurnamed the *Rich*, brought him alſo into a League with *Pompey*; and theſe three contrived ſuch Meaſures, as put into their Diſpoſal all the Affairs of the State. In effect, they ſhared the whole Empire among them; *Ceſar* for five Years together, had the Government of the two *Gauls*, the *Ciſalpine*, and the *Narbonneſe*; that of *Spain* was the Portion of *Pompey* for the ſame Time; and *Craſſus* had the Commiſſion of the War againſt the *Parthians*.

CESAR did ſuch great Things in *Gaul*, that they ſubmitted intirely to him, and deſtroyed the Army of *Arioviſtus*, to whom they had given the Name of the *Scourge:* As for *Craſſus*, who was much leſs moderate and pious than *Pompey*, he ſacked *Jeruſalem*, damaged the Temple, and carried away all the holy Veſſels; but this Sacrilege went not unpuniſhed, he loſt the next Battle he fought with the *Parthians*, his Son was killed, and himſelf periſhed by the Infidelity of that barbarous People. In regard to *Pompey*, he was elected Conſul, without any Colleague, a Thing which never happened before; with this Dignity, they conferred that of Dictator. The Government of *Ceſar* was prolonged for five Years more, in which Time he pacified the *Gauls*, ſubjugated the *Germans*, the *Swedes*, and the *Engliſh*. In this manner, always attended with Victory and Glory, did theſe two great Men rule the Empire, while a good Intelligence continued between themſelves.

But the Death of *Julia*, Daughter of *Ceſar*, and Wife to *Pompey*, broke in ſunder the Bonds of this beneficial Amity; and the Object ſo dear to both, by all the Principles of Love and Nature, being removed, Ambition, Envy, and Jealouſy ſucceeded: Both being deſirous of Command, and neither willing to recede, Animoſities and private Grudgings, made way for thoſe future

future Violences which hereafter broke forth ſo fatally for the Common-weal. *Pompey* having perſuaded the *Roman* People, that the Power of *Ceſar* was prejudicial to the Republic, he procured by his Contrivances a Decree, by which *Ceſar* was commanded to disband his Army within a time prefixed. To this *Ceſar* refuſed Obedience, and the Conſuls, by virtue of that Decree, raiſed Forces in order to oblige him to it.

CESAR perceiving what they were about, quitted the *Gauls*, and marched into *Italy*, where he did much Miſchief to the Provinces; all thoſe Perſons whom they ſuſpected to be of his Party, were conſtrained to leave their Dwellings, and go to join *Pompey*: But *Ceſar*, being informed that the Hearts of the greateſt Number were on his Side, marched directly to *Rome*, where he entered in a triumphant Manner, without any Oppoſition, cauſed himſelf to be proclaimed Dictator, converted the public Treaſures to his own Uſe, compelled *Pompey*, by the Force of his Arms, to abandon *Italy*, and to retire into *Greece*, where the famous Battle of *Pharſalia* decided the Fate of the Republic, in the Year 900 from the Foundation of *Rome*.

POMPEY depending on the Friendſhip of *Ptolemy*, took Refuge in *Egypt*, where that ungrateful Monarch cauſed him to be aſſaſſinated. *Ceſar* went there, and was in equal Danger, by the Treaſon of the ſame *Ptolemy*; from which he ſaved himſelf, but by ſetting Fire to his Fleet, and it was the Flames of the burning Veſſels which conſumed that moſt celebrated Library of *Alexandria*, founded by *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, and augmented with ſuch Care by his Succeſſors; a Loſs irreparable to the Republic of Letters.

THE Fortune of *Ceſar* preſerved him from this Danger; *Ptolemy* periſhed, and all *Egypt* ſubmitted to the *Roman* Power; after which *Ceſar* ſet *Cleopatra* on the Throne of her Anceſtors; and knowing that during the civil Wars, *Pharnaces*, Son of *Mithridates*, had taken an Opportunity to attack the *Roman* Provinces, he marched againſt him with ſo much Diligence and Speed, that *Pharnaces* felt the Weight of his Arms be-

before he thought of his Approach: From thence he poured like a Torrent into *Africa*, and was victorious over *Juba*, King of *Mauritania*, who, by giving Refuge to the Remains of *Pompey*'s Party, had prolonged the Civil War.

SCIPIO and *Cato* were at the Head of theſe Troops, but they were ever defeated; and *Ceſar* put to Death *Afranius*, and ſeveral other Senators, whom he ſuſpected to have given Encouragement to the Enemies. *Cato*, who had retired into a City of *Utica*, fearing to fall living into the Hands of *Ceſar*, and ſcorning to be under any Obligation to a Perſon he looked upon as the Deſtroyer of the Liberty of his Country, prevented it by plunging a Dagger in his own Boſom. After his Death, *Ceſar* returned to *Rome*, where he ordered four Triumphs to be prepared for him; one for the *Gauls*, one for *Egypt*, one for *Pontus*, and one for *Africa*. He was informed, that *Cneius* and *Sextus Pompeius*, Sons of the great *Pompey*, were in *Spain* with a conſiderable Army; on which he flew thither, and again triumphed over theſe illuſtrious, but unfortunate young Men. *Cneius* loſt his Life, and *Sextus* fled; and this intirely put an End, at once, to the Civil War, and the Liberty of the *Roman* People; nothing now in the Republic preſerving its former Face.

CESAR, on his return to *Rome*, was honoured with the new Title of perpetual Dictator; after which, he made many Laws, and extended the Circumference of the City; but the extreme Flattery of the Senate, who exalted him to Dignity, gave him a Throne, a Temple, and a Prieſt, and altered the Name of the fifth Month from *Quintilis* to that of *Julius*, made him imagine himſelf ſo much above all Mankind beſides, that he decided all the Affairs of the Empire, without any other Counſel than that of his own Will, affecting in every thing Behaviour of Royalty.

THIS Arrogance gave Occaſion to a Conſpiracy, by ſo much the more dangerous, as it was formed by Perſons, who had been among the Number of his beſt Friends, and who were ſtill held as ſuch even by himſelf: They

were not indeed Enemies to him, but to his Vices; and as they were now grown incorrigible, and alſo contagious, there was no Way to ſave the whole Community, but by cutting off this corrupted Member.

In the fifth Year of his Dictatorſhip, a Day was appointed for all the Senate to appear in the Theatre of *Pompey*. *Ceſar*, who always made them expect him a long time, came not till they were all ſat down. At his Entrance, they all roſe up to do him Honour, and the principal of the Conſpirators crouding neareſt to him, as moſt moſt officious to teſtify their Zeal, took the Advantage of that Moment, and aſſaſſinated him in full Senate, and the Face of Day: He fell, disfigured with thirty-ſix Wounds, among which, thoſe given by *Brutus* and *Caſſius* were the deepeſt.

A little time before this Misfortune happened, having no Children of his own living, he adopted, and made his Heir, the young *Caius Octavius*, his Siſter's Son. The Conſul *Marcus Autonius*, who performed the Honours of his Funeral Obſequies, mounted the *Roſtrum*, and after a very elegant Oration, diſplayed his bloody Robe, which animated the People in ſuch a manner againſt the Conſpirators, that they vowed to revenge the Death of *Ceſar* on their Heads, and thoſe of their Poſterity. With this Aſſiſtance, *Marcus Antonius* ſeized *Ciſalpine*, and beſieged the Pretor *Decimus Brutus*. He was then, by the Perſuaſions of *Cicero*, declared a Traitor to his Country, and the Conſuls *Hircius* and *Panſa* were ſent againſt him with a conſiderable Army. The young *Caius Octavius* followed them with another: The Conſuls joined *Antonius* near a City then called *Mutinus*, but now *Modena*, and gave him Battle. The two Conſuls loſt their Lives, but their Army was victorious. *Octavius* joined them with his Forces. *Marcus Antonius* was totally defeated; and having loſt all his Cavalry, eſcaped with them to *Marcus Lepidus*, who commanded a great Army beyond the *Alps*.

OCTAVIUS wou'd not give himſelf the Trouble of purſuing them, but marched, with his three Armies, directly to *Rome*, where, tho' he was but twenty Years old, he demanded the *Conſulate*. The Senate urged, it was

was againſt their Laws, and the People oppoſed it by all the Means in their Power: But Liberty was now no more; a *Roman* Citizen, once equal with a King, was now little better than a Slave; as the Body of a Community will ever be, while armed Thouſands are kept in Pay to enforce Obedience. *Octavius* pleaded but in vain, he therefore threatened, *Rome* trembled, and what his Services had not yet made him worthy of obtaining, was yielded to the Terror of his Legions A ſufficient Warning to all free Countries to beware of ſtanding Armies.

MARCUS ANTONIUS and *Lepidus* having been declared Enemies to the People of *Rome*, the new Conſul *Octavius* was ſent againſt them, with all the Forces of the Empire; but remembering with how much Reluctance he obtained his Dignity, and not doubting but the People wanting nothing more than a favourable Opportunity of regaining their ancient Rights and Freedom, inſtead of combating, he joined Intereſts with *Lepidus* and *Antonius*, and entered into a League with them, for laying freſh Burthens on the Commonalty of *Rome*, and for revenging the Death of *Ceſar* on all his Enemies. This was that famous *Triumvirate* which loſt the State ſo much Blood. *Cicero*, abandoned by *Octavius*, to the Reſentment of *Antonius*, was aſſaſſinated by his own Servants, who after cutting off his Head and his Hands, put them, by the Order of *Antonius*, upon the Buttreſſes of the Gallery, where the Tribunes made their publick Harangues. The People beheld, with Horror, the Remains of this great Man, ignominiouſly expoſed in the ſame Place in which his Eloquence had been ſo much admired, and where he had a thouſand times been called the Father of his Country: But Complainings in ſecret were now all the Relief was left them, and they durſt ſcarce be ſeen to mourn his or their own Misfortunes.

After the *Triumvirate* had fully ſatiated their Revenge, and made themſelves Maſters of the Senate and the People, they parted the Empire between them, in this Manner: The *Levant*, and all *Greece*, fell to *Marcus Antonius*, *Africa* to *Lepidus*, and the *Weſt* to *Caius*

Octavius; they left *Sicily* to *Sextus Pompey*, who had a very puiſſant Force by Sea; and as *Octavius* had been adopted by *Ceſar*, he conformed himſelf to the Law *Curialis*; and took upon him the Name of *Julius Ceſar Octavius*, according to the *Roman* Cuſtom.

He afterwards ſummoned all the other Perſons concerned in the Aſſaſſination of his Uncle *Julius Ceſar*, and obtained a Sentence of Death ſhou'd be paſſed on them. From the Beginning of theſe laſt Civil Wars, *Octavius* and *Lepidus* had declared themſelves Revengers of the Murder of *Ceſar*; and knowing that *Marcus Brutus* and *Caius Caſſius* were in *Theſſaly*, with the Remainder of thoſe *Romans* who had ſtill enough of public Spirit in them, to chuſe rather to live free in Baniſhment, than to be Slaves at Home, they marched againſt them with conſiderable Forces, and gave them Battle in the *Philiptic* Fields, near the City of *Philippi*. *Brutus* and *Caſſius* were defeated, and both died by their own Weapons, to avoid falling into the Hands of their Enemies; and with them died the laſt Hopes of the Republic.

This Victory obtained, *Octavius* began to think of *Sextus Pompey*, who had yet remaining a conſiderable Party in the Senate, and among the People. A great Armament was raiſed, both by Sea and Land; and the Command given to *Marcus Agrippa*, who defeated *Sextus*, firſt in a Naval Fight, and afterwards by Land; then ſet fire to his Fleet, burned all his Veſſels, and forced him to fly into *Africa*, where he died, after having languiſhed a long Time. This Victory, and the Conqueſt of *Sicily*, gave Occaſion to a Miſunderſtanding between the *Triumvirate*.

LEPIDUS, who pretended a Right to *Sicily*, and had twenty Legions under his Command, openly declared he wou'd diſpute it by Force of Arms; but *Octavius*, who had an equal Number of Men continually in Arms, had nothing to fear from his Menaces: However, thinking it beſt to proceed by Policy, he employed Emiſſaries, who, partly by Perſuaſions, and partly by Bribes, won over the Chiefs of *Lepidus*'s Army;

by

by whom ſeeing himſelf forſaken, he was conſtrained to ſubſcribe to all *Octavius* wou'd have him.

WHILE his Heart was elated with this Succeſs, he entertained Deſigns to humble *Marcus Antonius*, whoſe Power was an Impediment to that univerſal Sway he now began to be ambitious of. His Amour with *Cleopatra* ſeemed favourable to his Projects; he cauſed a Report to be ſpread, that *Antonius* had formed a Conſpiracy with the Princes of the Eaſt to bring a War into *Rome*, to deſtroy entirely the Authority of the Senate, aboliſh the Laws, convert it into an abſolute Monarchy, and ſet a ſtrange Queen to reign over the *Roman* People.

THE Conduct of *Antonius* gave but too much room for Belief to ſuch Diſcourſes; for tho' he was not ignorant of the ambitious Views of *Octavius*, and had a Power ſufficient enough to have quelled them; yet his Love tranſported him beyond all other Conſiderations, and he even provoked the *Romans* ſo far, as to put away his Wife *Octavia*, the Siſter of *Octavius*, and eſpouſed that *Cleopatra*, ſo fatal to his Glory, his Intereſt, and, at laſt, to his Life. There needed no better a Pretence for *Octavius* to declare him an Enemy to the Country; great Forces were raiſed on both Sides; and, in a ſhort Time, the *Grecian* and *Macedonian* Seas were covered with Ships of War, and the Countries all round about full of the moſt formidable Armies of the Earth. They came to a Battle, where *Octavius* being victorious, purſued *Antonius* into *Egypt*, and that unhappy Emperor perceiving himſelf deſerted by thoſe he moſt confided in, put an End to his Life with his own Hands; and the beautiful Cauſe of his undoing, the too charming *Cleopatra*, to avoid the Shame of attending the Triumph of the Conqueror, ſtung herſelf to Death with the Venom of an Aſpic.

THUS the whole Authority devolved on *Octavius Ceſar*, who now no longer having any Oppoſers to the Scheme he had long ſince projected, converted the Republic into an abſolute Monarchy. And thus the Diviſion, begun by *Marius* and *Sylla*, drew, by Degrees, the *Romans* under the Yoke of one arbitrary Ruler,

and loſt, for ever, that Liberty of which they had in former Times been ſo ſcrupulouſly jealous.

THIS, ſaid *Silviana*, is a moſt ſatisfactory Abridgment of the *Roman* Hiſtory, and one cannot too much admire the Memory and Exactneſs with which *Thelamont* has run thro' ſuch a Courſe of different and ſurpriſing Accidents.

THE Manner, added *Hortenſia*, in which thoſe wonderful Revolutions have been delivered to us, ſo as to make us comprehend, in a few Minutes, the prodigious Events of a great Number of Years, wou'd be indeed aſtoniſhing, had the Relation not proceeded from the Mouth of a Perſon ſo accuſtomed to pleaſe, that nothing he does can be amazing, unleſs he cou'd become, which is impoſſible, dull and uninſtructive.

OROPHANES, who perceived his Friend was beginning to be uneaſy at the Compliments they made him, put a Stop to any farther Speech, by ſaying: The Fall of the *Roman* Republic was neceſſary to ſhew the World the great Qualities of *Octavius Ceſar*; and I think Poſterity wou'd have had a great Loſs, if he had not been Emperor. After he had extinguiſhed all the Factions in *Rome*, vanquiſhed all his Enemies at Home and Abroad, turned *Egypt* into a Province; added, by his Victories, many Countries to the Empire: given Peace to the whole World, both by Land and Sea, and ſhut up the Temple of *Janus*; then did his Wiſdom appear in the higheſt Degree! He ſet himſelf to the Study of the Laws, reformed what he found amiſs, and made ſeveral new and very excellent ones; ſhewed the common People, that he knew how to command with Mildneſs, when they were ready to obey with Chearfulneſs. He took the ſame Care of the Adminiſtration of public Juſtice, that the meaneſt Perſon had an equal Advantage with the greateſt, and, by his prudent Behaviour in every thing, gained an univerſal Love and Applauſe: He was dear to his People, and formidable to foreign Nations: His Reputation reached even to the Extremities of the *Indies*; the King of thoſe vaſt Regions ſent Ambaſſadors to intreat an Alliance with him, and the *Scythians* made him the Arbitrator of their Differences.

HIS

His great Virtues obliged the Senate to honour him with the Title of *Auguſtus*; and the ſixth Month which was called *Sextilis*, was, in compliment of him, ever after named *Auguſtus*.

He ſo well maintained the Dignity of thoſe illuſtrious Titles and Honours conferred on him, that never Monarch had leſs of Envy, or more of Admiration. He conſiderably enlarged the City of *Rome*; and as the Buildings were moſtly Earth and Brick, he now raiſed magnificent Edifices of Marble, of Jaſper and Porphiry, and conducted Waters through Aqueducts, from great Diſtances to the very Centre of the City.

But as *Thelamont* obſerved, nothing contributed more to his Glory, than his exact Obſervance of the Laws and impartial Juſtice; his admirable Skill in Politics alſo merits the extremeſt Praiſe. During his Reign, the Cities and Provinces enjoyed a perfect Peace; but tho' he had ſo well the Art to know and to oblige all Diſpoſitions, yet was he not ſelf-ſufficient enough to depend on any thing; or in other Words, to leave any thing to Chance: He thought the ſureſt Way to keep Peace, was to deter from War; and therefore had certain Legions garriſon'd in all the Provinces of *Europe*, *Aſia* and *Africa*, the Number of which, all together, conſiſted of 200,000 Foot-Soldiers, and 40,000 Horſe, with 300 Elephants, all trained and practiſed in War.

These Troops were well equipp'd, and exactly paid; and by a wiſe Precaution, 300,000 Harneſſes diſperſed in all the ſtrong Places of the Empire, to be ready in caſe of any Accident. The Armies were under the Command of the moſt able and experienced Officers, moſt of them having ſerved in the Wars of *Julius Ceſar*, or thoſe *Auguſtus* had himſelf in the Beginning of his Reign, and with whom both of them had gained ſuch great Victories. For the intire Security of the Frontiers of his Empire, he alſo augmented his Navy to the Number of 2000 Veſſels and 500 Gallies, all well manned and ſtored with Ammunition; beſides thoſe, he had 800 great Tranſports, which they called *Tholmicks*, deſtined for the Service of the Army; many

of theſe *Tholmicks* were alſo employed in the magnificent Entertainments with which the Emperor frequently diverted the People; they were finely carved, gilded, and painted, enriched with all Sorts of Ornaments, and diſtinguiſhed by an Infinity of Enſigns, Flags, and Streamers, beſides other Marks particular to each Veſſel; on the Prow of one was a Wolf, on another a Lion, a third had a Tyger, a fourth a Sphinx, a fifth a Bull, a ſixth a Minotaur, a ſeventh a Horſe, and ſo on to all Sorts of Animals; but the *Roman* Eagle, as the principal Enſign of the Empire, made the Ship which bore it moſt reſpected. This great Navy had for its Admiral the *Prefect* of the Sea, from whom every inferior Commander received Orders, and the Prefect gave an Account of every thing to the Emperor, who, tho' in Peace, buſied himſelf continually in the Theory of War, and liſtened with Pleaſure to all that was ſaid to him on that Subject. The Funds for maintaining theſe Forces, as well as thoſe of the Land, were put into the Hands of Treaſurers, who on no Pretext whatever durſt apply them to any other Uſe, the leaſt Suſpicion of ſuch a Practice being immediate Death. Theſe vaſt Fleets were diſtributed, ſome in the Ports of the Ocean, ſome in the *Mediterranean*, and others in the Mouths of the Rivers of one and the other Sea.

But if this Emperor merited the Love of the *Roman* People, for the Advantages he procured them, he was yet more worthy the Admiration of the whole World, by the Greatneſs of his Sentiments, by the juſt Choice he made of his Friends and Favourites, by the Proofs he gave of his Clemency and Liberality, and by the Eſteem he paid to all Men of Letters, or that excelled in any Science, under his Reign.

Without an *Octavius Auguſtus*, we, perhaps, had never known a *Mecenas*, or an *Agrippa*, a *Horace*, a *Virgil*, or an *Ovid*; and it is for this Reaſon, I believe, that Poſterity wou'd have loſt much, if it had not been for this Emperor.

Your Reflection is very juſt, replied *Urania*; no body can deny, that *Octavius* was well deſerving of uni-

univerſal Rule; and that Ambition is far from being a Crime in thoſe, who like him are capable of governing with ſo much Glory.

WITHOUT doubt, added *Felicia*; for *Auguſtus* cou'd never have brought about thoſe great Things he did, if he had not been in a Station which permitted him the Execution of his Deſigns, without Controul or Contradiction.

AND methinks, continued ſhe, one cannot reflect on this Hiſtory, without admiring the Decrees of Providence, which, out of all the Earth, made choice of a Man no more than twenty Years of Age, to pluck down the Pride and Vanity of the *Roman* Republic; which, under the Pretext of Liberty, their favourite Idol, plundered the Nations they ſubdued, took upon them to give Laws to all the Earth, and to diſtribute Crowns and Scepters, according to their Caprice or their Intereſts, making Slaves of Kings, and Kings of Slaves, appropriating the Treaſures of the one to gratify the other, and forming nothing but ambitious, and ſometimes inhuman Projects. I know not if it is the little Propenſity I have to like that Sort of Government, which makes me think in this manner; but I confeſs, if I find Virtues in many of the old *Romans*, I find a great Number of Faults in the Republic in general; I ſee more of Pride and Oſtentation in all they did, than a true Magnanimity of Mind; and even in their moſt worthy Actions, there appears to me a certain Barbariſm.

TRUE Glory has ſomething in it ſweet and modeſt; this exceſſive Love of Liberty inſpires Deſigns rather bold than generous, and ſometimes cruel and bloody; but in a People ſubmitted to the Will of one Maſter, Love, Zeal, and Fidelity engroſs all their Sentiments, as Tenderneſs, Care, and Generoſity do thoſe of him that rules them.

WE, Madam, anſwered *Melantus*, that are born in a Kingdom, where arbitrary Government has been long eſtabliſhed, ought to be of this Opinion for our Peace of Mind; but were you to hear the Arguments of the other Side of the Queſtion, you wou'd perhaps have

different Ideas. I grant, that where a King is truly the Father of his People, has no Ambition farther than to make them happy, has no peculiar Favourites, who, by a partial Indulgence, he permits to prey upon his meaner Subjects, but diſtributes his Juſtice to all alike, and his Bounties only to thoſe diſtinguiſhed for their Virtues; then is monarchical Government preferable to all others. But alas! how few Kingdoms in the World can boaſt of ſuch a Prince! All the Eaſt, and great Part of the North and South, are rather Slaves than Subjects; and the Deſire of extending the Prerogative among Kings is ſo natural, that it muſt be indeed a more than common Share of Humanity and Moderation that reſtrains them from giving the utmoſt Looſe to this darling Paſſion.

All Men, added *Thelamont*, were born free; but as the Paſſions too much indulged wou'd deſtroy all the ſocial Virtues, it was neceſſary they ſhou'd be under the Reſtriction of Laws, and that the Fears of Puniſhment might deter thoſe whom the Love of Goodneſs wou'd no allure: For the Execution of Laws, there muſt be Magiſtrates and Officers, and leſt there might be Corruption in them alſo, there was one ſet over them, with the awful Title of *Vicegerent of God*, to the End his Commands might be obſerved with a greater Reverence, and his Perſon inſpire the more Awe. This was the firſt Inſtitution of Kings: They were made ſo, not ſo much for the Good of themſelves and Families, as for the Good of the Community in general; and I therefore think thoſe Nations are the happieſt, whoſe Monarchs are bound by certain Laws, which if they infringe, the Subjects are abſolved from all Allegiance.

This is the Caſe in all elective Monarchies, replied *Orophanes*, yet we have ſeen Inconveniencies, in that too; and let us agree ever ſo long, there neither is, nor can be any perfect State on Earth: Ambition will be always predominant among Kings, Flattery among Courtiers, ſiniſter Views among Miniſters, and Bribery and Corruption among the People.

LISIMOND was preparing to make ſome Reply to this Obſervation, when the Servants came in to lay the Cloth,

Cloth, *Urania* having given Orders, that Supper ſhou'd be brought into *Florinda*'s Apartment. This Repaſt was accompanied with the ſame Delicacies as the others. *Alcippe* and *Liſimond* contributed very much to the Pleaſure of the Entertainment, by their Wit and Gaiety. They ſat pretty long at Table, and *Urania* fearing that *Florinda* was ſomewhat incommoded by their having paſt the whole Day with her, obliged the Company to ſeparate. *Alcippe* and *Liſimond* went into their Chariot, in order to return to the Caſtle of *Celemena*, promiſing to attend *Urania* the next Morning. After their Departure, every one took Leave of *Eraſmus* and *Florinda*, that they might enjoy a Repoſe, which ſeemed neceſſary to her, after ſo long a Converſation And this agreeable Society yielded themſelves to Sleep, in the Hope, that the Day following would afford them no leſs Pleaſure than this had done.

THE EIGHTEENTH and LAST DAY.

THE Night being paſt, and the wiſhed Hour for re-aſſembling arrived, *Florinda*, who found herſelf perfectly recovered, went to the Apartment of *Urania*, to prevent the Trouble ſhe wou'd elſe have given herſelf in coming to hers: She there found *Felicia*; and theſe two charming Friends were extremely rejoiced to find ſhe was in a Condition to enjoy the Pleaſures this fine Morning made them hope the Day wou'd yield. They went all together to the Chamber were *Celemena* was lodged; with her was already *Silviana*, *Areliſe*, and *Camilla*; *Julia* and *Horteſia* ſoon after joining them.

THE firſt Compliments were ſcarce over, when *Thelament*, *Orophanes*, *Arſames*, *Eraſmus*, *Alphonſo* and *Melantus*, accompanied *Alcippe* and *Liſimond*, who had burned with the extremeſt Impatience to return to that delightful Manſion, and more enchanting Society. Madam, ſaid *Alcippe* to *Urania*, the Goodneſs we have found in you, emboldens us to this early Viſit: The Charms we find here, and the extreme Deſire we have to enjoy as much of them as poſſible, has carried us ſomewhat beyond the Bounds of that exact Politeneſs, which, in all other

other Things, wou'd forbid us to abuſe the Marks you have favoured us with of yours.

EVERY one of us, anſwered *Urania* with a Smile, has a Share in this Compliment; ſince it will at once ſatisfy all the Demands of Love, Eſteem, snd Friendſhip.

PUT an End to all Ceremony, cried *Oroſhanes*; and ſince there is nothing now to hinder us from following the Cuſtom eſtabliſhed here, let us render this Day equally inſtructvie and entertaining, as the others have been, by diverſifying our Occupations.

OROPHANES, you muſt know, was the Legiſlator, ſaid *Felicia*, looking on him with the utmoſt charming Air; and as he has had the Honour to preſcribe us Laws, and to ſee us ſubmit to them, you cannot wonder he is tenacious of that Advantage, and jealous of any Infringement-

HE has Reaſon, anſwered *Arſames*; the Laws he has impoſed have too many Charms for us, and we paſs our Time in them too agreeably, for them not to be obſerved inviolably. Otherwiſe, ſaid *Camilla*, we had not with one common Voice ſo readily ſubſcribed to them; and as for my own part, whenever I find them not agreeable to me, that is, when I cannot be inſtructed without diſcovering my Ignorance, I ſhall give my Vote againſt them, tho' I aſſure you, I have no ſuch Inclination at preſent, nor believe I ever ſhall.

HOWEVER, ſaid *Urania*, I find ſome Difficulty in apprehending the Meaning of *Orophanes*'s laſt Words; he ſeems to propoſe a Diverſity of Occupations, which, methinks, does not agree with the Order we have hitherto preſerved, nor can I think ſuch a Diverſity wou'd any way agree with the Conduct preſcribed to us. How, Madam, replied he with Vivacity, is it not in the Subjects of our Entertainments? Do we not run over all the memorable Actions both of the *great* and and *inferior* World? Do we not paſs from the *ſerious* to the *gay*, from the *learned* to the *ſimple*, from the *heroic* to the *tender?* In fine, is it not by this diverſifying our Converſation, that we recal Times paſt, compare them with the preſent, then animadvert on the Perfections

ſections or Miſtakes of both, and alternately praiſe, or teſtify our Diſlike?

Well have you defended yourſelf, my dear *Orophanes*, ſaid *Thelamont*; nor did I expect leſs from you. But ſince you have ſo agreeably made out the Pleaſures of Diverſification and Complaiſance, made ſo many of the Company deny themſelves the Enjoyment of one of thoſe Entertainments your Laws allowed us, I am of Opinion we ought not to neglect the Invitation the ſweet Air now gives us to the Garden.

I am of your Party, cried *Celemena* haſtily, and contemplating on the Beauties of that Place, was beginning to wiſh the like Propoſal might be made. Beſides, continued ſhe, ſmiling, and looking on *Alcippe* and *Liſimond*, I ſee ſome Perſons here, to whom a little Tour wou'd be doubly agreeable.

We underſtand you, replied *Silviana* with the moſt ſprightly Air; but to ſhew how very unjuſt your Raillery is, we will never be out, either of your Sight or Hearing.

Without your quitting us, ſaid *Urania*, I will, for once, make a Law in my own Houſe, by which, both you and *Areliſe* ſhall be condemned to hear nothing during the Time of our Walking, but what proceeds from the Mouths of *Liſimond* and *Alcippe*. With theſe Words, taking *Celemena* by the Arm, accompanied by *Thelamont*, *Orophanes* and *Felicia*, *Camilla* and *Florinda* alſo conducted by their Spouſes, and *Arſames* and *Melantus* having given their Hands to their amiable Spouſes, *Silviana* and *Areliſe* were obliged to yield theirs to *Liſimond* and *Alcippe*.

These two tender Lovers were ſenſible of the extreameſt Pleaſure, in having this Opportunity of entertaining the Objects of their Paſſion in this particular Manner; for tho' the whole Company walked the ſame Way, yet did they go at ſuch a Diſtance, as not to be heard by each other. *Silviana*, who was of a Humour intirely free, and abhorred all Conſtraint, gave *Liſimond* an Audience as favourable as he cou'd have wiſhed; and he had the Satisfaction to read in her Eyes the inexpreſ-

the Pleaſure ſhe took in hearing the Proteſtations he made her of an eternal and inviolable Affection.

ARELISE was equally ſenſible of thoſe of the enamour'd *Alcippe*; but as ſhe was naturally more reſerved and ſerious than her charming Friend, ſhe cou'd not, without the utmoſt Diſorder, ſuffer herſelf to be entertained in this particular manner by a Man, in the View of ſo many Perſons. This Exceſs of Modeſty gave her a certain Air, which very much alarmed *Alcippe*, and not able to contain the Trouble with which ſhe was agitated, You anſwer me not, beautiful *Areliſe*, ſaid he; nay, you ſeem to liſten to me with Regret——— Your Eyes are ſo much attached to thoſe who follow us, as gives me Cauſe to fear, they would behold with Pleaſure ſome other Perſon than the tender and ever paſſionate *Alcippe*. Ah! cruel *Areliſe*, continued he, looking on her with a Countenance wholly abaſhed, it was not in this manner that you behaved to me at the Houſe of *Merina*.

THIS Reproach ſurprized *Areliſe*, and made her recollect, that ſhe had not indeed given that Attention to her Lover, which his Fidelity had merited from her; but as her Heart had no Share in thoſe exterior Movements which gave him ſo much Pain, and were only cauſed by the Fears of appearing too free before that Company, ſhe heſitated not to juſtify herſelf.

I BELIEVE, ſaid ſhe, that you were too much aſſured of my Heart, to expoſe your own to unjuſt Suſpicions. However, to confirm you more, be perſuaded, *Alcippe*, that in what Place ſoever I am, I have no Object half ſo valuable to me as yourſelf: And if I teſtified my Sentiments more openly at *Merina*'s, it was becauſe I cou'd do it without Prejudice to that Decorum, which I wou'd preſerve above all Things:——I have confeſs'd to you a thouſand times in her Preſence, that *Alcippe* was dearer to me than my Life, becauſe the Authority of a Father commanded me to put no Diſguiſe upon my Thoughts; but here we are with Perſons who are Strangers to us, and who are too lately become our Friends, to pardon ſuch an Indulgence of our Inclinations.

We muſt, my dear *Alcippe*, act according to the Times and Places we are in; and whatever Paſſion has an Influence over us, never do any thing which may call either Modeſty or Diſcretion in queſtion. The Politeneſs of *Urania* has given us this Opportunity, we muſt prove ours by not abuſing it. This it was that made me turn my Eyes continually on the Company, to ſee if they were not re-aſſembled without us; and it is this that obliges me to entreat we may join ourſelves to them, after having reiterated the Aſſurances, that I love only you, and never ſhall love another. How well, my charming *Areliſe* reply'd he, eagerly kiſſing her Hand, in ſpite of her Efforts to hinder him, do you know how to make me die with Joy and Grief at the ſame Time? But continued he, you muſt be obeyed. Then a little haſtening his Steps, he advanced toward Part of the Company; as they walked, *Alcippe* purſuing the Converſation. However, ſaid he, my dear *Areliſe*, you muſt permit me to tell you, that your Modeſty here is more ſcrupulous than juſt.

We are on the Point of being united for ever, by the Conſent of thoſe to whom we owe our Being: We love each other, and have the Happineſs to make part of a Society full of Wit, Equity, Good-nature, and whoſe principal Good Fortune conſiſts in the Felicities *Hymen* beſtows on them. All here are married Lovers, ſeem proud of rendering their Paſſion inſeparable from their Duty, and are every Moment giving each other the moſt tender Teſtimonies of Affection. There is not, therefore, a Place in the World, where you might better reconcile the Severity of your Duty with the Sweetneſs of your Paſſion.

With theſe Words they came ſo near to *Urania* and *Celemena*, that *Areliſe* had not time to reply; but *Urania*, who had heard Part of the Diſcourſe of *Alcippe*, and eaſily comprehended the Subject, took his Part in theſe Terms: Nothing is more juſt, ſaid ſhe, than this Argument of *Alcippe*'s, and it is forming a very wrong Judgment of our Minds and Humours, to be afraid of making us Witneſſes of theſe mutual Proofs you wou'd give each other of an honourable and

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authorized Flame. It is one of our chief Maxims, ſaid *Orophanes* laughing, we obey it with Pleaſure and Exactneſs, and fly all thoſe Perſons who approve not of it. I find it too much according to my own Inclination, replied *Areliſe* bluſhing, not to approve of it; and ſhall readily obey it in its fulleſt Extent, when once *Alcippe* has joined to the Name of Lover, that of Husband.

DUTY will always have the firſt Rank with *Areliſe*, ſaid *Silviana*, coming up to them; and I am much miſtaken, if ſhe does not in ſecret reproach me for having ſuffered *Liſimond* to entertain me ſo long.

FOR my part, ſaid *Camilla*, I cannot think you have at all erred in ſo doing: It is certainly a Point of Duty to ſhew ſome Complaiſance to him, who is deſtined to be our Husband, even before he is ſo, that he may judge of the *future* by the *preſent*.

THIS Deciſion of *Camilla*'s made all the Company laugh heartily; and *Celemena* firſt giving over, It muſt be confeſs'd, ſaid ſhe, that nothing affords a greater Contentment of Mind, than when our Inclinations are conformable to our Duty.

WITHOUT doubt, added *Julia*; nor nothing a greater Torment, than when they have divided Intereſts, as is too frequently the Caſe, eſpecially among Perſons of a very high Quality, or the Blood Royal, who are obliged to marry for the good of the State, without the Heart, either of the one or the other, being conſulted.

YOU wou'd then be greatly ſurprized, beautiful *Julia*, ſaid *Alcippe*, to ſee a Woman by the Exceſs of her *Duty* only, do all that cou'd be exacted by the moſt ardent and violent Affection. That wou'd be Virtue indeed, anſwered *Julia*, and the moſt exalted Proof that cou'd poſſibly be given of it ——— I do believe there may be ſuch Women, but the Examples of them are very rare; and I ſhou'd be fired with the utmoſt Admiration of one capable of it.

YOU wou'd then admire Donna *Elvira de Zuarez*, reſumed *Alcippe*; and it is for her Glory, that I wou'd bring this amiable Society acquainted with her Hiſtory.

Hiſtory. I wiſh, interrupted *Hortenſia*, we had fallen ſooner on this Topic of Duty; *Alcippe* might by this Time have made a conſiderabln Progreſs in his Hiſtory, whereas I now foreſee we ſhall be obliged to poſtpone our Attention till after Dinner.

She had no ſooner done ſpeaking, than they were informed it waited them in the Hall. All the Company expreſſed a Diſſatisfaction at this Delay of their Curioſity. And it was in this kind of Converſation they paſſed the whole Time of their Eating; and were no ſooner roſe from Table, than they went directly to the Library; where the charming *Camilla* entering firſt, This, ſaid ſhe, is the Place deſtined for reviving the Memory of heroic and illuſtrious Actions; nor wou'd any other accord ſo well with thoſe we expect to hear of Donna *Elvira de Zuares*.

None of the Company made any other Reply to theſe Words, than by caſting a beſeeching Look on *Alcippe*; and every one being ſeated according to their Inclinations, teſtified by their Silence the extreme Deſire they had to liſten to this Hiſtory.

I know very well, ſaid *Alcippe*, that it is not allowed me to diſpenſe with the Laws eſtabliſhed in this beautiful Manſion, and that I ought not to refuſe the Payment of that Tribute expected from me; and however uncapable I am of performing what is deſired of me, in a Manner worthy the Attention of ſuch as are to hear me, or of the Virtues of the Lady who is the Subject of my Diſcourſe, I truſt that my ready Obedience will atone for my want of Eloquence.

Then keeping Silence for two or three Moments, to recollect what he was about to relate, he began in theſe Terms.

J. Basire sculp.

The HISTORY *of Donna* ELVIRA DE ZUARES.

AFTER the Duke of *Alba* had ſubjected the Kingdom of *Portugal* to the Crown of *Spain*, *Philip* II. employed his utmoſt Policy to make himſelf beloved and feared by all the great Families of the *Portugueſe*; he knew they endured his Yoke with Impatience; and thoſe who had ſubmitted themſelves, did it either becauſe they had no longer the Power to reſiſt, or through a Motive of Ambition, in Hope to be raiſed by the Conqueror to greater Poſts than they held before. One of the moſt conſiderable among the latter, was Don *Balthazar de Lama*, a young Lord, of an ancient and noble Family; but whoſe Anceſtors had diſſipated the greateſt Part of the Eſtate which ſhou'd have deſcended to him, in the Service of the Kings of *Portugal*.

HIS Fortune, by this Means, being little conformable to that Ambition with which his Soul was enflamed, made him look with Joy on a Revolution which preſented him with an Occaſion of re-eſtabliſhing his Family: For the Attainment of which, he neglected nothing that might procure him the Favour of the King of *Spain*, and all the great Men of his Court. The extraordinary Zeal he teſtified for the Intereſt of that Monarch, ſo much ingratiated him to the Duke of *Alba*, that he recommended him in ſo advantageous a manner to *Philip* II. as made him confer on him the moſt important Employments; in all which, he had the Happineſs to acquit himſelf with Succeſs.

DON *Balthazar* no ſooner ſaw himſelf arrived at the Height he wiſhed, than he began to think of rendering

during his Grandeur laſting by ſome powerful Alliance: As Ambition took up all his Heart, and Love had no part of the Nuptials he deſigned to form, he gave himſelf all neceſſary Time to find out a Perſon whoſe Family and Riches might fully gratify that darling Paſſion.

Donna *Elvira de Zuares*, who was the ſole Inheritrix of the vaſt Wealth of one of the moſt flouriſhing and powerful Families in all *Portugal*, and whoſe excellent Beauty was even more the Subject of Diſcourſe than her Riches, was the Object on which Don *Balthazar* caſt his Eyes *Elvira* was no more than eighteen Years old, and was under the Care of Don *Pedro de Zuares*, Brother to her Father, who dying, left her to his Tuition: He loved her with an extreme Tenderneſs, and ſeeing her the only Hope of his Family, he having no Children, took all imaginable Care to educate her in ſuch a manner, as ſhould make her worthy the immenſe Fortune ſhe would be a Miſtreſs of.

Donna *Elvira* being ſuch as I have deſcribed her, Don *Balthazar* found her environ'd with a great Number of Pretenders; but one among them was diſtinguiſhed from the reſt, not only for being moſt amiable and perfect of all the Cavaliers, but alſo that he had been made choice on by her Mother, while they were in their moſt tender Infancy. That Lady had been united in the moſt ſtrict Friendſhip with the Parents of Don *Sebaſtian de Suza*, for that was the Name of this young Lord, and the Father of Donna *Elvira* being alſo pleaſed with the Propoſal, theſe two beautiful Children were brought up with the Belief that they were born for each other, and ſhou'd one Day be joined in the moſt indiſſoluble Bands.

Their innocent Hearts taking the Impreſſion from the Mouths of Perſons they were accuſtomed to obey in every thing, ſoon began to love each other, and to declare it; their Paſſion commencing before the Knowledge of thoſe Rules which forbid making any ſhew of it, but under particular Limitations, unbridled Nature diſcovered itſelf in every Look and Action. *Sebaſtian* was reſtrained by no Awe or Terror of offending, and *Elvira* knew not that ſhe had any Cauſe to

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bluſh in avowing he was the deareſt Thing on Earth to her. Thus was their Affection conceived in Innocence, brought up in Duty, and confirmed and augmented as they daily arrived at a more perfect Knowledge of the Perfections of each other.

THE Father and Mother of *Elvira* dying, before either ſhe or Don *Sebaſtian* attained at Years ſufficient to enter into the married State, Don *Pedro de Zuares* encouraged in the ſame manner they had done, the mutual Tenderneſs of theſe young Lovers; and they were every Day expecting to be united for ever, when the happy Moment was retarded by the terrible Diſorders of the State. Don *Sebaſtian*, King of *Portugal*, engaging himſelf in that unfortunate Expedition into *Africa*, loſt his Life, and great Part of his beſt Forces; and this it was that laid the Realm open to the Invaſion of the Duke of *Alba*, and gave the firſt Occaſion to thoſe Troubles which ended not but in the entire Subverſion of the Government.

OUR young Hearts beheld not this Oppoſition of the Times, without an extreme Concern, but their Fortitude enabled them to ſuſtain it, without any viſible Marks of Weakneſs; and the publick Tranquillity was no ſooner re-eſtabliſhed, than Don *Pedro* began to think of concluding their Marriage, and no Obſtacle appeared to their Deſires; when the ambitious Don *Balthazar de Lama* raiſed up one, which all their Love and Fidelity could not be able to remove. He was not ignorant of the mutual Tenderneſs of theſe two Lovers, nor the Engagements of Don *Pedro*, but vain of the Merits of his Perſon, and the great Intereſt he had at the Court of *Spain*, he eaſily perſuaded himſelf, he ſhould be accepted before all the Rivals in the World. In this Belief, he heſitated not to make his Addreſſes to *Elvira*, and to deſire Don *Pedro* wou'd forward his Pretenſions.

As his Birth and Intereſt with *Philip* II. demanded Reſpect, Don *Pedro de Zuares* received him with all the Honours he cou'd expect; which ſtill flattering him with a Belief, that his Propoſals wou'd be gratefully received,

received, he reſolved not to defer letting him know the Buſineſs on which he came.

To this End, having engaged him to walk with him on the Banks of the *Tagus*, and being a little ſeparated from the Company that went with them, My Lord, ſaid he, looking on him with a Countenance which teſtified his inward Aſſurance of Succeſs, I flatter myſelf, that the Propoſal I have to make you will be far from diſagreeable; the Advantages you may receive by it, convince me, you will receive it with Pleaſure. You know, that I have the Honour to be well in the Eſteem of our preſent Monarch; the Favours I have received from him, and thoſe I have reaſon to expect, are undeniable Proofs of his Goodneſs to me: By what I have done, you may judge what is in my Power to do, and is ſufficient to make you think an Alliance with me, your Intereſt as well as mine. Our Families are now the moſt conſiderable in all *Portugal*, and yours, by being united to mine, will perſuade King *Philip*, that your Attachment to him is equal to what he has found from me, and you will have a Right to demand Poſts of Honour and Employments for yourſelf and Friends, to which otherwiſe you cou'd have no Pretenſions, or Hope of obtaining.

'Twould be very difficult to expreſs the Diſorder Don *Pedro* was in at this Diſcourſe: His Prudence wou'd not permit him to ſay any thing which might ſhock a Man, from whoſe Revenge he had every thing to fear; nor wou'd his Honour yield, that he ſhou'd even ſeem to retract the many ſolemn Promiſes he had made to Don *Sebaſtian de Suza*. In this Extremity he was obliged to retire into himſelf ſome Moments, before he cou'd reply; but ſeeing that Don *Balthazar* teſtified ſomewhat of an Impatience in his Looks, How unhappy are we, my Lord, ſaid he, that the generous *Lama* did not ſooner make a Declaration of his Sentiments! He cou'd not have doubted, if I wou'd not have preferred him to all the Grandees, either of *Portugal* or *Spain*; but, my Lord, it is now out of my Power. My Niece is engaged to Don *Sebaſtian de Suza* —— my Word is given, and you know, among thoſe of our Rank,

Rank, it ought to be inviolable—Think, therefore, I beſeech you, that *Elvira* and *Sebaſtian* are deſtined by Heaven for each other.

From their very Infancy they were taught to cheriſh this Hope, and to love; their mutual Affection is more than is ordinarily to be found ——— He lives but in the Proofs he receives of her Tenderneſs, and ſhe wou'd rather chuſe to die, than refrain conferring them. I dare believe, my Lord, that you have Sentiments too delicate to contribute any thing to the Separation of two Hearts ſo firmly united. However, continued he, perceiving a kindling Rage began to redden in his Eyes, in ſpite of this reciprocal Paſſion, had your Lordſhip entertained Thoughts of honouring me with your Alliance ſome Years ago, as I then had not given my Word to Don *Sebaſtian*, and was intirely Maſter of the Fate of *Elvira*, I cou'd have compelled her, by my Authority, to have given you her Hand; but Things are now too far advanced, and I am perſuaded you have too much Honour yourſelf, to deſire I ſhou'd blemiſh mine, by failing in what I have promiſed.

It is not my Intention, replied Don *Balthazar* with a malicious Smile; but, Don *Pedro*, there are Means to ſcreen ourſelves from all Reproaches, and when we are conſtrained by ſupreme Orders, all Promiſes are ſwallowed up in Obedience. I believe you underſtand me, and that there is no Neceſſity I ſhou'd ſay more, to oblige you not to diſpoſe of *Elvira*, but to whom the King ſhall give Conſent. With theſe Words, without waiting for what the other ſhould have ſaid, he rejoined the Company; and as this Party of Pleaſure had been formed by *Lama*, he broke it up as ſoon as poſſible, and took Leave of Don *Pedro* with a Politeneſs mingled with Fierceneſs, which made him judge how ſerious he was in this Affair.

At Don *Pedro*'s Return Home, he found *Elvira* and *Suza*, who giving themſelves up wholly to the Joy of being in a ſhort time united for ever, had paſſed all that Day in mutual Proteſtations of eternal Love and Conſtancy. Don *Pedro* cou'd not look upon them, without being ſtruck with the moſt piercing Sorrow; it appeared

peared ſo viſibly on his Countenance, that the two Lovers were equally alarmed at it, and joined to intreat him to reveal the Cauſe. As he knew they muſt be informed of it ſoon or late, he repeated all the Converſation he had with Don *Balthazar de Lama*. The frequent Viſits of that Nobleman had already given ſome Suſpicion to Don *Sebaſtian*, which the tender Aſſurances of *Elvira* had in ſome meaſure calmed; but this unforeſeen Blow renewed all his Jealouſies with greater Rage than ever, and at the ſame Time threw him into a Deſpair, of which he was not Maſter. He foreſaw, in that Inſtant, all the Misfortunes which afterwards befel him; and not doubting but his Rival wou'd be able to carry every thing before him, by his Intereſt and Favour with the King, he cou'd think of no other Remedy for this Misfortune, than to put an End to the Days of this formidable Enemy to his Happineſs. Hate, Love, and Jealouſy combining with the Ardour of Youth, ſupported by the Conſciouſneſs of high Birth, and equal Courage, he was departing that Moment with the Reſolution of demanding of *Lama* a bloody Reparation for the Outrage he was attempting to offer him.

In vain Don *Pedro* made uſe of all his Efforts to abate a Fury ſo juſtly raiſed, and but for the tender *Elvira*, that Day had put an End to the Life of one of theſe fierce and incenſed Rivals. But the beautiful Lady perceiving her Uncle was incapable of perſuading, placed herſelf between the Door of the Chamber and Don *Sebaſtian*, and laying her Hand upon his Shoulder, ſpoke to him in theſe Terms, and with a Reſolution which aſtoniſhed him.

Since, ſaid ſhe, the juſt Reaſons Don *Pedro* has alledged can prevail nothing on you, liſten to what I now aſſure you, and from which not all the Powers on Earth ſhall oblige me to recede: If you are preſumptuons enough to attack Don *Balthazar de Lama*, continued ſhe, and hazard, at the ſame Time, your own Life, my Glory, and my eternal Peace, by a Combat, which Prudence, Policy, and the preſent Conjuncture

of

of Affairs equally forbid, I ſwear, by all that I hold ſacred above, or dear below, never to be yours.

WHAT, Madam! cry'd *Suza*, is the Life of my Rival already become ſo precious to you, that you condemn me to certain Death, if I but attempt to give it him!

I HATE *Lama*, reply'd ſhe, hate him with a mortal Hatred, yet not the thouſandth Part ſo much as I love you: His Death wou'd be no Conſolation to me for the Loſs of you; and whether vanquiſh'd by him, or Vanquiſher over him, your Deſtruction is inevitable——— There are Means leſs dangerous; and to preſerve us for each other, it is my Part to employ them, and yours to obey me in this only Occaſion, in which it is in your Power to prove how much you are devoted to me. And what is it I muſt do? demanded he, with the moſt ſorrowful Air: And what is it you condemn me to?

To love me, reply'd *Elvira*, looking on him with the extremeſt Tenderneſs, to wait the Cares of Don *Pedro*, and above all, to depend upon my Fidelity. All that I forbid you is, not to undertake any thing againſt your Rival by Force of Arms: We are not on Terms ſuch as permit me to disfigure my Sentiments; I was always commanded to love you, and only you, and I found the Injunctions of my Duty were my chief Felicity——— No, my dear *Sebaſtian*, continued ſhe, giving him her Hand, I will never be but yours———Let this Promiſe calm the Tranſports of your Rage, diſſipate all your Fears, and render you capable of joining us in all probable Meaſures to overturn the Deſigns of this cruel Invader of our mutual Happineſs.

THERE needed no more to oblige the amorous *Suza* to promiſe all they expected from him: He threw himſelf at the Feet of *Elvira*, and all his Fury receding to his Love, he intreated a thouſand Times over Pardon for his Suſpicions, and ſhe as often repeated, that ſhe wou'd never yield her Hand or Heart to any but himſelf. But it was not without the moſt violent Conſtraint, that ſhe concealed the Trouble ſhe was in, to ſee him in that ſubmiſſive and ſorrowful Condition, and cou'd not do it ſo artfully, but that ſome Tears, in ſpite of her, ran

down her Cheeks. She loved *Sebaſtian*, if poſſible, more than ever, and curſed the luckleſs Moment that had preſented her to the Eyes of the ambitious *Balthazar*.

Don *Pedro* could not behold this Spectacle without the moſt preſſing Emotions of Grief, Tenderneſs and Pity. He aſſured them again and again, that he wou'd neglect nothing to prevent all that *Balthazar* might enterprize againſt their Loves; and, as the firſt Step, it was agreed in this little Council, that they ſhould aſſemble together all of the two Houſes of *Zuares* and *Suza*, and inform them of the Obſtacle put to their long intended Alliance, and engage both the one and the other to oppoſe it with all their Powers.

As theſe two Families were the moſt ancient and conſiderable in the Kingdom, it might be preſum'd, that acting in Concert, they ſhou'd be able to prevail over a Man of an illuſtrious Birth indeed, but who owed his preſent Greatneſs to a Reverſe of Fortune, very grievous to all who were for the ancient Eſtabliſhment. Don *Pedro* loſt no Time in this Affair, and the next Day all the Kindred and Allies of Donna *Elvira* and of Don *Sebaſtian* met together, to whom this good Old Man reported the Reaſon of his ſummoning them in this ſolemn Manner. *Elvira* was the only Perſon of both the Families who was abſent at this Aſſembly, her Modeſty not permitting her to be preſent at the Diſcourſes which ſhe knew muſt be held on this Subject.

Don *Pedro* repreſented the Caſe as the Head of the Houſe of *Zuares*, and Don *Sebaſtian* as the Chief of that of *Suza*; they both declared themſelves in ſuch eloquent and touching Terms, that no Perſon there, but was of the Opinion they were; and the *Zuares*, who at firſt were a little dazzled with the Advantages which might accrue to them, from the Marriage of *Elvira* with Don *Balthazar*, changed their Sentiments as ſoon as they heard *Sebaſtian* ſpeak, and ſwore to oppoſe, with their whole Might, the Deſigns of *Lama*, and to go all together, and proſtrate themſelves at the Feet of King *Philip*, to conjure him not to interpoſe his Authority for the diſſolving a Contract long ſince made, and which Honour and Probity ought to render indiſſoluble.

This

This Reſolution taken, they judged it, however, improper to be proſecuted, till Don *Balthazar* ſhould ſpeak more plain. Donna *Catherina Mendoce*, the Mother of *Suza*, thought it beſt, that the Marriage between *Elvira* and *Sebaſtian* ſhou'd be immediately ſolemnized, in order to take from Don *Balthazar* all Poſſibility of compaſſing his Intent; but the *Zuares* oppoſed that Motion, giving for Reaſons, that as *Balthazar* had mingled the Name of King in the Converſation he had with Don *Pedro*, it was imprudent to do any thing precipitately; ſince it was not to be imagined, he wou'd have ſpoken in that manner without the Conſent of his Majeſty; and after ſuch Words, the Celebration of the Marriage wou'd be look'd upon as a premeditated Diſobedience: They rather thought it better to make publick Preparations for the Marriage, as of a Thing deſigned before, and which they had no Apprehenſions of Danger in accompliſhing.

Tho' theſe Sentiments were directly contrary to thoſe of *Suza*, yet he was obliged to conform to them, this Advice being by much the greateſt Part of the Aſſembly approved. After which, they ſeparated, with a new Aſſurance, that they wou'd defend *Elvira* for *Sebaſtian*, by all the Ways they cou'd, without flying in the Face of Majeſty.

While theſe Things were doing, Don *Balthazar de Lama* ſuffered not himſelf to be idle. The Manner in which Don *Pedro* had received his Propoſal of Marriage with his Niece, piqued his Pride in the moſt ſenſible Manner; and reſolving not to be overcome in a Matter of ſo much Conſequence, departed the ſame Day for the Court of *Spain*; where he exerted his Intereſt ſo ſucceſsfully with King *Philip*, that he not only approv'd his Alliance with the Houſe of *Zuares*, but in favour of his Marriage, gave him the Government of *Goa*, and made him Viceroy of the *Indies*. He had no ſooner obtain'd theſe magnificent Titles, than he haſted back to *Lisbon*, furniſh'd with Letters to the Preſident of the Council, to oblige Don *Pedro* to Compliance with his Deſires.

The News of this ſudden Elevation filled with Jealouſy and Conſternation, the Hearts of all thoſe, who

pretended to that Poſt by their Services. Thoſe of the Family of *Suza* were among the Number of the Male-contents; but they had, in a little Time, a new Subject of Hatred againſt *Lama*: He having heard at his Arrival, that magnificent Preparations were making for the Nuptials of *Elvira* and Don *Sebaſtian*, occaſioned an immediate Stop to be put to them. The Preſident of the Council was his immediate Friend, and had no ſooner received the Orders from the King of *Spain*, than he ſent for Don *Pedro*, to whom he declared the Intentions of that Monarch were, that he ſhould give his Niece to Don *Balth zar de Lama*; and for that end, break all Engagements he had entered into before the Knowledge thereof.

It was in vain that Don *Pedro* alledged the Laws of Honour, the mutual Paſſion of the two Lovers, and the Ceremony of making them one, juſt ready to be compleated; he cou'd obtain no other Anſwer from the Preſident, than that it was the King's Pleaſure, and that he had a preciſe Order to ſee it complied with. Don *Pedro* was ſenſibly touched at this Violence; and hoping it might yet be diſpenſed with, at leaſt willing to have nothing wherewith to reproach himſelf, he ſummoned both the Families a ſecond Time to remind them of the Promiſe they had made in behalf of *Elvira*'s Contract with *Sebaſtian*. All thoſe of the Houſe of *Suza* came readily, being animated by all the Motives of Glory and Ambition; but the greateſt Part of the *Zuares* were abſent, and thoſe who came, ſaid they had promiſed to oppoſe Don *Balthazar*, but not the Orders of his Majeſty; and that it was neither the Duty nor the Intereſt of their Family, that Don *Pedro* ſhould refuſe his Niece to an Offer ſo advantageous as Don *Balthazar de Lama*, Viceroy of the *Indies*, and Governour of *Goa*.

Then Don *Pedro* ſeeing himſelf condemned to break his Promiſe, even by thoſe of his own Family, had no other Anſwer to make to the Reproaches of Don *Sebaſtian*, than ſhewing him the Orders of the King. 'T is eaſy to conceive the Exceſs of Grief in which the two Lovers were now plunged: All the City took Part in their Misfortunes, but none durſt undertake any thing to remedy them. The beautiful *Elvira* was in a Situa-

a Situation the moſt cruel that can be imagined; forced to receive the Viſits of Don *Balthazar*, and deprived for ever of the Sight of her dear *Sebaſtian*: All her Thoughts were continually taken up in lamenting her ill Fortune, and in contriving unavailing Stratagems to retard a *Hymen*, which ſhe look'd on as the Sentence of her Death.

Don *Pedro* had obtained eight Days of the Preſident, under Pretence of employing that Time in perſuading *Elvira* to the Marriage; but in Effect, to think of ſome Meaſures, if poſſible, to break it off. He tried all Sorts of Ways to oblige *Lama* to deſiſt his Purſuit; ſet before his Eyes the Injuſtice and Barbarity of ſeparating two Perſons, whoſe Hearts were cemented by the ſtricteſt Ties; then repreſented the little Contentment he cou'd expect with a Wife, who was ſo but by Force; and in fine, urged all that Honour, Wiſdom, or Piety cou'd ſuggeſt againſt this Match.

But theſe Remonſtrances were far from effecting the deſir'd Purpoſe; Don *Balthazar* had other Views in an Alliance with *Elvira*, and wanted Delicacy of Soul to be touched either with her Sufferings, or the Reſentment ſhe might have againſt him for this Conſtraint on her Inclinations.

Don *Sebaſtian*, in the mean time, was reſolute to die, rather than permit *Elvira* ſhou'd be given to the Arms of *Balthazar*, was continually in Conſultation with Don *Pedro*, but prevailed on him to conceal from *Elvira* the Depth of his Deſpair, or that he had any Deſigns to oppoſe the intended Marriage, farther than by his Prayers to Heaven: He alſo avoided the Sight of Don *Balthazar*, never viſiting Don *Pedro*, but at thoſe Hours when he was ſure he was not there. This Conduct, which *Elvira* imagined was the Effect of her Orders, intirely diſſipated the Fears ſhe had been in for him, and gave her Time and Coolneſs of Mind to meditate on what was beſt for her to do. She cou'd not think it poſſible, that a Man ſhou'd obſtinately perſiſt in his Deſires of marrying a Woman, who ſhou'd tell him with her own Mouth, all the Softneſs of her Soul was devoted to another; and therefore reſolved to paſs over all Sorts of Conſiderations, to convince *Lama*

of this Truth. A young Maid truly diſcreet could not bring herſelf to ſuch a Confeſſion without the utmoſt Pain, eſpecially to a Man who wou'd, and perhaps might become her Huſband. But *Elvira* knowing that all that had been ſaid to him by others made no Impreſſion on him, was determined to force her Modeſty to this laſt Reſource: The Extremity to which ſhe was reduced, rendered her more bold; and one Day, when Don *Balthazar* found her only with her Women, and he had given her an Opportunity to execute her Deſign, by reminding her, that the Time her Uncle demanded was very near expired, My Lord, anſwered ſhe, you wou'd do an Action worthy of everlaſting Praiſes, if you wou'd prolong it for my whole Life; for, in fine, you cannot be ignorant that I am deſtined to another by my Parents, and my own Inclination; and when you pretend to hope I may one Day be brought to love you, the Exceſs of Grief you ſee me plunged in, convinces you, in ſpite of yourſelf, that there is no Poſſibility I ſhall ever do ſo. —— All *Lisbon* knows this Truth, why then ſhou'd I fear to tell it you? ——— Learn then, continued ſhe, bluſhing, learn from my own Mouth, that I love, and am beloved with the utmoſt Extremity of Paſſion. ——— No other than Don *Sebaſtian de Suza* can pretend to my Heart; it is a Paſſion born with me, of a Piece with my Life, and will continue to my Grave. ——— What wou'd be the Glory, what the Sweetneſs of a married State, where the beſt you ſhou'd find from your Wife wou'd be Coldneſs and Indifference —— where the Perſon who fills your Arms, wou'd return your Endearments but with Sighs for your Rival, and who wou'd continually reproach you, both with her Words and Tears, for being the Author of her Misfortune?

Ah! my Lord, for your own Sake, as well as mine, conſider well on the Horrors of ſuch an Union; ſpare yourſelf the Shame it wou'd draw on you; ——— remember, that all the World is ſenſible I love you not; that I never ſhall love you, and that my eternal Tenderneſs is for your Rival ——— Theſe are my Sentiments, my Lord, I will not conceal them from you;

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you ſhall have nothing to reproach me with, when it is no longer in your Power to break thoſe Ties, which will be then no leſs dreadful to you than to myſelf.——Deſiſt, therefore, from your Purſuit——return to Juſtice and to Reaſon, and force me not to enter into Engagements ſo ſhocking to my Soul, and which in their Conſequence may, perhaps, be more fatal to your Glory than to mine.

WHATEVER good Opinion Don *Balthazar* had of himſelf, it is impoſſible to diſſemble the Spite he conceived at this Diſcourſe; he redden'd, he turned pale, and was about to interrupt her an hundred Times, but had no Words to explain himſelf by: His Surprize was at leaſt equal to his Vexation, to ſee a Maid of her Age, and whoſe Modeſty was as conſpicuous as her Beauty, aſſume Courage to reveal a Secret of that Nature to a Perſon who was to be her Spouſe.

As he was naturally fierce and haughty, he was going to anſwer her with Sharpneſs; but then reflecting, that it was not yet his Right to ſpeak as Maſter, he conſtrained himſelf, as much as poſſible, that nothing of what paſſed in his Soul might be obvious to her; and looking on her, not with Anger, but with Coldneſs enough, Any other than myſelf, Madam, ſaid he, might have juſt Cauſe to fear the Conſequences of Marriage after ſuch a Confidence; but as I know your Virtue, nothing is capable of intimidating me.——You are yet too young to know yourſelf; your Tenderneſs for *Suza* aroſe from your Obedience to your Parents; they are dead, and a greater Power, the King himſelf, now commands you to love me: I dare believe, your Duty will be always a Law to you, and that you will tranſplant all the Affection you were bid to beſtow on my Rival, on him you are now ordained to give it to.

I CONFESS, I am charmed with that Readineſs with which you followed the firſt Will of your Parents; I may judge by that Reſignation in your Nature, that you will always preſerve the glorious Title of a virtuous Woman, and far from apprehending my Honour will ſuffer in an Union with you, I expect only the extremeſt Felicity. Ceaſe then, any vain Endeavours to change

me; the more you have loved Don *Sebaſtian*, the more I find you worthy to be loved: 'Tis Duty, I know, that regulates all the Movements of your Heart; and when you ſhall conſider, that it is ſo which commands you to love me, I ſhall find the happy Effects of it——Therefore, Madam, continued he, riſing from his Chair, never imagine I ſhall forego my Pretenſions; but on the contrary, I now go to preſs the haſtening that fortunate Moment, which ſhall put me in Poſſeſſion of ſo perfect an Object. With theſe Words, having made her a low Bow, he went out of the Room, leaving her in ſo great a Deſpair, for the ill Succeſs of her Enterprize, that, had ſhe not been prevented by her Woman, ſhe had certainly laid violent Hands on her own Life. *Leonora* was the chief of thoſe who attended her, had been her Nurſe, and was a Perſon of great Diſcretion; yet all the Arguments ſhe cou'd alledge, joined to the Affection *Elvira* had for her, ſeemed too little, for a long Time, to calm the furious Agitations of her Soul.

But, as *Elvira* had a Soul truly great, and intirely free from thoſe Weakneſſes to which too many of her Sex abandon themſelves, ſhe had at laſt recovered her uſual Courage; and, aſhamed of her firſt Emotions, as contrary both to her Religion and her Glory, ſhe thanked *Leonora* for the Remonſtrances ſhe had made her. But tho' the Rage againſt herſelf was over, the Diſdain ſhe conceived for Don *Balthazar* was not ſo; and ſhe took, that Moment, a firm Reſolution to throw herſelf for ever into a Cloyſter, rather than yield to be his Wife. The ironical Air with which he had ſpoke, had touched her to the quick: She was ſenſible of the whole Meaning of his Words, and judging rightly of the Fate ſhe muſt expect with a Huſband of that Humour, proteſted to herſelf, to neglect nothing which might deliver her from him.

LEONORA, ſaid ſhe to her Nurſe, after having ordered her other Women to retire, I yield to your Reaſons, and promiſe you to do nothing unworthy of me; but you muſt then approve a Deſign I have juſt now formed, and aſſiſt me in the Execution of it: All

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my Family abandon me, an ambitious Policy has turned them on the Side of *Lama*; but I am determined to ſhew them, I deſpiſe thoſe vain Titles with which they have ſuffered themſelves to be dazzled; and, in ſpite of the whole World, will never be for any Man, if I cannot be for the unfortunate *Sebaſtian*.

THEN ſhe conjured her to help her in leaving the Houſe of Don *Pedro*, and conducting her to a Monaſtery, where the Siſter of *Leonora* was a Recluſe; ſhe alſo commanded her not to diſcover her Retreat to any Perſon in the World, not even to *Sebaſtian* himſelf; to the End, his Aſtoniſhment might be a convincing Proof, that he had no Hand in her Elopement. The Difficulty of finding me, ſaid ſhe, will give Time to Don *Pedro*, his Friends, and thoſe of *Sebaſtian*, to enter into ſome Meaſures, perhaps more ſucceſsful than any they have yet try'd; and, at the ſame Time, aſſure all the Protectors of Don *Lama*, of my fixed Averſion for him: 'Tis poſſible the King himſelf may reflect on the Barbarity of his Commands, and uſe his Authority no farther in behalf of his Favourite.

LEONORA made uſe of her utmoſt Efforts to diſſuade her from this Deſign; but it was invincibly ſetled in her Mind: So that, finding ſhe could not prevail, ſhe conſented to do as ſhe required, and ſwore an inviolable Secreſy. As there now wanted but two Days of the eight, Don *Pedro* had obtained from the Preſident, it was concluded between them to depart the next Night.

LEONORA went immediately to prepare her Siſter, and every Thing happened according as they deſired: The Nun, who had great Power in the Monaſtery, aſſured *Leonora*, that ſhe wou'd conceal *Elvira* ſo well that none ſhou'd know any thing more of her than ſhe was willing to reveal.

THE Affair being thus regulated, the Night of the ſucceeding Day, when the whole Family beſide were buried in Sleep, Donna *Elvira* having none but *Leonora* with her, went out of her Apartment, by a Pair of Back-ſtairs, into the Garden, which had a Door that opened into a Quarter of the Town, but little fre-

quented: There *Elvira* found a Chaiſe, which *Leonora* had appointed at that Time, attended by Men on whoſe Fidelity ſhe could depend. They took Leave of each other in this Place, *Elvira* thinking it beſt, ſhe ſhou'd remain in the Houſe, and feign an intire Ignorance what was become of her; to the End, ſhe might privately inform her of all that paſſed.

This beautiful Perſon arrived at the Convent, and was received without any Accident or Obſtacle; and *Leonora* returned to her Chamber, leaving the Garden-door open; ſhe had alſo the Precaution to faſten *Elvira*'s Sheets to the Bars of the Window, to make it appear, as if ſhe had eſcaped that Way. Then having done all that was neceſſary for the better concealing the Truth, ſhe went to Bed, and waited patiently for the Hour in which it was her Cuſtom to go into her Miſtreſs's Apartment.

The unhappy *Elvira* was no ſooner ſafe in her Retreat, than ſhe wrote to the Preſident of the Council, the Siſter of *Leonora* having undertaken to get her Letter delivered to him, without his being able to diſcover by whoſe Hand it was brought. In Effect, this Nun had a near Relation in his Family, to whom ſhe gave it, and he took the Opportunity, when the Room was free from Company, to lay it on a Table, where he knew the Preſident muſt needs ſee it.

Don *Balthazar* and Don *Sebaſtian* all this Time were not without Buſineſs; the former more enflamed by the Difficulties he found in the obtaining *Elvira*, went directly from her to the Preſident of the Council to intreat he would not agree to any longer Delay in caſe Don *Pedro* ſhou'd require it; and to oblige him to execute the King's Decree in fixing a Day for the Celebration of the Nuptials; and having obtained an Aſſurance from him, that he would do as he deſired, he thought of nothing but taking the Advantages of thoſe Marks of Amity and Reſpect he received from the greateſt Part of the Kindred of *Elvira*, who, charmed with his Grandeur and good Fortune, looked on his Alliance as a great Favour.

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To comply with their Advances, he accepted the Invitation made him by Don *Antonio de Silva*, one of the neareſt Relations of *Elvira*, to a magnificent Feaſt at a Country-ſeat he had two Leagues diſtant from *Lisbon*. This Party of Pleaſure was on the next Day after that Converſation with *Elvira*, in which ſhe declared to him in ſo full a Manner, her Sentiments; and on the Night of which ſhe executed her Deſign, to which all Things ſeemed to contribute; for Don *Sebaſtian* being informed of this Journey to *Antonio de Silva*'s, thought he had now a convenient Opportunity to put in Practice what he had long before projected; and for that Reaſon, came not to Don *Pedro*'s, for fear the diſcerning *Elvira* ſhould diſcover, in his Countenance, or ſome unguarded Word, what he was about to take in Hand. So, by both the Rivals being abſent, and her Uncle being free from Company, going early to Bed, ſhe was intirely free from Interruption.

Thus Fortune brought to paſs three different Incidents in one Day. In the Morning, the Preſident of the Council found the Letter of *Elvira*, without being able to gueſs by what Means it came upon his Table; he opened it immediately, and found it contained theſe Words:

To the Preſident of the Council.

" My Lord,

" THE unjuſt Violence offered to my Inclinations " in forcing me to give to *Don Balthazar de Lama* " a Faith already ſolemnly promiſed to Don *Sebaſtian de* " *Suza*, obliges me to retire for ever from the World— " I have tried all Sorts of Ways before I came to this " Extremity; but ſince nothing can ſoften the Hearts of " my Perſecutors, and they pretend to compel me to " violate all Laws, both Human and Divine, I throw " myſelf into the Protection of him, from whom alone " they durſt not tear me —— Accuſe no Perſon of my " Flight, I have too much Intereſt in being concealed to " conſide the Secret in any one; and whatever Search

" may be made for me, the Place of my Retirement
" will never be diſcovered, but by the Report of my
" Death, or the Liberty of diſpoſing my Hand.

ELVIRA DE ZUARES.

WHILE the Preſident of the Council was reading this Letter, all the Houſe of Don *Pedro* was in Confuſion: *Leonora* going pretty late into the Chamber of *Elvira*, followed by her other Women, ſent forth the moſt piercing Cries on not finding her; and ſome of the others perceiving the Sheets faſtened to the Windows, ſeconded her with ſo much Vehemence, that not only Don *Pedro* himſelf, but all the Family were attracted by their Clamours: His Surprize was extremely great, but on queſtioning *Leonora*, ſhe play'd her Part ſo well, that he had not the leaſt Suſpicion ſhe was privy to the Intentions of his Niece.

THIS News was immediately ſpread through the whole City, and confirmed by the Letter which the Preſident of the Council had received, and which, in his Aſtoniſhment, he had read to ſeveral Perſons who happened to be with him when he ſaw it upon the Table. All the conſiderable Gentlemen of *Lisbon* ran to the Houſe of Don *Pedro*; and the common Opinion among them was, that ſhe was gone with Don *Sebaſtian de Suza*; on which they all went to his Palace, where they found Donna *Catherina de Mendoce*, his Mother, who ſwore to them, that her Son had not been from Home that Night, nor the Day before, but that he went out on Horſeback, early in the Morning, and unattended.

THIS was enough to confirm the Suſpicions they before had entertained, and every one formed different Judgments on this Action; ſome were eager to find him and *Elvira*, in order to make their Court to *Lara*, by reſtoring his Miſtreſs to him; and others, compaſſionating the Fate of theſe Lovers, reſolved to follow, in Hope of aſſiſting him, in caſe he ſhou'd be met by the other Party, and attacked. Among theſe laſt was Don *Pedro*, who was perſuaded, as well as the reſt,

reſt, that by ſeeing the one, they ſhould alſo find the other. Thus they all ſeparated, and every one took a different Way, each flattering himſelf with the Hope of being ſucceſsful in his Search.

But the unfortunate *Sebaſtian*, little imagining that his Abſence cauſed all this Trouble, animated by Love, Hatred and Revenge, being informed that Don *Balthazar* wou'd quit the Houſe of *Antonio de Silva* that Morning, was gone to meet him in his Return, with the Deſign either of taking his Life or loſing his own. He attended not long, before he ſaw him followed but by three or four Servants: *Suza* immediately rode up to him, and having ſaluted him in a pretty fierce Manner, Don *Balthazar*, ſaid he to him, I have ſomething very important to communicate to you: Are you a Man capable of hearing me? Yes, and of anſwering you too, replied *Lama*, in the ſame Tone: Then perceiving what the Buſineſs was he had with him, he made a Sign to his People not to follow; and without any farther Speech, they both ſpurred their Horſes out of Sight, then alighting both at the ſame Time, jumped into a little Valley, defended by a huge Mountain on the Side next the Road.

The mutual Fury they had conceived againſt each other, allowed them not the Power or Leiſure to explain themſelves by Words; but Deeds ſufficiently expreſſed the Emotions of their Hearts. They diſcharged their Piſtols over their Heads; then, with an equal Alacrity and Addreſs, flew on each other with Sword in Hand. Both young, vigorous, and of great Courage, the Combat cou'd not but be terrible, the Equality of their Forces made the Advantage a long Time diſputed; *Lama*, however, was the firſt that was wounded, and *Suza*, by aiming rather to offend his Adverſary than defend himſelf, ſoon after received the other's Sword in his Arm: But the Sight of their Blood ſerved only to augment their Rage, and one or both muſt certainly have become the Triumph of Death, if Don *Antonio de Silva*, with the reſt of the Company, whom *Balthazar* had left at his Houſe, had not been brought to the Aſſiſtance of *Lama*, by his Servants, who eaſily ima-

imagined for what Reaſon he had gone apart with a ſtrange Cavalier, tho' they doubted not it was Don *Sebaſtian de Suza*.

THEY arrived juſt as the Arm of each was lifted up to give the other a mortal Blow, and had the good Fortune to be ſwift enough to prevent the intended Miſchief. In fine, they ran between theſe incenſed Antagoniſts, and compelled them, unwillingly, to ſeparate.

IN that Inſtant Don *Pedro*, and ſome others who had taken the ſame Road, in Purſuit of Don *Sebaſtian*, as the Partaker of *Elvira*'s Flight, came up to them, attracted by the Claſhing of Swords, and the Noiſe of the Horſes belonging to Don *Antonio* and his Company.

THIS Spectacle, which they ſo little expected, threw them into the utmoſt Conſternation; the Friends of Don *Sebaſtian* encompaſſed him with drawn Swords, as reſolute to defend or to revenge him; thoſe of *Lama* did the ſame by him. But Don *Pedro* and Don *Antonio* acted with ſo much Prudence in mediating the Matter, that the two Parties durſt undertake nothing againſt each other; and the one carried away *Lama* and the other *Suza*, to their reſpective Palaces.

DON *Pedro* cou'd not diſpenſe with himſelf from paying ſome Civilities to Don *Balthazar*, aſſuring him, that he had a ſenſible Regret for his Adventure; and at the ſame Time told him the Loſs of *Elvira*; and teſtified ſo great a Freedom in all his Words and Behaviour to him, that it was impoſſible for the other not to give Faith to what he ſaid. But the News of *Elvira*'s Flight put him in ſo great a Rage, that he had ſcarce Patience to wait till the Surgeons had dreſſed his Wounds, for demanding Vengeance on the Raviſher, whom he doubted not was *Suza*, and reſolved to accuſe him as ſuch.

HOWEVER, Don *Pedro* having joined this unfortunate Lover, of whom his Friends took the ſame Care, as the others had done of *Lama*, ſoon found in him ſuch Marks of profound Melancholy, as made him preſently imagine him innocent of what was laid

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to his Charge. But to be more aſſured, Don *Sebaſtian*, ſaid he, I know not how to blame a Combat, which Honour ſeems to have exacted from you; but I am extremely ſorry you ſhou'd caſt ſo great a Blemiſh on your own Honour and that of *Elvira*, as to perſuade her to fly her Family.——It is an Injury to her Reputation which I can never forgive, unleſs you make Reparation for it, by immediately reſtoring her.

Me! cry'd Don *Sebaſtian*, me do you accuſe of having carried away *Elvira!* Ah! my Lord, what Tidings do you tell me, and how unjuſt are your Suſpicions! Not only Don *Pedro*, but all preſent were now convinced of the Truth of what he ſaid; he teſtified his Surprize and Inquietude with too much Sincerity, for any one to believe him guilty.

As they had ſtopt at a Village till his Wounds were dreſſed, he was in the utmoſt Impatience to get on Horſeback, in order to make ſearch through *Lisbon* for *Elvira*: His Friends wou'd fain have perſuaded him to conceal himſelf rather in ſome Place from the Purſuits of his Rival; but he was not of a Temper to fly his Enemy, and obliged them to conduct him to his Palace, where he was received by Donna *Catherina de Mendoce*, with ſuch Tranſports of Grief, that the moſt violent Emotions of Nature alone cou'd ren er excuſable. This tender Mother, who foreſaw the Flight of *Elvira*, joined to the late Combat with Don *Balthazar*, wou'd involve her Son in numberleſs Dangers, cou'd not withhold her Tears, nor moderate her Terrors. Don *Pedro* and all his Friends, who were ſtrongly perſuaded *Elvira* had taken this Step without his Knowledge, and merely to avoid being given to a Man ſhe deteſted conjured her to be eaſy, and permit them to plead his Cauſe. But, alas! it was now too late; *Lama*, who came to *Lisbon* as ſoon as they, went immediately to the Preſident of the Council, whom he informed of this Affair, and painted in Colours ſo black, that the Miniſter, had he been leſs inclinable to ſerve him, cou'd not diſpenſe with ſending an Order to arreſt *Suza* the ſame Day. Thus, while they were talking,

ing, the Officers came in ; and, in ſpite of Juſtice, or the Tears of his Mother, he was hurried away to Priſon, and guarded with the utmoſt Strictneſs.

As his good Qualities made him univerſally beloved, the greateſt Lords in the Kingdom appeared in his Behalf; Don *Pedro* himſelf invoked Heaven and Earth to ſave him from the Malice of his Rival : And what between the Grief for his Misfortune, and the Impoſſibility there appeared of diſcovering the Retreat of his Niece, he was perfectly inconſolable.

In the mean Time, the unfortunate *Elvira de Zuares* being informed by *Leonora* of every thing that paſſed, was in a Condition, which it wou'd be very difficult to deſcribe ; and when at laſt ſhe received News that *Sebaſtian* was treated as an Aſſaſſin and a Raviſher, and that they talked of no leſs than cutting off his Head, ſhe had ſcarce any Senſe remaining, but that of her Misfortune: However, endeavouring to recover herſelf, as much as poſſible, from the Lethargy of her Grief, ſhe began to reflect, that if ſhe diſcovered her Retreat, it wou'd be the Means to clear his Innocence. And in this Thought ſhe wrote to the Preſident of the Council: Don *Pedro* and her own Friends were the laſt ſhe acquainted with the Secret ; but when ſhe did, and ſuffered them to ſee her, and had fully let them know the whole Truth of her Departure, ſhe conjured them to employ all their Cares to ſave *Sebaſtian*'s Life.

But the Council of *Spain* having been informed of the Adventure according to the Report of *Lama* only, ſent Orders to the Preſident at *Lisbon*, to do immediate Juſtice ; but as he was alſo of his Party, and the Deſign of *Suza*'s Enemies being to take his Life, if poſſible, by Form of Law, in ſpite of the Witneſſes of the Combat between him and *Balthazar*, and the Proteſtations of *Elvira*, that he was entirely ignorant of her Flight, he was ſtill proceeded againſt, on the Indictments of Rape and Aſſaſſination : They had already interrogated Don *Sebaſtian* ſeveral Times, but it was only a Formality, and in ſome Sort to gratify the Solicitations of his Family, his Friends, and the Tears of his Mother, who was every Day at the Feet of the Judges. But the Concluſion.

cluſion being determined among themſelves, they did not pretend to give theſe diſconſolate Perſons any Hope of acquitting him, and they were now expecting to hear the Sentence of his Death pronounced, when Donna *Elvira* ſeeing there was no Way but one to preſerve a Life ſo dear to her, after having endured the moſt cruel Combat between the Paſſion ſhe had for him, and the Horror of his Death, determined rather to ſacrifice herſelf, than let him ſuffer. The Time now preſſed, the fatal Moment was approaching; therefore ſtrengthening her Reſolution in as ſwift Degrees as his Danger augmented, ſhe ſent to deſire Don *Balthazar* wou'd come to her. *Leonora*, who was informed of her Deſign, and charged with this Commiſſion to him, perceiving he heſitated whether he ſhou'd comply or not, told him poſitively, that the Life of her Miſtreſs depended on his immediate Anſwer; and that if he delayed Obedience to this Summons, he might, perhaps, never ſee her but in her Tomb. On this, he was prevailed on to go, tho' with a Coldneſs which almoſt diſtracted this faithful Confidant.

He found the lovely *Elvira* in a Situation, ſuch as he cou'd not hinder himſelf from being touched with; pale, languiſhing, abaſhed, her Eyes drowned in Tears, but ſtill ſo beautiful with all this, that it was impoſſible to ſee her without loving her. My Lord, ſaid ſhe, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him enter, and forcing down the Sighs which were ready to interrupt her Speech, 'tis no longer the inexorable, the fierce *Elvira*, the *Elvira* who had the Boldneſs to conſtrain you not to love her, that now ſpeaks to you——'tis the ſubmiſſive, the dying *Elvira*, who intreats your Pardon for an illuſtrious Unfortunate, and who, to purchaſe his Life, is ready to give you her Heart and her Faith.——Yes, my Lord, continued ſhe, ſave Don *Sebaſtian*, and I ſwear to be yours——If it be true, that Love has any Part in the Addreſſes you have made me, prove it to me by this Action, which is juſt, as well as generous.——I know you have the Power, his Judges are wholly influenced by you, and act only as you wou'd have them.——— Triumph then over your Reſent-

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ment, if you think it any Happineſs to triumph over my Heart: What I now beg, may ſeem a Proof of my Tenderneſs for your Rival, but it is alſo one of my Eſteem for you, ſince I am certain, you wou'd hereafter condemn yourſelf for what you now ſo eagerly purſue: ——This is the laſt Teſtimony I ſhall ever give of my unhappy Paſſion for him; and it is the firſt I ever exacted of yours. In fine, my Lord, can you pretend to love the unfortunate *Elvira de Zuares*, yet ſee her thus without Compaſſion?——Is there any Need of ſeeing me in this Poſture to grant what I implore? With theſe Words ſhe threw herſelf at his Feet, with her Face all covered with Tears.

Ah! Madam, cry'd Don *Balthazar*, immediately raiſing her, what a Spectacle do you offer to the Eyes of a Man who adores you? ——— How glorious is the Fate of *Suza*, and how deplorable is mine, who cannot obtain your Hand, but by my Endeavours to ſave a Life, which, perhaps, may make mine for ever miſerable!———But, continued he, you are not to be reſiſted——the Bleſſing you offer me, overſways all other Conſiderations —— I will try if it be poſſible to make you think me worthy of you ——— Deceive not my Hopes, and I will fly to accompliſh yours.

No, my Lord, replied ſhe, giving him her Hand, I call Heaven to witneſs the Sincerity of my Words. She had no ſooner ſpoke this, than Don *Balthazar*, tranſported with Love and Joy, kiſſed her with the utmoſt Ardency, and then departed, knowing there was no Time to loſe in a Juncture ſo preſſing. He was no ſooner gone, than *Elvira*, quite overcome with the Violence ſhe had done herſelf, fell into a Swoon in the Arms of *Leonora*: All the Siſterhood was called to her Aſſiſtance; but tho' they uſed their utmoſt Endeavours, it was near two Hours before they cou'd bring her to herſelf.

A violent Fever ſucceeded this Fainting; but ſhe wou'd not ſuffer herſelf to be put to Bed, fearing Don *Balthazar* wou'd look on her Indiſpoſition, as a Feint to elude the Promiſe ſhe had made to him. Don *Pedro*, who was ſent for to ſee her, found her ſo changed, that

that he was alarmed, but heard what ſhe had done with a Joy, which was the greater, by its being ſo little expected; he gave a thouſand Praiſes to the Strength of her Reſolution, and begg'd ſhe wou'd take care of herſelf, in order to perform her Promiſe.

I SHALL think little of my own Life, anſwered ſhe, till I am aſſured of that of Don *Sebaſtian*. She then deſired nothing might be ſpoken of her Illneſs, and Don *Pedro* finding her thus deſperate, was obliged to conſtrain her to take the Remedies neceſſary for her Recovery.

LAMA, however, who in his Heart knew the Innocence of *Suza*, and who ſaw *Elvira* arrived at the Point he wiſhed, deferred not his Sollicitations for this unhappy Rival. His Power was too conſiderable with the Council, for him, without Difficulty, to ſave the Man, his Intereſt alone had brought ſo near Deſtruction. Every Thing now changed Face, other Colours were put upon his Actions——they ſpoke no more of Rape or of Aſſaſſination; and the cruel Sentence of Death, which was juſt ready to be given, was converted into an Order for ſetting *Sebaſtian* at Liberty, on this Condition, that he ſhould be baniſhed to one of his own Lands in the Country.

BUT this new Decree, at the Deſire of *Lama*, was kept ſecret till after his Marriage with *Elvira de Zuares* was conſummated. To aſſure that beautiful Lady that ſhe had nothing to fear for the Life of *Sebaſtian*, he obliged the Preſident of the Council to ſhew the Order to Donna *Catherina de Mendoce*; but exacting a Promiſe from her to conceal the whole Matter till after the Nuptials of Don *Balthazar de Lama*. This Lady having been told, ſhe owed the Life of her Son only to the Sacrifice the young *Zuares* made of her Hand, found it highly neceſſary to comply with their Injunctions, of ſpeaking nothing of the Matter; and furthermore, of her own Accord, deſired Don *Sebaſtian* might not be permitted to go out of Priſon till the Ceremony was performed, judging, that if ſo great a Misfortune, as the intire Loſs of *Elvira*, ſhou'd reach his Ears, he wou'd not be able

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to reſtrain himſelf from ſome Action or other, that might involve him in freſh Troubles.

THIS laſt Proof, however, of *Elvira*'s Tenderneſs for her Son, touched her in ſo lively a Manner, that ſhe ran immediately to her, thanking her in the moſt endearing Terms, for the important Service ſhe had done her Family. This amiable Lady, who had been informed by Don *Balthazar* of all that had paſſed concerning this Affair, and expected not to hear it from the Mouth of Donna *Catherina de Mendoce*, cou'd not ſee her without a Grief too great to be expreſſed: They embraced each other a thouſand Times; Donna *Catherina* called her by no other Name than her dear Daughter, her lovely Daughter; and *Elvira* burſting into a Torrent of ungovernable Tears, ſaid, ſhe had now no longer the Conſolation of hoping ever to call her Mother.

THINK not ſo, my dear *Elvira*, reply'd Donna *Catherina*; Heaven is too juſt to deprive me always of that Bleſſing: Your Cares, your Sincerity, your Generoſity, will find a Recompence when leaſt you hope it; and ſince you cannot be happy but with my Son, depend upon it, you will one Day be re-united.

ALAS! reſumed *Elvira*, it is no longer permitted me even to wiſh it——a ſevere Duty oppoſes my moſt innocent Deſires——No, Madam, no, Madam, continued ſhe, all that Exceſs of tender Paſſion which from my Infancy I was taught to cheriſh, muſt now, in a Moment, be extinct for ever——I live, and *Suza* lives; but we muſt meet no more, muſt love no more, and even to remember that Love is now a Crime in me, which, though impoſſible to avoid, I muſt endeavour.

THIS Reflection made the Tears pour down afreſh from both; but Donna *Catherina*, whoſe Aſſurance of the Life of her dear Son, ſomething moderated the Grief for the unhappy Cataſtrophe of his Love, conſoled her the beſt ſhe was able: But finding that her Preſence and Diſcourſe but ſerved the more to remind her of her Misfortune, roſe up to take Leave, and having embraced her for the laſt Time, Adieu, my dear *Elvira*,

Elvira, ſaid ſhe, you are too worthy of a better Fate, for you not to hope it. I will not preſs you to a Remembrance of us, I know your Vertue forbids it; but ours will never ſuffer us to forget you, and what you have done for us.

I SHALL always think with Pleaſure on the Marks you have given me of your Friendſhip, reply'd *Elvira*, whatever I do on thoſe of Don *Sebaſtian*: But all the Favour I have now Permiſſion to implore of you, is, to employ all your Power, your Eloquence, your Tenderneſs, for the Conſolation of that once dear Man, that he may be prevailed upon to preſerve a Life for which I have ſacrificed all the Peace of mine.

WITH theſe Words they parted, unable to ſupport longer ſo melancholy a Converſation. Don *Balthazar* arrived ſome Moments after, accompanied by Don *Pedro* and ſeveral others of the firſt Quality. The Articles of Marriage were drawn up and ſigned by both Parties that Day, and thoſe magnificent Preparations deſigned for the Nuptials of Don *Sebaſtian*, ſerved for thoſe of *Lama*, which was celebrated the next Morning with all imaginable Pomp. The ſorrowful *Elvira* quitted not her Retreat, but to be conducted to the *Altar*, and from thence to the Palace of her Huſband. During the whole Courſe of this Ceremony ſhe appeared the deplorable Victim of Love and Duty; her profound Melancholy plainly denoted the cruel Situation of her Soul: But her Reſolution in ſupporting this ſad Reverſe of Fate, without ſhedding one Tear, or ſpeaking one Word that cou'd give an Umbrage to him whoſe now ſhe was, was a Proof of the moſt elevated Vertue and Fortitude.

IN the mean time Don *Sebaſtian*, who, for more than ten Days, in which all theſe Things had happened, heard not the leaſt News, but by the Interrogatories which had been put to him, judged that his Death was certain, cou'd not conceive the Reaſon that both his Friends and Enemies ſeemed to have ſo forgot him. In the whole Courſe of his Impriſonment he had felt no Inquietude but for *Elvira*, and what was become of her; but not doubting, that her Flight was only to preſerve herſelf for him, he grieved not much for

for being ignorant of her Retreat, ſince he imagined his Rival equally ſo, and that he wou'd not receive any Advantage from the Sentence he ſhou'd cauſe to be pronounced againſt him. He admired her Conſtancy, her Fidelity, her Reſolution, and ſpeaking to himſelf, as tho' ſhe had been preſent, thanked her a thouſand times in a Day, for the Proof ſhe gave him of her Tenderneſs, and ſaid he was content to die, ſince he was certain, ſhe wou'd never give herſelf to the Arms of another.

But when the Time was elapſed, in which he expected they wou'd determine either for his Liberty or Death, he began to be agitated with more diſturbed Emotions; he thought it the utmoſt Severity of Fate to ſend him from the World, without knowing ſomething of the Condition of *Elvira*: He tried all manner of Ways to tempt the Guards to ſuffer a *Valet de Chambre*, who was the only Perſon permitted to ſtay with him, to go out; but their Orders were ſo ſtrict, that nothing wou'd prevail; and when he aſked them any Queſtions concerning himſelf, or what they heard People ſay concerning this Adventure and Confinement, they either anſwered not at all, or in ſuch a manner, that he cou'd make nothing of what they ſpoke; and this Reſerve, which he eaſily perceived was affected, making him imagine ſomething worſe than Death was intended for him, threw him into Agitations, ſuch as ſtood in need of all his Courage to endure, without being guilty of any Word or Action that cou'd be termed extravagant.

He was in this cruel Uncertainty and Suſpence, when, on the Twentieth Night of his Impriſonment, and the Firſt of the Marriage of *Elvira*, he heard his Chamber-door open, and immediately ſaw his Mother Donna *Catherina de Mendoce* enter, preceded by a great Number of Flambeaux, and followed by four of his neareſt Kindred.

My Son, ſaid ſhe, giving him her Hand, the King is made ſenſible of your Innocence, and is pleaſed to reſtore you to your Liberty; follow me, and I will inform you of the reſt in a Place leſs dreadful. *Suza*, whom

whom the Diſcontents of his Mind wou'd not ſuffer to ſleep, was not in Bed, and required little Preparation to obey her; he made no other Reply than a low Bow, and with an Air which teſtified more of Surprize than Joy at this ſudden Turn of Fate, went with her into her Coach, and the others accompanied them on Horſe-back: But they had not gone far, before perceiving that they took a Way which conducted them out of the Town, Where is it you carry me, Madam, ſaid he? Am I to hear nothing of *Elvira?* Why is not Don *Pedro* with you? Do they know where we are going? Shall we find them at the Place to which you are conveying me? Don *Sebaſtian*, reply'd his Mother, you ſhall know all theſe Things in Time; but I cannot ſatisfy you entirely, till we are arrived at the Country-Seat of my Brother Don *Lewis de Mendoce*; it is there we are going; content yourſelf till then, with being informed that *Elvira* is well, at *Liſbon*, and that it is to her alone you owe your Life. Important Reaſons, which you will ſoon be acquainted with, oblige you to leave the City for ſome time. This is all I can tell you at preſent; but calm your Diſorders, give a Truce to Curioſity, and diſturb not the Pleaſure I feel in ſeeing you delivered from a Condition which had almoſt given me my Death.

Don *Sebaſtian*, whom this Diſcourſe involved in new Perplexities, omitted nothing which he thought might oblige her to a more full Diſcovery of this Affair; but her Reſolution was firm againſt all his Sollicitations, knowing too well his Temper to truſt him with the dreadful Secret, till ſhe ſhou'd be aſſured his Perſon was ſecured in a Place whence he cou'd not well remove to bring himſelf into a ſecond Trouble of the Kind he was but juſt relieved from. As the Houſe of Don *Lewis* was but a League from *Lisbon*, ſhe made choice of that for his Retreat, till his Affairs were regulated, and ſhe had brought him to ſubmit to his Exile, by the Time prefixed, which was no more than four Days after the Time of his Enlargement; and that but on condition he ſhou'd not appear in *Lisbon*.

As they went very ſwift, they ſoon arrived at the Houſe of Don *Lewis de Mendoce*, who apprized of their Arrival, came out of his Gates to receive them with a numerous Company, all *Suza*'s Kindred or near Friends. The firſt Moments were paſſed in reciprocal Careſſes and Congratulations on this happy Change of his Sentence: After which, Don *Lewis de Mendoce*, who was a venerable old Nobleman, and greatly reſpected by Don *Sebaſtian*, as having had the Care of him ſince the Death of his Father, made him and Donna *Catherina* go with him into his Cloſet, and after tenderly embracing him, Don *Sebaſtian*, ſaid he, you have hitherto ſo well maintained the Honour of your Family, that I flatter myſelf you never will ſwerve from it. One Action, which I cannot but call a brave one, has made you very near loſing your Life; now, one of Fortitude muſt preſerve it——I have a terrible Blow to give you, but the more Pain it gives you, the more your Courage and Reſolution will be teſtified in ſupporting it. *Elvira* lives, but muſt be dead to you——you muſt think of her no more——ſhe has given away herſelf to ſave you——in fine, ſhe has exchanged Felicity for Miſery; ſhe has renounced all that is dear to her, and embraced what is moſt deteſtable to her; and for the Sake of *Suza*, has yielded to be the Wife of *Lama*.

I DO not ſay you muſt altogether extinguiſh the Tenderneſs you have for her; I will not tell you that a Paſſion, however it may appear laudable to the Mind that harbours it, is ſhameful and criminal, when it paſſes the Bounds preſcribed by Law; that is the ordinary Language of Men of my Years to thoſe of yours: But I am of a different Way of thinking, and ſhou'd tax you with Ingratitude, if you ſhou'd ceaſe to love *Elvira* after ſuch a Service —— I wou'd have you love her, but with a Love diſcreet, reſpectful, and ſenſible of the Favour ſhe has done you. —— But above all, I wou'd have you obedient to her Commands, compliable to her Deſires, which join to enforce you to take Care of a Life, which has coſt her ſo dear, and which you cannot throw away without being ungrateful

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to her. Then added he, if after what I have ſaid can have any Weight with you. I wou'd have you weigh the Shame of dying on a Scaffold, with the Grief of loſing a Miſtreſs; and your Glory will certainly ſo far triumph over your Deſpair, as to prevent you from committing any Extravagance which may reduce you to that Fate.

THESE laſt Words were ſcarce intelligible to the unfortunate *Sebaſtian*, an univerſal Shivering ran through all his Frame, a death-like Paleneſs ſpread itſelf over his Face; and in ſpite of all his Courage, he fell, without Senſe or Motion, into the Arms of Don *Lewis*, who perceiving his Countenance change, ran to him to ſupport him: He was immediately put into a Bed; but, in ſpite of all the Remedies they applied, he recovered not his Senſes in many Hours; and when he did, he made no other uſe of them, than to utter ſuch Lamentations as drew Tears from the Eyes of all who were Witneſſes of them.

DONNA *Catherina*, his Mother, ſat on the Bed-ſide, and, by a thouſand tender Careſſes and conſolatory Diſcourſes, exhorted him to Patience, and a Reſignation to that which was evidently the Divine Will: It was juſt Midnight when he came out of Priſon, and near Nine in the Morning before they cou'd obtain from him one reaſonable Word, or in the leaſt, be able to calm the furious Diſorders of his Soul; in fine, all the Arguments that cou'd be urged to him, ſerved rather to augment than abate his Affliction, and he intreated he might be left alone: The Phyſicians themſelves, who were ſent for on the Account of his fainting, finding him in a high Fever, forbid that he ſhou'd hold much Diſcourſe. Every body, therefore, retired, leaving none with him but a *Valet de Chambre* named *Alvarez*, who was the ſame that was with him in Priſon, and in whom he had an entire Confidence.

WHEN he found himſelf at Liberty to give a Looſe to his Paſſions, without Witneſſes; *Alvarez*, ſaid he, in a Tone which denoted more Vigour than his preſent Condition ſeemed to permit, I am reſolved to die, but I wou'd do it in the Preſence of *Elvira*: —— I

muſt therefore go to *Lisbon*; if thy Love and Fidelity to me be equal to thy Pretenſions, aſſiſt me with the Means. *Alvarez*, extremely ſurprized at this Deſign, ſaid every thing that Reaſon cou'd inſpire to diſſuade him; on which, Don *Sebaſtian* ſtarted from his Bed in the utmoſt Fury, and holding a Ponyard to his Breaſt, told him, if he refuſed to give him willingly this Token of his Attachment, he wou'd make him obey him through Fear. *Alvarez* then not doubting but he wou'd proceed to ſome deſperate Act, promiſed to do as he deſired. The Queſtion was then, how to get out of Don *Lewis*'s Houſe unperceived, and where to procure Horſes with ſuch Privacy, that none of the Family might be informed of their Intention; but *Alvarez* being prevailed upon to come into his Maſter's Meaſures, undertook for the reſt; and the Part Don *Sebaſtian* had to act was, only to counterfeit a Mitigation of thoſe Troubles which now raged with greater Violence than ever. The faithful *Alvarez* exactly performed what was given to his Charge, and the Deſire of ſeeing *Elvira*, and expiring at her Feet, had more Effect on *Sebaſtian*, for the Recovery of his Health, than all the Remedies preſcribed to him by the Phyſicians.

FINDING himſelf much better the next Day, he roſe, and having made *Alvarez* dreſs him, he went to the Apartment of Donna *Catherina*; Madam, ſaid he to her, I come to entreat your Pardon for the Weakneſs I have been guilty of before you, and hope, that as you know the Exceſs of my Love, and how greatly I have loſt in loſing the incomparable *Elvira*, you will think it merits ſome Excuſe. I own I am in Deſpair, but I have yet Fortitude to hear all the Ills that Fortune can inflict; therefore come to learn from you what yet remains to be told of my Misfortune, and to know in what Faſhion I am now to proceed.

YOU muſt live, my Son, anſwered ſhe haſtily, *Elvira* begs it of you, I command you, and Honour obliges you to do ſo. Then ſhe related all the Particulars that had paſſed ſince the Day of his Combat with Don *Balthazar*, and the Condition of his Life and Liberty.

Liberty. He cou'd not hear this Recital without Agonies of Spirit, which it is utterly impoſſible to deſcribe. But he diſſembled them the beſt he cou'd, in order to prevent any Suſpicion of the Reſolution he had taken, and told Donna *Catherina*, that he was ready to obey in every thing that either herſelf or the Council ſhou'd ordain: She then told him, that two Days were yet to come from the Time prefixed; that ſhe wou'd have him remain with Don *Lewis* till the Expiration, and that as his Lands were far off, ſhe might, peradventure, obtain ſome Days to be added for the Re-eſtabliſhment of his Health, before he took ſo long a Journey. He appeared intirely ſubmiſſive to every thing, and ſeemed ſo little deſirous of ever ſeeing *Elvira* or *Lisbon* any more, that neither this careful Mother nor Don *Lewis* had the leaſt Suſpicion of his deceiving them: They loſt all the Fears they had been in, of his enterprizing any thing againſt Don *Balthazar*, and thought of nothing more than diverting his Melancholy, while he remained with them; and hoped, that afterwards Change of Place and Variety of Objects wou'd eraſe the unhappy Part of his Adventures intirely out of his Mind.

PERCEIVING he was pretty well recovered, Donna *Catherina* laboured not to gain more Time; and the fourth Day being fixed for his Departure, a great Number of his Kindred, Allies, and Friends, were preparing to accompany him ſome Part of the Way. But the Night before, *Alvarez* having provided himſelf of two great Horſes, and a Key that wou'd open the Park-Gate, they went out without any Noiſe, mounted their Horſes, and were in *Lisbon* ſome Hours before Day-break: They went to the Houſe of a Kinſman of *Alvarez*, a Perſon in whom that faithful Domeſtic knew he cou'd confide; and there Don *Sebaſtian* lay concealed. while he endeavoured to ſpeak to *Leonora*.

THE Hour which Don *Sebaſtian* had ſet for his Departure, was no ſooner arrived, and all his Friends and Kindred at the Gate attending him, than Donna *Catherina* ſent to his Apartment, to tell him every thing was ready: But how great was her Aſtoniſhment, when

inſtead of him, they brought her a Letter which he had left on his Table, and directed to her; ſhe opened it with the utmoſt Precipitation, and found it contained theſe Words:

To my moſt dear and honoured Mother Donna CATHERINA DE MENDOCE.

" MADAM,

" SINCE I am baniſhed *Lisbon*, it ought to be indifferent to my Judges where I go, all Places " are equal to an Exile: But I think my own Lands, to " which you tell me they have confined me, are too " near the Objects which torment me, ever to get them " from my Mind: I wou'd therefore at a greater Diſtance terminate a Life which I cou'd not preſerve in " any Part of *Portugal*, without being more cruel to " myſelf, than my worſt of Enemies have been. Pardon this enforced Diſobedience in

Your unfortunate Son,

SEBASTIAN DE LA SUZA.

DONNA *Catherina* had no ſooner read this Letter, than ſhe communicated it to her Brother Don *Lewis*, and the reſt of their Kindred and Friends, who holding Council on what was beſt to be done in this Affair, they were all of Opinion to conceal the Eſcape of Don *Sebaſtian*, becauſe if it ſhou'd be known he had done any thing clandeſtine, it wou'd raiſe Suſpicion of his Conduct; and even tho' he ſhou'd really deſign to leave the Kingdom, and be gone to *Lisbon* with that Intent, yet being found there, contrary to the Decree, he wou'd infallibly be arreſted a ſecond time; and if he had any other leſs juſtifiable Deſign, yet ſtill it was beſt to leave him to his Fate, without intermeddling with it: But at the ſame Time, they all reſolved to make ſtrict Search for him, tho' with the utmoſt Privacy: They added alſo, that Donna *Catherina* ſhou'd take a Journey to

the Lands of her Son, as tho' to comfort him in his Baniſhment, while the other Party of them went to *Liſbon*, in order to diſcover if they cou'd hear any thing of him.

THIS Advice was too prudent not to be followed; the Mother of *Suza* told all her Friends and Acquaintance, that ſhe deſigned in a ſhort Time to viſit her Son, who was obliged for a Time to live in his own Territories in the Country: Accordingly ſhe departed for that Place, with a Smile on her Face, but the utmoſt Anguiſh in her Heart. As for Don *Lewis* and the reſt, they went immediately to *Liſbon*, to begin their ſecret Inquiſitions.

ALVAREZ in the mean time was endeavouring to meet *Leonora*; but having loitered a long Time about Don *Balthazar*'s Palace, without ſeeing any Perſon of whom he durſt inquire for her, he was juſt beginning to deſpair, when he perceived her at a Lattice of a low Parlour-Window, which jutted out to the Street: He made ſeveral Signs to her, which ſhe did not preſently obſerve, nor cou'd recollect his Face; but advancing a little nearer, it was impoſſible for her not to know him: She was not a little ſurprized at ſeeing him, but giving him to underſtand ſhe wou'd return again, left the Window; and ſome Moments after he ſaw a Paper fall at his Feet, which taking up, he found contained theſe Words; "Go, and expect me at the Cha-"pel of St. *Urſula*." *Alvarez*, who feared to be ſeen by any body that might know him, made what Haſte he cou'd away from that Place to the Chapel, where he had not been above half an Hour, before he ſaw *Leonora* appear, wrapped up in her Veil: She went into an obſcure Part, where he followed, and kneeling down by her, related to her the full of his Commiſſion, and painted, in the moſt moving Colours, the Exceſs of his Maſter's Deſpair, and the firm Reſolution he had taken to die at the Feet of *Elvira*.

DISCREET *Leonora*, continued he, I am perſuaded that if he had an Interview with her, it might change this dreadful Deſign; I therefore conjure you to procure it ——— The Danger to which he is ex-

poſed, by being in *Lisbon*, makes me tremble. ——— There is no prevailing with him to leave it without having ſeen her, and he is capable of hazarding any thing, if ſhe refuſes this Condeſcenſion.

LEONORA was extremely perplexed at this Requeſt; ſhe knew perfectly well, that her Miſtreſs wou'd never conſent to what he deſir'd: If it cou'd therefore be brought about, it muſt be without her Knowledge, and that cou'd not be accompliſhed without extreme Danger. She diſcovered all her Fears to *Alvarez*, in order to oblige him to uſe his utmoſt Efforts to diſſuade his Maſter from this Enterprize. But he ſoon put an End to her Remonſtrances, by relating to her in what Manner Don *Sebaſtian* had compelled him to join in it, and made her ſo well conceive the Deſpair in which this Refuſal would plunge him, that ſhe at length reſolved to ſatisfy him. She then told him, that Donna *Elvira*, who had been a little indiſpoſed before her Marriage, but had concealed it, becauſe ſhe wou'd not delay the Enlargement of Don *Sebaſtian*, was now ſo extremely ill, that ſhe kept her Bed: And this it is, ſaid ſhe, that facilitates my doing what you require, becauſe Don *Balthazar* lies in another Apartment, not to incommode her: I have, therefore, only to admit him in the Duſk of the Evening, at the Garden-Door; but, continued ſhe, I wou'd have him wait with Patience in a little Arbour covered with Jeſſamin, which he will find at the Entrance, till I find a proper Moment to introduce him.

ALVAREZ having obtained this Promiſe, quitted her with the higheſt Satisfaction, and ran to bear the News to Don *Sebaſtian*, who expected his Return with an equal Impatience. If he had been capable of Joy, the Hope of this dear Interview wou'd have given it him; but the Motive which made him wiſh it, was too ſad to excite any pleaſing Emotions in his Soul. Sometimes abandoning himſelf wholly to his Tenderneſs, he conſidered *Elvira* as an Object before whom all Reſentments ought to ceaſe; he remembred the Violence ſhe had done herſelf, the exalted Proof ſhe had given of the moſt diſintereſted Affection, and the unhappy

happy Fate ſhe had ſubmitted to, for the Preſervation of his Life. But when he reflected that his Rival enjoyed all the Advantage of this Exceſs of Love, he grew quite ſerious, and ſaid ſuch Things, as nothing but a Grief ſuch as his cou'd be capable of excuſing: He imagined nothing ſo wretched as himſelf; but had he been witneſs of the cruel Moments *Elvira* had paſſed ſince her Marriage, and the melancholy Reflections ſhe made on her Misfortune, he would have found ſhe had a thouſand times more to complain of than himſelf. This charming Lady, who, while *Sebaſtian* was in Danger, cou'd think of nothing but the Means to deliver him, no ſooner had, by giving her Hand to *Balthazar*, ſet him free, and eaſed herſelf of the Fears ſhe was in on this Account, than the State ſhe had entred into, preſented itſelf to her Mind in all its Horrors. The Apprehenſion of ſeeing a Man die, who was dearer to her than Life, had made her blind to every thing that threatned herſelf, and in the Tranſports of her Grief and her Deſpair, imagined ſhe cou'd, without much Difficulty, paſs her Days with one ſhe hated, for the Preſervation of one ſhe ſo much loved. But when the Danger was over, and when ſhe knew he was living, and at Liberty, the Action which had procured his Deliverance appeared in a different Light; ſhe looked on it now as criminal, and accuſed herſelf of Inconſtancy, and too great Precipitation; began to imagine the Danger of *Suza* not ſo great as ſhe had believed it was, and that ſhe ought not to have violated the Promiſe ſhe had made to him, but on a greater Certainty, that nothing elſe cou'd have redeemed him. She regarded Don *Balthazar de Lama* only as the Contriver of her Misfortune, and her Tyrant; and ſo dreadful were her Agitations, that ſhe ſtood in need of all her Courage to prevent her from yielding to the moſt terrible Deſpair.

But if the Pangs ſhe laboured under were ever ſo great, her Vertue was yet greater; and tho' for a time, ſhe ſeemed to be ſubmitted to their Force, Religion, Piety, and Duty aſſiſted her in the End to overcome them; and, as ſhe was the Wife of *Lama*, ſhe reſolved not only to uſe her utmoſt Efforts to baniſh *Sebaſtian*

from her Heart, but alſo to love the Man to whom Fate had allotted her, and to forget as much as poſſible, that any other had ever been dear to her.

Such a Reſolution, however, cou'd not be made without the moſt cruel Conflicts of Mind, which joined to the weak Condition to which her Griefs had thrown her before Marriage, ſo ſeized on all her Spirits, that ſhe fell into a violent Fever the next Day after that in which ſhe had given her Hand to *Balthazar*. As he was yet in the firſt Tranſports her Poſſeſſion had afforded him, and looked on himſelf as the Author of her Indiſpoſition, he neglected nothing for the Recovery of her Health, that cou'd be expected from the moſt tender Huſband.

The extraordinary Care he took of her on this Occaſion, touched her in the moſt ſenſible Manner; and being determined to quit all Ideas to his Prejudice, ſhe teſtified the utmoſt Gratitude to him, intreated him not to leave her Chamber, aſſuring him, that her Illneſs was not conſiderable enough to oblige him to go into another Apartment, and that his Preſence contributed to her Cure: But he finding her much worſe than ſhe was willing to make ſhew of, and not doubting but the Conſtraint ſhe put upon herſelf added a double Force to her Diſtemper, refuſed her Demand, and came not into the Room, but at thoſe Hours when he knew he cou'd not incommode her.

Tho' the high Vertue and Wiſdom of Donna *Elvira* had made her act in this Manner, ſhe cou'd not keep herſelf from finding a kind of Sweetneſs in the Liberty of talking freely to her dear *Leonora*: She commanded her never to ſpeak of Don *Sebaſtian* to her, nor of thoſe Hopes ſhe had formerly entertained on his Score, but to let nothing eſcape that Don *Balthazar* did to pleaſe her, and to entertain her continually with all that was valuable in him, in order to force her, as it were, to think of nothing but him. Theſe Commands had been exactly performed by her Nurſe, who wiſhed nothing more than the Recovery of her Repoſe, and knew, that to love him was now the only Means to obtain it. But the Arrival of *Suza*, having brought

to

to her Mind the firſt Felicities of her Miſtreſs, and made her compare them with her preſent Misfortunes, it was impoſſible for her all that Day to ſpeak one Word of *Balthazar*, or tell her Miſtreſs any of the Griefs he expreſſed for her Indiſpoſition

THIS beautiful Lady having paſſed two Days and two Nights in continual Agitations, now found herſelf ſomewhat better, after two Hours of Sleep, in which Time *Lama* had come ſeveral Times to the Chamber door to inquire of her Health. *Leonora* was all that Time taken up with the Sight of *Alvarez*, and the Meeting ſhe had given him at the Chapel of St. *Urſula*; and full of the Stratagem ſhe had formed in Favour of Don *Sebaſtian*'s Requeſt, thought not of informing her Miſtreſs, on her awaking of the Complaiſance of *Lama*; but the other Women did not fail to tell her, and ſhe ſent to let him know, that ſhe was now in a Condition to receive him. He came immediately, and ſtaid with her till Night was pretty far advanced; as did alſo Don *Pedro*, and ſeveral others of the *Zuarian* Family; and this Company rendering the Attendance of *Leonora* unneceſſary, ſhe had Opportunity of preparing every thing for the Reception of *Suza*.

DONNA *Elvira*, who began to be fatigued with over much Diſcourſe, and the ſecret Emotions of her own Mind, ſeem'd ſo extremely unquiet, that *Lama* perceiving it, obliged every body to retire, and as it was pretty late, took Leave of her himſelf, telling her, he hoped to find her in better Health next Morning. *Elvira* made many Efforts to retain him, thinking her Duty obliged her to do ſo, that ſhe might be prevented from indulging any Thoughts of *Sebaſtian*, whoſe Image, whenever it came into her Mind, gave a Shock to the Severity of her Vertue.

BUT *Lama*, being forbid by the Phyſicians, wou'd not ſuffer himſelf to be prevailed upon. As ſoon as he was gone out, *Leonora*, who was full of diſturbed Apprehenſions, came to the Bed-ſide, and ſaid ſoftly to *Elvira*, Don *Balthazar* muſt certainly now become very dear to you, Madam, that you cannot ſuffer him out of your Sight one Moment.

ALAS! replied ſhe, wou'd to Heaven that he were ſo, I ſhou'd not then be in the Condition I am——But, *Leonora*, is it for you to reproach a Conduct which you ought to be the firſt to preſcribe to me? Is it for you to ſupport me in the Precepts of my Duty, or to ſwerve from them? Juſt Heaven, continued ſhe, I am the only Perſon that knows what is due from me to *Balthazar!* —— Yes, *Leonora*, I perceive you ſpeak of him but with Regret, and cannot ſubmit to the Orders I have given you——Where were you, when he came ſo often this Afternoon to inquire of my Health? Why did you not relate to me thoſe Marks of his Affection? In fine, why do you not aſſiſt the Efforts I am making to procure me a happy Life?

LEONORA, who had employed the Time that Don *Lama* was with his Wife, in introducing *Suza* into a Cloſet adjoining to *Elvira*'s Chamber, was too conſcious of the Treaſon ſhe was guilty of, and too much perplexed in what Manner ſhe ſhou'd accompliſh what ſhe had began, to be able to make an immediate Reply: Her Silence, the Bluſhes which in a Moment covered all her Face, and the Tremblings which were viſible in her whole Perſon, alarmed *Elvira*, already diſcencerted with many confuſed Ideas: What have you done, *Leonora*? cry'd ſhe, What has happened? I charge you to diſguiſe nothing from me.

THEN this Woman, aſſuming a little more Courage, I have great things to tell you, Madam, anſwered ſhe; but permit me firſt to clear your Apartment of all your Women, and that I may be ſhut up alone with you——the Occaſion requires it. In ſpeaking theſe Words, without attending any Reply, ſhe went out of the Chamber, and having diſperſed all the Attendants, ſome one Way, ſome another, and taken out the Keys of the Rooms, ſhe returned to her expecting and greatly ſurprized Lady.

THIS amiable Perſon knew not what to think of ſo odd a Behaviour in her Nurſe; her Words and her Precautions brought ſtrange things to her Imagination; yet ſhe did not in the leaſt ſuſpect, that *Suza* was ſo near: *Leonora* had no ſooner re-entered, than falling on her

her Knees; Madam, ſaid ſhe to her, I know what I am about to tell you will excite your Indignation; but if it be a Crime that I have committed, it is ſuch a Crime, as it was impoſſible to avoid, without having another Heart ——— *Alvarez*, Madam, the faithful Servant of Don *Sebaſtian*, comes to inform you ſomewhat concerning the Life of his Maſter ——— He has an important Secret, which he will diſcloſe to none but yourſelf ——— He therefore begs the Honour of entertaining you for one Moment ——— I own I was unable to deny my Part of his Petition ——— I have introduced him privately into your Palace ——— He is in my Chamber, and waits till I bring him to you.

GREAT God! cried out *Elvira*, *Alvarez* at *Lisbon!* ——— *Alvarez* ſhut up in my Apartment! imprudent *Leonora*, to what have you expoſed me!

SHE was able to ſay no more, the very Name of that Confidant of *Sebaſtian* raiſed a Tumult in her Breaſt, which, for a Time, deprived her of the Power of Speech. *Leonora*, who expected nothing leſs, took this Opportunity to repreſent, that there was nothing to fear from this Viſit, that ſhe had conducted him in ſuch a Faſhion, that it was impoſſible for any Perſon to have any Knowledge of his coming; in fine, ſhe talked with ſo much Appearance of Reaſon, that *Elvira* was at length perſuaded to ſee him. Let me riſe then, ſaid ſhe, for I fear I ſhall not be in a State of Tranquillity enough to remain in Bed, while this Man talks to me ———But, added ſhe, you muſt let him know his Stay muſt be very ſhort, and that he muſt not pretend to deliver me any Letter from his Maſter, for I am abſolutely bent to receive none. In ſpeaking this, ſhe threw a Night-Gown over her Arms, and ſeated herſelf in an eaſy Chair, in which ſhe cou'd ſcarcely ſuſtain herſelf through Weakneſs, while *Leonora* left her to bring in the pretended *Alvarez*.

DON *Sebaſtian* had been for ſome time in a Situation little better; he was admitted at the Hour appointed, into the Arbour of Jeſſamin, where he and *Alvarez* lay concealed till *Leonora* returned, and con-

ducted this unhappy Lover into her Chamber. Fain wou'd he have expreſſed his Gratitude to her for this Favour, but had neither Words nor Voice, and in his Looks and Motions appeared to her rather a Spectre than a living Man. In Effect, the Thoughts that he cou'd now behold *Elvira* but by Stealth, and that his moſt innocent Intentions, wou'd now, if known, be look'd on as criminal, plunged him in Agitations, ſuch as there is no Poſſibility of deſcribing.

When he found himſelf alone in a Chamber ſo near that of *Elvira*, and conſidered he was in the Palace of his Rival, his Rage awakened in ſuch a Manner, that *Leonora* had much ado to bring him to any Degree of Calmneſs: He followed, however, where ſhe conducted him, and without ſcarce knowing what he was doing, or whither he went, entered the Apartment of the unhappy Wife of *Lama*.

But when he beheld her with her Handkerchief before her Eyes, her Head ſupported by a Cuſhion, without any other Motion than what her Sighs occaſioned, he was pierced to the very Bottom of his Soul, at a Spectacle for which he was wholly unprepared ——— Love now regained its Empire over his Reſentment, and, inſtead of Reproaches, he threw himſelf at her Feet, and embraced her Knees, without Power to expreſs himſelf any otherwiſe than by Sighs and Groans.

Donna *Elvira* believing it was *Alvarez*, whoſe Reſpect and Grief obliged to this Action, having ſtill the Handkerchief before her Eyes, *Alvarez*, ſaid ſhe, the State in which you ſee me is ſufficient to clear me to your Maſter, of all Lightneſs and Inconſtancy —— You may let him know how you have found me, if it will be any Conſolation to him; but ſay nothing to me of him, which may prejudice my Glory, for that already is too much injured by permitting your Approach.

It is not *Alvarez* who receives this Favour, reply'd Don *Sebaſtian*; but the moſt unfortunate of Mankind, who deſires no other Advantage by it, than to expire before your Eyes.

Where am I! interrupted *Elvira*, taking away the Handkerchief, that hindered her till then from ſeeing him; What do I behold! ——— Perfidious *Leonora!* preſumptuous *Suza!* ſhe then attempted to puſh him from her, and roſe, endeavouring to quit the Place, which finding herſelf too weak to accompliſh, Don *Sebaſtian*, ſaid ſhe, ſince I have been capable of ſacrificing all my Repoſe to your Safety, believe alſo that I am capable of ſacrificing my Life to my Glory ——— You have, by this Action, affronted me beyond Forgiveneſs ——— I expected other Marks of your Eſteem and Gratitude. Cruel *Elvira*, reply'd *Suza*, hindering her to remove, and whoſe Fury was rekindled at her Upbraidings; What Gratitude ought I to pay you, you who have hindered the Blow prepared for me only to give a deeper Wound yourſelf ——— A Death inflicted by my Enemies was not enough to ſatisfy you ——— to content you, I muſt receive it from your own Hand ——— Ungrateful *Zuares*, why wou'd you not ſuffer me to die in Peace? Had I loſt my Head on a Scaffold, I ſhould have left the World in a ſweet Hope, that you were faithful to me: But you wou'd have me live to ſee you in the Arms of my Rival ——— And when, in ſpite of my juſt Indignation, I riſque that Life for which, you ſay, you have ſacrificed your Repoſe, only for the Happineſs of bewailing my Misfortune for a Moment, and then dying at your Feet, you ſee me but with Horror, you reproach me with affronting, with diſhonouring you. Well, Madam, continued he, lifting up his Eyes, I will prove my Gratitude, ſince you expect ſome illuſtrious Mark of it, I will render you back the Life you have ſaved, and willingly ſacrifice it to the Happineſs of him you have preferred before me.

In concluding theſe Words he drew a Dagger, and had certainly plunged it in his Breaſt, with his whole Force, if the deſolate *Elvira* had not thrown herſelf upon him, and, aided by *Leonora*, wreſted from his Hands the fatal Steel; Love and Fear having now inſpired her with a Strength ſuperior to what her Condition ſeemed to promiſe.

Don

Don *Sebaſtian* vexed and aſhamed to find himſelf diſarmed, What mean you, Madam, by thus delaying my Fate? cry'd he, looking on her with the moſt Pity-moving Air. *Suza*, reply'd *Elvira*, all bathed in Tears, the State in which I ſee you diſſipates all my Fears: I am more touched with your Deſpair than your Reproaches; the one calls to my Remembrance the Happineſs I have loſt, but the other I feel not, becauſe I merit them not ——— But, in fine, I will make yet one more Effort for you —— I will forget, for a Moment, what I am, and what I ought to be, to diſcover to you all my Heart: If you love me, *Suza*, you will believe me; and in ſpite of the Exceſs of your Rage, I am aſſured you do me Juſtice in your Soul, and doubt not of my Innocence. However, ſince I muſt aſſure you of it myſelf, I yield to do ſo; but, in recompence for my Sincerity, which the Situation I am in renders criminal, I exact two Things of you; the firſt is, That you will make no Attempt upon your Life, but take, on the contrary, the utmoſt Care to preſerve it; Homicide is an Action, of all other the moſt unworthy either of a brave Mind, or of a Man ſubmiſſive to the Decrees of Divine Providence. The other is, To hear me without Interruption, and not to take any Advantage from what I ſay, to entertain me with Diſcourſes of a Paſſion, which, cou'd I now conſent to liſten to, I ſhou'd be unworthy of. On theſe Conditions I will conceal from you nothing of my Soul; and regarding you in this laſt Interview as the deareſt Thing to me in the World, lay open to you my moſt ſecret Thoughts. Anſwer me, Don *Sebaſtian*, and promiſe to perform what I demand of you.

ELVIRA, in ſpeaking thus, had a certain Air of Candour and Majeſty, which rendered her ſo beautiful and awful at the ſame Time, that the amorous *Suza* thought he had never before ſeen her accompanied with ſo many Graces; he remained ſome Moments in ſilent Admiration, and his Fury utterly receding to his Love, he threw himſelf a ſecond time at her Feet —— I know, ſaid he, that I am unworthy of the Honour you do me. —— But, alas! what Piety, what Reaſon can you expect

pect from the Man who loves *Elvira*, and has for ever loſt her?———I know, however, that my Reproaches are unjuſt, and that I ought to ſubmit in all Things to the Will of Heaven and you——— Yes, Madam, added he, with a deep Sigh, I ſwear to perform exactly all you have injoined me, and to leave to Time the Termination of my Love, my Grief, and Life, which laſt I now conſecrate afreſh to you.

THEN *Elvira* obliged him to ſit down, and having a little recollected herſelf, Don *Sebaſtian*, ſaid ſhe, 'tis hard to bring my Vertue to the Confeſſion I am about to make you, but eaſy and pleaſing to my Inclinations.——My Heart has long been accuſtomed to love you, and my Tongue to tell you ſo, and I am now conſcious of a guilty Pleaſure in being compelled by your Deſpair, to repeat the ſweeteſt Confeſſion———But it is to ſave you a ſecond time, that I take this laſt Liberty. Know then, *Suza*, you are as dear to me, as in thoſe happy Moments when firſt it was permitted me to give you Proofs of it; and I call Heaven to witneſs, that if my Life cou'd have been accepted as a Ranſom for yours, I wou'd gladly have reſigned it, rather than my Hand to any but yourſelf.

I WILL tell you yet farther, that it was I myſelf that preſſed *Balthazar* to this Marriage; each Inſtant that it was delayed was a Continuation of your Impriſonment; and the more I advanced my own Misfortune, the nearer you were to your Deliverance——In fine, I intirely forgot myſelf, to think only on you———The Effect has proved I did——I ſacrifice my all for your Preſervation———All *Lisbon* knows this Truth, and I think you cannot be ignorant of it.

CAN you then doubt the cruel Situation of my my Heart? the Condition I am in may convince you of it.———But as you cannot know my laſt Reſolutions, without I inform you, know, that the more dear you are to me, the more I now endeavour to baniſh you from my Memory; my Repoſe, my Glory, my Duty preſcribes this Law to me——I do not tell you I have Power to fulfil it, that is a Secret I reſerve to myſelf—only think that I muſt do it, and that I ſhou'd render myſelf

myſelf unworthy of your Eſteem, if I did not endeavour it with all my Strength——It is not permitted me to ſee you, or to hear you any more; and you cannot conſtrain me to think of you without diſhonouring me—— If you love me, my Glory will be precious to you—— you will not ſeek to blemiſh it by unavailing Temptations, but by a firm Reſolution to fly my Preſence, give me Liberty to follow the Dictates of my Reaſon—— All the Efforts you henceforth make, to overcome your Paſſion, will be ſo many Proofs, that you have loved me with the moſt perfect one, as all the Cares I take to forget you, will be Teſtimonies of my Virtue——Live my dear *Sebaſtian*, to give me this Conſolation in my Misfortunes, that I have ſaved you from Death—— Preſerve that Life, I charge you, which has coſt me too much, for you to expoſe to the Dangers you muſt meet in this Place——Abandon it for ever, or return not till the unfortunate *Elvira* is no more. Then I will permit you to think of me, and to flatter your Tenderneſs with all that can aſſure you of mine, as a Conſolation for my Loſs——Go, continued ſhe, burſting into Tears, leave me this Inſtant, and diſſipate the mortal Fears I am in, while you remain in *Lisbon*——Make me no Reply—— I will tell myſelf all you wou'd ſay to me——I know all that you think——and wou'd have you read my Heart, as I do yours——Exact from me no more, and for the laſt Mark of the Power I have over you, obey me.

HERE the diſconſolate *Elvira* ceaſed to ſpeak, and Don *Sebaſtian*, full of Love, of Admiration, and Grief, lifted up his Eyes to Heaven, then fell upon his Knees, and taking her Hand, which ſhe had ſtretched out to raiſe him, put it to his Mouth, and while he kiſſed it with the utmoſt Ardency, bathed it in a Torrent of Tears. They remained ſome time in this Poſture; but the virtuous *Elvira* ſummoning all her Courage to her Aid, made a Sign to *Leonora*, which *Suza* perceiving, he roſe up, and having, in bowing to her, regarded her with a Look which pierced her Soul, followed his Conductreſs, without tranſgreſſing the Orders he had received by one ſingle Word. *Leonora*, who was

little

little leſs touched at this melancholy Scene than the Perſons concerned in it, had the good Fortune to ſee him out of the Gates of *Lama*'s Palace, without any Accident.

He returned to the Kinſman of *Alvarez*, who was greatly diſquieted at his long Stay; but he appeared ſo changed, and with ſomething ſo deplorable in his Countenance, that he hardly durſt teſtify the Joy he had for his ſafe Return: *Alvarez* himſelf, fearing ſome fatal Event, preſerved a profound Silence, while *Sebaſtian* walked up and down the Room with Eyes caſt down, and Arms a-croſs for the beſt Part of the Night.

At laſt, changing his Poſition of Body, and perceiving *Alvarez* near him, 'Tis done, ſaid he to him, as if he had known what had paſs'd between him and *Elvira*; ſhe will have it ſo, and I muſt obey her ——— Yes, *Alvarez*, continued he, in a kind of Tranſport, I will live, not to forget her, but to adore her, to admire and reſpect her till my laſt Breath.

The faithful Confidant, charmed with this Reſolution, and eaſily gueſſing what had occaſioned it; Well then, my Lord, ſaid he, we muſt quit *Lisbon*, and retire to a Place where you may be ſheltered from thoſe Dangers which wou'd force you to fail in what the excellent *Elvira* has exacted from you.

My dear *Alvarez*, reply'd he, do with me what thou wilt ———I am ignorant what I am, what I ſay, and to what Way I ſhould direct my Steps———I abandon myſelf wholly to thee———I will live, I have promiſed it; but demand no more of me.

ALVAREZ waited not to repeat his Remonſtrances, but, on the Inſtant, went out of the Room, and prepared for their Departure; which, when done, he returned, and made his Maſter get on Horſe-back, as did alſo himſelf and Kinſman, all diſguiſed and well armed. *Sebaſtian* ſuffered them to do in every thing as they pleaſed, without informing himſelf; they went out of Town, and, by Morning, arrived at a little Town, where *Alvarez* took Leave of his Kinſman, and, after a ſhort Repoſe, parted, with his Maſter, for the Territory to which his Sentence ſent him, where Donna

Cathe-

Catherina de Mendoce arrived not till three Days after, little hoping to find there any Object ſo conſoling.

ELVIRA in the mean time no ſooner found Don *Sebaſtian* was out of Danger, than ſhe felt herſelf much eaſed in having made him this Diſcovery of her Heart: She thought ſhe cou'd do no leſs for a Man whom ſhe ſo long had looked upon as deſtin'd to be her Huſband; and therefore pardoned *Leonora*, on Condition ſhe wou'd never be guilty of the like Fault.

She paſſed the greateſt Part of the Night in talking of him, but far from diminiſhing the Reſolution ſhe had taken to uſe her utmoſt Efforts to love *Lama*, this Converſation rather ſtrengthened it: She conſidered ſhe having ſeen and ſpoke to *Sebaſtian*, as an Injury to her Huſband, which ſhe cou'd not atone for, but by the utmoſt Tenderneſs, which ſhe made a ſolemn Vow before *Leonora*, always to behave with towards him. But the various Agitations of her Mind this Night had been ſo violent, that this Woman entreated her to go to Bed; and being prevailed upon to do ſo, fell into a Sleep more ſerene and ſweet than ſhe had enjoy'd for a long time.

The Day was pretty far advanced when *Leonora* judged it proper to awake her, to inform her, that Don *Lama* had been ſeveral Times at her Apartment; and that ſhe heard by ſome of his Attendants, that he had received News from Court; on which *Elvira* finding herſelf much better, ſent to let him know it, and that ſhe wiſhed to ſee him.

Her Meſſage immediately brought him, and he communicated to her the Orders he had received, which were to depart with all Expedition to take Poſſeſſion of the Vice-Royalty of the *Indies*, the Fleet being ready to ſail for *Goa*; adding, that he wou'd not aſk her to follow him till her Health was entirely eſtabliſhed, and ſhe might then join him. Theſe Words were accompanied with a certain Air of Indifference, at which *Elvira* was alarmed: She anſwered however with the greateſt Sweetneſs, and conjured him to permit her to go with him; told him, ſhe found herſelf

ſelf in a Condition to undertake that Voyage; and that ſhe doubted not, but his Preſence, and the Change of Air would in a ſhort Time perfectly reſtore her.

But Don *Balthazar* dwelling always on the Subject of her Indiſpoſition, refuſed her Intreaty, and quitted the Chamber in a ſhort Time, ſaying, he muſt give Orders for the neceſſary Preparations for his Departure. This manner of proceeding extremely ſurprized *Elvira*; and as ſhe was certain he cou'd have no Knowledge of her Interview with *Suza*, knew not to what Cauſe to aſcribe it. *Leonora*, who hated *Lama* with a perfect Hatred, was the firſt that penetrated into the Motive. Don *Balthazar*, ſaid ſhe to her, became your Spouſe in hope of raiſing his Fortune; your great Eſtate had more Weight with him than your Beauty; and the Vice-Royalty of the *Indies*, which ought to have been the Recompence of the Services of your Family, and was, doubtleſs, given him in favour of your Marriage, being the full Accompliſhment of his Aim, Love has the leaſt Place in his Remembrance, and Ambition reſumes its wonted Empire in his Soul.

This Reaſoning appeared but too juſt to *Elvira*, but not willing to give longer Attention to it, No matter, interrupted ſhe, with a Sigh, whether he loves me or not, I ſhall do my Duty. While this beautiful Lady was forming theſe noble Deſigns, Don *Balthazar*, burning with Impatience to ſee himſelf in his Government, was wholly taken up with the Magnificences which his Grandeur exacted. All *Lisbon* came to make their Compliments, and congratulate him; wherever he came, his Preſence made a Court: And his Pride had now ſo much to feed upon, that it is not to be wondered at, that it became, in a ſhort time, overgrown. *Elvira* was alſo paid the Homage; but that Lady, without having the Ambition of her Huſband, received it with more Dignity.

LEONORA, in Effect, had unmaſked the Character of Don *Lama*; the Difficulties he found in the Poſſeſſion of *Elvira* had joined ſomething like Love to his ambitious Deſires; but when he was Maſter of all he wiſhed, his Wife became no more ſo amiable in his Eyes,

all

all the Luſtre of her Charms were loſt in thoſe of his new Grandeur: He looked on it as a Confinement to be with her, and cou'd not think of taking with him a Companion, before whom he muſt be obliged to wear a Gravity little conformable to thoſe Pleaſures of which his Youth and Inclinations rendered him but too ſuſceptible.

The profound Melancholy and Indiſpoſition of *Elvira* perſuading him, that ſhe had ſtill a tender Remembrance of Don *Sebaſtian*, he thought himſelf not obliged to regard her with any thing more than Indifference; and beginning to grow weary of his firſt Aſſiduities, and thinking only how to ſecure his Honour, while abſent from her, reſolved to enjoy all the Advantages of his Marriage, without partaking them with her from whom he received them. As he had theſe Deſigns, it was impoſſible for the beautiful *Elvira* to oblige him to let her accompany him; tho' her Duty and her Vertue made uſe of the ſame Efforts for that Purpoſe, as the fondeſt Paſſion wou'd have done, neglecting neither Prayers nor Tears to move him.

But Don *Balthazar* was inflexible; and now beginning to make her ſenſible of the Power he had over her, he commanded her to retire to a Caſtle he had ſome Miles diſtant from *Lisbon*, where he placed about her Duenna's and Servants, who were all his Creatures, and ſo many Spies upon her Actions; of all the Women who had before attended her, leaving only *Leonora*. Donna *Elvira* was touched to the very Soul at this Proceeding, but firm in her Duty, ſhe ſubmitted to her Deſtiny, without ſhewing any Token of Reſentment, and without making any Reproaches on her unjuſt Spouſe, who obliged her to depart three Days before him; and when ſhe was retired, and ſhut up in her Caſtle, he embarked with a Mind full of Pride, Oſtentation and Vanity.

He arrived at *Goa*, and took Poſſeſſion of his Government, where he began to exerciſe his Authority, with a Haughtineſs which made him rather feared than loved. But now it was, that he was to experience the utmoſt Power of Paſſion, which till then he had only thought of as the Means by which he might accompliſh other more darling Views: Ambitious as he was, he learned

learned in *Goa*, that there are Desires which Grandeur cannot satisfy. He had not been long in Possession of his Vice-Royalty, before a Brother and Sister of the King of *Achon* retired themselves to that Place, to avoid some Troubles which were at that Time in their Country, and intreated the King of *Portugal*'s Protection, which Don *Lama* the more readily vouchsafed to them, as the young Princess of *Achon* appeared to him even at the first Sight, the most dazzling Beauty of the Earth. This *Indian*, whose Charms were accompanied with the most engaging Air, made *Balthazar* know, that all that he had imagined he knew of Love before he saw her, was infinitely short of what that Passion really inspires.

His Passion, no less violent than sudden, was not long concealed from that fair Object; and as he was young, handsome, well made, accomplish'd, and bold, and the Princess of *Achon* neither blind nor insensible of Merit, she attended not much Formalities, to make a suitable Return; and both abandoning themselves, without Reserve, to the Ardour of their Love, took no Care to keep it a Secret from the World.

The Princess finding herself beloved with the utmost Excess of Tenderness, thought of nothing but becoming a Christian, and espousing the Viceroy, and flattered herself a long Time with this pleasing Hope, no Person daring to acquaint her, that he was engaged to another. But when in the Transports of her Love she pressed him to compleat her Happiness, he was obliged to let her know the fatal Impediment which Heaven had placed to their mutual Satisfaction. At this News the Princess of *Achon* fell into so violent a Despair, that the perjured Don *Balthazar*, infatuated with his Passion, promised to neglect nothing which might break an Engagement so contrary to that he wished to form.

The *Indian*, violent by Nature, and render'd much more so by her Jealousy, proposed to him the blackest Expedients to obtain her Desires; but whether he had yet too much Remains of Honour to comply with her, or whether it were, that he cou'd find no proper and safe Opportunity to do it, he put her off by demanding Time, and swearing to her an eternal and inviolable Affection.

WHILE theſe Things paſſed at *Goa*, to the great Diſſatisfaction of all the *Portugueſe* that had followed Don *Balthazar*, the unhappy *Elvira* paſſed her Days in the moſt dreadful Solitude; having no Conſolation, but at the Altars of the Sovereign Diſpoſer of all Things, to whom inceſſantly ſhe poured forth her Complaints. Don *Lama* had, for ſome time after his Departure, wrote regularly to her; and in ſpite of the Coldneſs of his Letters, ſhe had always anſwered them with the utmoſt Tendepneſs, and Intreaties of being permitted to come to him: But having at laſt entirely ceaſed ſending any Letters to her, tho' ſhe took all Occaſions of writing to him, ſhe began to be ſincerely alarmed at ſo cruel and obſtinate Silence. She thought it her Duty not to be eaſy while ignorant of what her Huſband was doing, or what had happened to him. He had given ſuch ſtrict Orders to let her be ſeen by no Perſon whatſoever, that the Entrance into the Caſtle was refuſed even to her neareſt Kindred; ſo that ſhe cou'd not have the Knowledge of any thing, either concerning him, or what was doing in the World. Her Bounty, however, Sweetneſs, and Generoſity, had gain'd her the Eſteem and Affection of all thoſe he had placed about her: They thought it the utmoſt Cruelty, to force a Lady ſo young and beautiful, to live in a manner ſo little conformable to her Rank and Vertue; and willing, as much as poſſible, to make their Duty to their Lord agree with the Zeal they had to ſerve her, they neglected nothing in their Power that might ſerve to diſſipate her Griefs, and render her Confinement leſs irkſome. They made little kind of Balls among themſelves; they ſung, they played on Inſtruments; they brought all the News they could hear; and one among them, who was the moſt particularly attached to her, and in whom *Leonora* had great Confidence, being told by ſome Perſons that came from *Lisbon*, that the Report ran there of the Viceroy of the *Indies* being going to be married to a great Princeſs, was ſo highly concerned at it, that he immediately acquainted *Leonora* with it.

THINGS which paſſed at great Diſtance, and through many Mouths, diminiſh or augment according to the Hu-

Humours of the different Perſons who relate them: And thus the Amours of *Lama* being arrived at *Lisbon*, had roſe to this Form, by the Time the News had reached the Borough where the Caſtle ſtood.

A DOMESTIC of Don *Balthazar* judging by Appearances, doubted not of the Truth of this Report, by the little Care he took of writing to *Elvira*, and now diſcontinuing to give any Charge about her; and as ſhe was extremely grieved at it, told *Leonora*, that if Donna *Elvira* had any Meaſures to take, he would willingly run the riſque of his Life to do her Service

LEONORA thanked him in her Miſtreſs's Name, and exhorted him to perſiſt in his good Intentions; and then went to inform Donna *Elvira* of the News, hoping it wou'd eaſe her of thoſe Inquietudes ſhe was in for the Fate of a Huſband who merited ſo little from her.

BUT this News produced an Effect very different from what ſhe expected. *Elvira* liſtened to her with Attention, and when ſhe was beginning to aggravate the Crime of *Lama*, Hold *Leonora*, ſaid ſhe, I ſee farther into this Adventure than you think —— I know very well, that Don *Balthazar* durſt not break through thoſe Ties that bind him to me——neither his Glory nor his Intereſt will permit it—— therefore am I not alarmed at this Report. It is my Duty, however, not to appear indifferent when ſuch things are ſaid; but to go and ſhew my Huſband the Intereſt I have in him——Yes, continued ſhe, I will leave this Place, I will depart for *Goa*, and neglect nothing that may recal the Tenderneſs of this forgetful Huſband.

WHAT! Madam, interrupted *Leonora*, with the utmoſt Aſhoniſhment, when he loves you not, when he abandons you, when all his Cares are to pleaſe a Rival, will you go in ſearch of him?

WELL, *Leonora*, replied ſhe, in a majeſtick Tone, if he loves me not, my Duty commands me to do every thing which may oblige him to do ſo. We ought to deſpiſe a Lover who betrays us; but we muſt try all Methods to reclaim a Huſband who is unfaithful. Then, without liſtening to any thing further the Nurſe would have ſaid to her, commanded her to bring

bring that Perſon to her, who had ſo readily proffer'd his Service. This Man was called the Intendant of the Caſtle, and all the other Domeſtics were ſubmitted to him.

LEONORA durſt not reply, but went immediately and conducted *Felix*, for that was his Name, into her Miſtreſs's Cloſet. Donna *Elvira* made him repeat all he had told the Nurſe, and finding nothing which did not preſs her to the Execution of her Deſign, ſhe communicated it to him, after he had ſworn to her an inviolable Fidelity and Obedience.

To encourage him, ſhe preſented him with a Diamond of great Value, and intreated he wou'd aſſiſt her in going out of the Caſtle, and embarking for *Goa*, ordering *Leonora* to furniſh him with what Money was neceſſary for rendering her Departure ſecret and expeditious. This Man animated by her Generoſity, and naturally inclined to ſerve her, promiſed to conduct her on the ſecond Night to *Lisbon*, where ſhe might take ſhipping for *Goa*.

To be able to fulfil his Word, he aſſembled together the next Day all the Domeſtics of the Caſtle, and told them, as a great Secret, that the Viceroy had ſent a preciſe Order to convey *Elvira* privately to a Convent, which he named to them; and that he deſired all of them might ſeem ignorant of her Retreat, and to let eight Days paſs over without ſaying any thing of her; but at the Expiration of that Time, he commanded they ſhould give it out, that ſhe was gone to *Goa*, in order to join him, to the End, ſaid *Felix*, that none of her Friends or Kindred may ſearch after her: He added alſo, that as a Recompence for their Fidelity, the Viceroy had ordered him to make each of them a Preſent of thirty Piſtoles. There needed no more to gain theſe People; they indeed lamented the Fate of *Elvira*, but the Luſtre of the Gold blinded their Eyes to every thing beſide, and they examined no farther, but left *Felix* to conduct the Matter as he pleaſed.

THUS on the ſecond Night, having nothing to oppoſe him, he took the ſame Equipage which had brought *Elvira* to the Caſtle, to conduct her to *Lisbon*. he himſelf ſerving for Coachman. As they reſted in the Day,

and

and travelled only by Night, they met with no Perſon by whom they were known. At their Arrival in *Liſbon*, the Intendant placed *Elvira* and *Leonora* at the Houſe of a Kinſman of his, where they remained in all the Privacy they cou'd wiſh, till they were informed a Ship was ready to ſail for the *Indies*. As ſoon as they were on board, *Elvira* made herſelf known to the Captain, and told him ſhe had a Deſire to go *incognito* to her Huſband, to add a pleaſing Surprize to her coming; on which he treated her with all the Honours due to her high Quality and peculiar Merit.

While all the Actions of *Elvira* were thus guided by Duty, Love had the ſole Command over thoſe of the enamoured Don *Sebaſtian de Suza*. I have already ſaid, that he arrived at his Lands three Days before Donna *Catherina* his Mother. 'Tis eaſy to judge of her Surprize and Joy, at finding him in a Place where ſhe ſo little expected him. He could not diſpenſe giving her an Account of what he had been doing: She blamed his Temerity, ſhe lamented his Fate, and neglected nothing to moderate his Grief.

But in ſpite of her Efforts, and thoſe of all his Friends, he fell into ſo deep a Melancholy, as made them all fearful it wou'd in time be fatal to him: He ſpoke not but with Pain, his Slumbers were broken and diſturbed, and his Countenance ſo altered, he was hardly to be known. His Griefs ſeemed to have involved him in a kind of Stupidity or Lethargy of Soul, when the News of the Amours of Don *Balthazar*, and the Departure of *Elvira* for *Goa*, on a ſudden reached his Ears, and rouzed him afreſh to Rage and Hatred againſt that unworthy Poſſeſſor of the beſt of Women. He heard in what Manner he had ſhut her up at his Departure to the *Indies*, and was then a thouſand Times on the Point of going after him to revenge her Wrongs; but the Remonſtrances of his Mother kept him from it: She continually repreſented to him, that by ſuch an Act he muſt loſe *Elvira* for ever; that no Gratitude for Good done to herſelf, no Inclination, cou'd be ſtrong enough to abſolve the Guilt of marrying the Murderer of her Huſband; and that

if Heaven ſhou'd be pleaſed to terminate the Days of *Lama*, there wou'd then be no Obſtacles to his Happineſs: With theſe kind of Diſcourſes ſhe ſtopped the Effects of this Fury for ſome time; but when he was told the Inconſtancy of his Rival, and that *Elvira* was departed for *Goa*, it was impoſſible to find any Arguments of Force to overcome the Violence of his Deſires to follow her.

He imagined a Man capable of being falſe to a Woman, ſo truly worthy of all his Tenderneſs, might become guilty of the moſt terrible and baſe Deſigns againſt her; his paſſionate Affection filling him with Forebodings of ſomething fatal to *Elvira*, which all his Reaſon cou'd not vanquiſh; and repreſenting to him how little Security there cou'd be for her, in a Palace and Country ſo intirely ſubmitted to the Will of a Man, who no longer loved her, and looked on her Life as the only Impediment to his Deſires, he was not able to take any Repoſe till he had brought Donna *Catherina* to conſent to his Departure for *Goa*.

Such a Propoſal cou'd not but be dreadful to this tender Mother; and not believing it poſſible he ſhou'd eſcape the Vengeance of his Rival, in following his Wife to a Place where he had abſolute Command, ſhe employed all her Power to diſſuade him from ſo dangerous an Enterprize.

But *Suza*, Night and Day tormented with the moſt terrible Ideas, cou'd not be prevailed upon. Fear nothing for me, Madam, ſaid he, I ſhall undertake nothing againſt the Life of Don *Balthazar*, I will only guard that of my dear *Elvira* from any Attempt of her unworthy Huſband, by being a cloſe and ſecret Spy on all his Actions: I will alſo diſguiſe myſelf in ſuch a Manner, as to render it impoſſible for me to be known, and by that Means not infringe the Orders given me in the laſt Converſation I had with that excellent Woman —— I even will make no Effort to ſee her; and if I ſhou'd do ſo by any Accident, ſhe never ſhall imagine it is *Sebaſtian* beholds her. Thus, without riſquing my own Life, I put myſelf in a Condition to defend that of hers. ——— This adorable Object, con-

continued he, never offers itſelf to my View, either ſleeping or waking, but with a Dagger at her Breaſt, or a Bowl of Poiſon in her Hand —— In fine, Madam, added he, embracing her Knees, it is to bid me die, to oppoſe my Departure——I wou'd do nothing without communicating it to you, tho' I might have eſcaped a ſecond Time without your being able to diſcover which Way I ſteer'd my Courſe ; but your Goodneſs to me, my Reſpects, my Duty, and the Diſquiets you wou'd ſuffer in ſuch a Caſe, force me to make you this Confidence, and my very doing ſo may aſſure you, that I am ſo far from going in ſearch of Dangers, that I will avoid them with the utmoſt Care ; and when you ſee me again, I dare believe you will ſee me, if not more happy, yet, at leaſt, more eaſy.

Donna *Catherina* was a long time before ſhe cou'd reſolve ; but ſeeing that he really died daily before her Eyes, ſhe at laſt conſented to his going ; believing, that if he took the Precautions he had promiſed her, he ran no very great Hazard, eſpecially as *Lama* would not have the leaſt Suſpicion of his venturing to that Place, or that indeed he cou'd arrive there without his Knowledge.

Her yielding to his Deſires was the firſt Moment of Joy the unfortunate *Sebaſtian* had known of a long time ; it ſhewed itſelf in every Look and Action ; and Donna *Catherina* took it for a happy Preſage of what ſhou'd happen to him ; their Adieus were an Intermixture of Hope, Grief and Fear : She recommended the Care of him to the faithful *Alvarez*, who ſwore never to abandon him in whatever Exigence his Fate ſhould throw him ; and having left the Country, he returned with his Confidant ſecretly to *Lisbon*, where he embarked fifteen Days after *Elvira* had taken Shipping, it being the Seaſon of the Year when Veſſels went frequently out for the *Indies* ; where let us leave him in Purſuit of his Hopes, and ſee what became of *Elvira*.

That beautiful Lady, after a Voyage of three Months, arrived ſafely at *Goa*, and being conducted to the Palace of the Viceroy, ſhe no ſooner appear'd than

her Name ran through all Parts of the City, by the Joy which her Sight inſpired in thoſe who had followed *Lama* from *Portugal*; and hoped, that her Preſence wou'd cure him of that unworthy Paſſion he had for the Princeſs of *Achon*. But no Surprize or Vexation was ever ſuperior to his, when he was informed of her Arrival: However, he diſſembled it before thoſe of the Court who were then about him, and as he cou'd not diſpenſe with going to receive her, went attended by a great Number of Courtiers, both *Portugueſe* and *Indian*. Donna *Elvira* had on this Occaſion ſummoned all her Attractions to her Aid, neglecting to heighten nothing of the Charms ſhe had received from Nature, by all the Advantages of Art and Dreſs, in order to make her unfaithful Huſband bluſh at the Preference he had given to a Stranger. There was not one Perſon that ſaw her, without being dazzled at the Sight of ſo perfect a Beauty, and who did not in ſecret blame Don *Balthazar* for his Attachment to the Princeſs of *Achon*.

Donna *Elvira* accoſted him with an Air of mingled Majeſty and Sweetneſs, which redoubled the Admiration of the Spectators: My Lord, ſaid ſhe to him, I have perhaps tranſgreſſed in appearing before you thus unſent for; but the Motive of that Tranſgreſſion, I flatter myſelf, will be thought worthy of Forgiveneſs. ——I cou'd no longer reſiſt the Deſire I had to ſee you; and the languiſhing Condition I have been in ſince your Departure, made me believe the Air in which you breathe, cou'd alone reſtore me to my accuſtomed Health.

It does not appear to me, Madam, anſwered *Lama* coldly, that my Abſence has been of any Prejudice to your Health; and I think, on the contrary, that Repoſe and Solitude were much more neceſſary to you than my Company. Theſe Words were too keen not to give a ſenſible Wound to *Elvira*; but ſhe teſtify'd nothing of it, and contented herſelf with giving him Glances, which made him underſtand ſhe was not ignorant of the Motive which occaſioned her ſo indifferent a Reception; but he appear'd little touched at it, and

and giving her his Hand, conducted her to his Closet, where they remained alone together.

ELVIRA no sooner saw herself at Liberty, than she burst into a Torrent of Tears: She was struck to the Soul at the Indifference of her Spouse, tho' she had constrained herself to conceal it before Company, and reflecting on her Misfortunes past, and those which now threatned her, How have you abandoned me, my Lord! said she, and how do you now receive me! Have I merited this Treatment! Or did I once expect to find it from you! I came not hither to reproach your Conduct, but to remind me, that you once did love me, and that I have, in no Action of my Life, rendered myself unworthy of that Love; and also to remonstrate, that it is not for your Glory a Woman of my Age shou'd be so long separated from a Husband such as you are.

I PROTEST to you, Madam, answered he, with a malicious Smile, that I am surprized at this sudden Tenderness in you —— you must certainly be extremely changed, or are excellent in the Art of Dissimulation: But I shall not make it my Business to search into what passes in your Heart, nor wou'd have you perplex yourself about mine——You had, however, much better have remained in *Portugal*, since it was my Desire you shou'd do so——But you are come hither without my Permission, and have seduced those in whom I have confided to be your Guard; and such a Conduct is not, perhaps, so agreeable as you may think, and might give me just Occasion of Suspicion: To prevent them, therefore, from taking growth, you must be more exact in your Obedience at *Goa*, and not imagine you have any Right to act as you please, if you wou'd partake the Honours to which you pretend. In speaking these Words, he went out of the Room, without regarding her, or waiting for a Reply.

NOTHING is more cruel to a Woman who sacrifices all to her Duty, and whose Virtue is the sole Guide of all her Actions, than to have them set in a criminal Light by him for whose Sake they are done: The Soul cannot then avoid being agitated by a little Self-love, and Conscioufness of not deserving such Returns; and

it muſt be a more than common Goodneſs that can, on ſuch an Occaſion, not have Recourſe to Hatred or Contempt. The unhappy *Elvira* felt, in that Moment, that ſhe ſtood in need of all her Fortitude to vanquiſh her Reſentment, and to reſtrain her Thoughts from fixing themſelves on Objects more worthy her Attachment than her perfidious and ungrateful Spouſe; but driving, with all her Force, all from her Mind that was of Prejudice to him, ſhe at laſt returned to her Reſolution of bearing patiently all he ſhou'd inflict upon her, and to uſe her utmoſt Efforts to love him, and be beloved by him, if it were poſſible; and the more to engage him to eſteem her, if no more, ſhe intended to make a Friendſhip with the Princeſs of *Achon* in a ſhort Time.

While ſhe was forming theſe innocent Deſigns, her jealous Rival, alarmed at her Arrival, and the Reputation of her Beauty, inſpired very different ones in Don *Balthazar*. The Moment he left *Elvira*, he went to her Apartment, where he found her drowned in Tears, uttering the moſt bitter Exclamations, and ſtruggling with one of her Female Slaves, who endeavoured to hinder her from ſticking a Ponyard to her Heart. This Spectacle put *Lama* into a Condition which it wou'd be very difficult to deſcribe —— This Man, who had not been moved by the Grief and Modeſty of the moſt beautiful Woman in the World, was now pierced to the Soul at the Sight of Deſpair in a Miſtreſs violent, inconſiderate, unjuſt, and extreme in all her Paſſions.

He threw himſelf at her Feet, with the moſt tender Air, and embracing her Knees, Adorable Princeſs! ſaid he, what Misfortune can have happened great enough to make you think of deſtroying the moſt perfect Workmanſhip of Nature? Whoever has offended you, I am ready to revenge —— even were it myſelf, I here ſwear to you, I wou'd ſacrifice my Life to give you Satisfaction.

XERINA, for that was the Name of this Princeſs, grew a little more calm at theſe Promiſes made to her by her Lover; but as ſhe was no way regulated by Vertue

tue or Diſcretion, and cou'd not endure to ſhare the Heart of Don *Balthazar* with another, ſhe ſpared nothing that might engage him to rid himſelf of Donna *Elvira*. To this End, joining to her Love and Rage all the Artifice of her Sex, Ungrateful, reply'd ſhe, looking on him with Eyes whoſe Power ſhe too well knew, it is on you alone I ought to wiſh Revenge—— 'tis you alone who have affronted me —— and in fine, 'tis you who cauſe the Miſery, the Deſpair in which I am—— My Rival is in the Palace; ſhe enjoys a Happineſs which is only due to me—— You have now no Eyes but for her Charms; and while you paſs with her all your happy Moments, mine elapſe in Tears, in Bitterneſs of Heart, and gnawing Anguiſh. Death only can terminate the Torments your fatal Paſſion has involved me in——— Ah, cruel! continued ſhe, imagine not I will be a Witneſs of her Glory, fill up the Number of her Train, and ſuffer patiently your Change, and her Contempt; no, this Ponyard, added ſhe, catching it up a ſecond Time, ſhall deliver me from the mean, the ſervile State; and I ſhall, at leaſt, have this Conſolation in my Death, to be aſſured of Vengeance in the Remorſe which will inceſſantly purſue you.

Then making an Offer to ſtab herſelf, the credulous *Lama*, imagining he already ſaw her expire, loſt intirely all his Remains of Reaſon, and having wreſted the Dagger from her Hand, and careſſing her in the moſt tender Manner, he aſſured her, that he hated *Elvira*, that her Preſence was no leſs inſupportable to him than it would be to her, that he wou'd give her the moſt glaring Proofs of it, and that all *Goa* ſhou'd be Witneſs he ador'd only *Xerina*, that he wou'd live and die for his adorable Princeſs, and conjured her but to ſee in what Faſhion he wou'd treat her Rival, before ſhe made him any Reproaches. After this, he made a thouſand Vows to ſubmit to whatever ſhe cou'd exact from him, if the Manner in which his Inclinations led him to act did not content her.

These Proteſtations appeaſed the cruel Princeſs, who then reſolved to demand the Execution of all he had ſworn, in a ſhort Time; but as the Price of the

Complaiſance ſhe now had for him, ſhe deſired that ſhe might never be obliged to ſee the Vice-Queen, and that that Lady might have no Liberty in the Palace.

Don *Balthazar* made her no other Reply than an immediate Obedience, and calling in a Gentleman of his Train, who waited in an outer Room, commanded him to aſſign *Elvira* an Apartment on the other Side of the Palace, and the moſt diſtant from that of his, and to let her know it was his Orders ſhe ſhou'd never ſtir out of it without Permiſſion. Then he told *Xerina*, that as he cou'd not diſpenſe with allowing her a certain Number of Attendants, that cruel Princeſs ſhou'd have the naming of them; to the End, that being intirely devoted to her, they might give her an Account of the Interviews he had with his Wife, and in what Manner he behaved to her.

Thus the Ladies of the Court who had flattered themſelves with the Honour of belonging to the Vice-Queen, ſaw themſelves ſupplanted by the Slaves of the Princeſs of *Achon*, for no other wou'd ſhe ſuffer to be about that unfortunate Lady; who finding herſelf encompaſſed by Women of that Rank, and whoſe Language ſhe cou'd not underſtand, and deprived of her dear *Leonora*, was now in a Condition much more deplorable than ever ſhe had been, and infinitely worſe than ſhe cou'd ever have imagined he wou'd have inflicted on her. The faithful *Leonora*, in being obliged to yield her Place to the Principal of *Xerina*'s Slaves, and forbid even to ſee her dear Miſtreſs any more, was ready to die with Grief; but the unjuſt *Lama* wou'd have it ſo, and all Complaints were unavailing.

The Vice-Queen was now Priſoner in her own Palace, ſerved and guarded by Men and Women wholly Strangers to her, and at her Rival's Devotion; yet did this virtuous Lady ſupport this Misfortune with the moſt firm Reſolution, never uttering the leaſt Complaint againſt her Huſband, but endeavouring, with the utmoſt Sweetneſs, and moſt obliging Meſſages, to recover his loſt Heart; but finding he had refuſed ſeeing her, and imagining, that what ſhe had ſaid, had not been delivered to him in her own Words, ſhe aſked the Prin-

Principal of the Slaves, if ſhe were forbid writing to him, and that if ſhe were not, intreated ſhe wou'd furniſh her with the Means: This Woman, whoſe Name was *Thamar*, had, in a ſervile Condition, Sentiments more generous than thoſe of *Xerina*, tho' a Princeſs.

THE Beauty of the Vice-Queen, her Sweetneſs, and her Misfortunes, touched her with the moſt tender Compaſſion: She loved her, ſhe bewailed her, and wou'd fain have propoſed ſomething for her Conſolation; but the Character of the Princeſs of *Achon* was too well known to her, for her to dare to expreſs any Emotions ſo contrary to her own. She had been enjoined to treat this unhappy Lady with the utmoſt Rigour, and not to give her the leaſt Liberty, on Pain of Death: She, therefore, was extremely perplexed at this Demand; however, being willing to ſatisfy her, without hazarding herſelf, ſhe told her, that ſhe wou'd intreat Permiſſion of the Princeſs, without whoſe Orders ſhe cou'd not venture to give her Pen and Ink. Donna *Elvira* cou'd not ſuppreſs her Sighs at this Reply, and *Thamar* was obliged to turn away, to conceal the Senſibility ſhe had of her own enforced Cruelty——ſhe went from her to *Xerina*, and related the Requeſt had been made to her by the Vice-Queen: I have refuſed her, Madam, ſaid ſhe, till I know your Commands; but if I might preſume to ſpeak my Thoughts on this Matter, I think it your Intereſt to know the Sentiments of your Rival; it is certain ſhe will not diſcover them before us, being all your Creatures, but will, doubtleſs, diſburthen her whole Soul in her Letters to her Spouſe; 'tis, therefore, my Advice, that you ſuffer her to write, and that I deliver the Letter, after you have read it, to the Viceroy, as you may alſo ſee his Anſwer, before it reaches her Hand; and by that diſcover the true Situation of his Heart, and how far you may depend on the Veracity of his Paſſion for you, and Indifference for her.

THESE Arguments were ſo conformable to the Humour of *Xerina*, that joined to the Curioſity of ſeeing in what Manner her Rival wou'd expreſs her Regard, made her tell *Thamar*, that ſhe approved her Deſign, and bid her not carry any Letter to *Balthazar*,

till ſhe had firſt ſhewed it to her; but that, above all Things, ſhe muſt keep *Elvira* from any Suſpicion of her ſeeing it, becauſe it wou'd put a Reſtraint upon her Pen. The Slave aſſured her, ſhe wou'd act in every thing according to her Command, tho' ſhe was far from deſigning it, and return to *Elvira*, attended as uſual, but forbear giving any Anſwer to her Demand, till Night when ſhe was in Bed; becauſe being the only Perſon that lay in her Chamber, ſhe wou'd then have an Opportunity of ſpeaking to her without Witneſſes.

When the Time correſponded with her Deſigns, *Elvira* being in Bed, and all the other Slaves retired, ſhe came near to her, and having drawn the Curtain; All, Madam, ſaid ſhe, in broken *Portugueſe*, but the Viceroy and Princeſs of *Achon*, are grieved for you: But, methinks, their Hearts and their Conditions are not equal——they are of high Birth, and free, yet are they Tyrants, cruel, and unjuſt——I am a Slave, yet am I tender and compaſſionate; your Miſfortunes touch me; I wou'd gladly ſweeten your Captivity, and will uſe my utmoſt Efforts for that Purpoſe; but the Fidelity with which I ſerve you, muſt be concealed with the extremeſt Caution. Then ſhe informed her of all ſhe had ſaid to *Xerina*, and the Method ſhe took to prevail on her to give Conſent, that ſhe ſhou'd be allowed to write to Don *Balthazar*.

Of what Importance is it to you, added ſhe, that your Rival reads your Letter, as your Spouſe will receive it afterwards? But I wou'd not have you mention her in it; complain only of me, and of my Cruelties; entreat that I may be diſplaced, for that is the only Way to continue me here, and to give me an Opportunity of expreſſing the Zeal I have to ſerve you, and mitigate your Sufferings. If I had taken your Letter without informing the Princeſs of it, ſhe wou'd have believed me in your Intereſt, and I ſhou'd have been diſmiſſed from you, and ſeverely puniſhed; but if you obſerve the Conduct I have preſcribed, I ſhall eſtabliſh myſelf in her Confidence, and thereby be in a State to render you Services——

THA-

THAMAR was proceeding, but *Elvira* cou'd hold no longer from interrupting her; ſhe ſo little expected to find a Conſolation of this kind, that it aſtoniſhed her beyond Meaſure: She fixed her Eyes on the Slave all the Time ſhe was ſpeaking, in order to diſcover in her Looks, if this exterior Goodneſs did not conceal ſome Treachery. She was young, amiable, had an open and free Countenance, and while ſhe was talking to her in this Manner, ſeemed more herſelf, than when ſhe appeared in that ſevere and ill-natured Air, which ſhe was obliged to affect before the other Slaves; all theſe things conjoining, made her hope ſhe was ſincere.

You are, perhaps, ſaid *Elvira* to her, endeavouring to prove how far my Credulity extends; for I can ſo little comprehend, that a Favourite of the Princeſs of *Achon* can be ſenſible of the Ills I ſuffer, that it is not without great Difficulty I can believe you. I ſee nothing, indeed, in your Perſon, which does not merit all the Confidence you wou'd inſpire me with; but the Rank you hold with my Rival, ſo little accords with your Words, that you cannot be ſurprized, if I am dubious ——— However, be your Deſign what it will, as mine is only to ſpeak to my Huſband, I ſhall make no Scruple to truſt you with my Letters to him; neither am I ſollicitous what Way to take, ſo they at laſt arrive at his Hands.

I EXPECTED no leſs, Madam, anſwered *Thamar* ſmiling, nor do I deſire you will depend till you have proved how ſincerely I am inclined to ſerve you ——— I only beg you will write in the Manner I have adviſed. In ſpeaking theſe Words ſhe cloſed the Curtains again, and left Donna *Elvira* at Liberty to reflect on what ſhe had to do. This beautiful Perſon paſſed the greateſt Part of the Night in thanking Heaven for having inſpired Pity for her Ills, in a Breaſt where ſhe ſo little had hoped to find it, and in thinking in what Terms ſhe ſhou'd addreſs herſelf to her perfidious Spouſe.

As ſoon as *Thamar* found ſhe was awake, ſhe brought her what was neceſſary for her to write. Make your Letter, Madam, ſaid ſhe, for the Hour approaches in which I muſt attend the Princeſs: *Elvira* made no An-

ſwer, but taking the Pen in her Hand, decyphered to *Balthazar* all the Emotions of her Soul, in the moſt touching and tender Manner, expreſſed the Violence of her Grief, that he had not been once to viſit her, ſince the Time he received her from on board; conjured him to pardon her Diſobedience in coming to *Goa* without his Permiſſion, aſſured him, ſhe was compelled to that Action, merely by the Fears for his Health, which his long Silence had occaſioned; beſeeching him not to deprive her of his Preſence, that ſhe cou'd ſupport every thing but the want of ſeeing him; and that ſhe ſuffered patiently the Affronts and ill Treatment of the Slave *Thamar*, but that ſhe hoped he authorized not her Inſolence, and that he wou'd remember ſhe was of a Birth, which ought to exempt her from the Indignities to which ſhe was expoſed; and concluded with telling him, that in what Manner ſoever he behaved toward her, ſhe wou'd never fail in her Duty to him.

HAVING finiſhed her Letter, ſhe gave it to the Slave, who immediately carried it to *Xerina:* This Princeſs finding no Complaint in it againſt herſelf, nor the leaſt Notice that ſhe attributed her Misfortunes to her, nor indeed any thing which ſhe imagined wou'd be able to change the preſent Sentiments of the Viceroy, gave it to him herſelf, well ſatisfy'd that *Thamar* had ſo well executed her Orders. Don *Balthazar* read it with Unconcern, and then reſtored it to *Xerina*, intreating her to believe, he cou'd be ſenſible of nothing that came from that Quarter, and forbid *Thamar* to bring him any more of her Epiſtles.

THE Princeſs of *Achon* triumphed within herſelf, to find the Heart of *Lama* in the Situation ſhe wiſhed: There was nothing now to be ſeen in the Palace, but Balls, Feaſts, and publick Entertainments, of which ſhe had all the Honours; Don *Balthazar* ſeeming to glory in the Paſſion he had for her, and neither of them taking any Care to conceal their criminal Intercourſe from the Eyes of the Court and People, while the Vice-Queen ſpent her Days in the moſt ſtrait Captivity, pitied by all *Goa*, but without any Conſolation, except what ſhe received from the Cares of *Thamar*, who being obliged

to

to conſtrain herſelf to appear cruel and ſevere before the reſt of the Domeſticks, cou'd only teſtify her good Wiſhes, and the Softneſs of her Nature, when they were alone together.

It was near a Month ſince the Arrival of Donna *Elvira*, in all which Time Don *Balthazar* had never been once to ſee her, nor cou'd all ſhe wrote to him, or expreſs in Meſſages, be able to move him to any Pity for her Condition, or Repentance for his Treatment of her. But notwithſtanding his Inflexibility, the jealous *Xerina* was not content, and finding that the Griefs of her Rival were not ſufficient to deprive her of her Life, had not yet her End: She doubted not, but if ſhe cou'd once ſee her laid in Earth, ſhe ſhou'd immediately poſſeſs her Place, and therefore reſolved to deſtroy her at what rate ſoever.

The perjured *Lama* wiſhed no leſs than ſhe to break the Bonds which attached him to *Elvira*, and oppoſed the Means *Xerina* was every Day offering him, for no other Reaſon, than becauſe he thought them dangerous: Nobody, ſaid he, will dare to intermeddle between me and my Wife, how ill ſoever I uſe her; but ſhou'd any Diſcovery be made, that I attempted on her Life, the whole World wou'd become my Accuſers, and I muſt inevitably ſhare the Fate of other Murderers. But all his Arguments were too weak to convince *Xerina* he owed her not this Mark of his Affection; and therefore left nothing uneſſayed, which might oblige him to give it her. The firſt Step ſhe took, was to counterfeit ſo profound a Melancholy, that all the Diverſions *Lama* was continually preparing for her, ſeemed rather to augment than diminiſh it. He was troubled beyond Meaſure at the Condition in which he ſaw her, and preſſed her every Moment to an Explanation of the Cauſes, calling Heaven and Earth to witneſs his Love and his Fidelity. To this the cunning *Xerina* anſwered only with her Tears, and conjuring him not to ceaſe loving her, notwithſtanding the Decay of her Beauty; he, who found her as charming as ever, made her a thouſand Proteſtations of an eternal Conſtancy, and all their Converſations ended with the

Tears

Tears of the one, and the Aſſurances of the other. Every Day ſeemed to bring with it an Increaſe of Grief, and at laſt whoever had ſeen her, wou'd have imagined her wholly abandoned to Deſpair; then pretending to be quite overcome by the inward Agitations of her Soul, ſhe made herſelf be kept in Bed, and her Attendants gave out that ſhe was dying. Don *Balthazar*, alarmed almoſt to Diſtraction, quitted the moſt important Buſineſs, and never ſtirred from her Apartment; and by all his Actions teſtify'd, that his Life was abſolutely attached to hers. As he was ſitting by her one Day on the Bed-ſide, all bathed in Tears for her imagined Danger, and proteſting he neither cou'd nor wou'd ſurvive her Loſs: No, my my Lord, ſaid ſhe, tenderly preſſing his Hand, I only ought to die, as an Expiation for the Crime my Pride has made me guilty of, in imagining myſelf worthy of your Love. Donna *Elvira* is, doubtleſs, much more ſo than I, ſince Heaven permits her to live, and deſtroys me. It is not, however, by her Tenderneſs for you, for you have often told me ſhe never loved you——Alas! continued ſhe, who can ever love you like the unfortunate *Xerina?* 'Tis the too perfect Affection I have for you, that ſends me to my Grave——You cannot be intirely mine, and I cannot live without being yours——The Death of *Elvira* alone can give you to the Princeſs of *Achon*; and it is the Death of this Princeſs, that muſt reſtore you to *Elvira*——It is juſt, my Lord, that I ſhou'd be the Sacrifice; and I ſhall reſign my laſt Breath with Pleaſure, added ſhe, putting his Hand to her Mouth, and kiſſing it paſſionately, if my Death will aſſure your Felicity.

What Words were theſe for a Man to hear, who doated, who ador'd like Don *Balthazar!* they failed not to work on him all the Effect the cruel *Xerina* had deſigned them for ——— Ah! 'tis too much, Madam, cry'd he; if to preſerve your Life, that of *Elvira* muſt be ſacrificed, I deliver her up to you ——— ordain —— command —— let all periſh, rather than my adorable Princeſs. Oh! how tranſporting is this Promiſe! interrupted ſhe, and how capable is it of prolonging my Days, if it be as ſincere as it is full of Love!

What

What muſt be done to prove it ſo? reſumed *Lama*, in the moſt vehement Tone. You muſt, reply'd *Xerina*, make me the immediate Miſtreſs of *Elvira*'s Fate; approve my Deſigns, ſupport me in the Execution of them, and fix my Happineſs, by being united to me for ever. Don *Balthazar* was ſo ſtrongly infatuated by this Princeſs, and the Paſſion he had for her ſo contrary to Reaſon and good Senſe, that he regarded nothing but rendering her contented, and teſtifying the Violence of his Love: He conſented in a Moment, and without any Heſitation, to all ſhe aſked, and made a thouſand Oaths to approve all ſhe did, and to ſecond her himſelf, if it were neceſſary. The barbarous *Xerina* made known her Joy, and the Senſe ſhe had of his Compliance, by all that the moſt tender and attracting Love cou'd inſpire; and knew ſo well how to engage him by her Careſſes and Endearments, that wholly overcome with Rapture, his very Soul was moulded to what Form ſhe pleaſed to give it, and from that Time he talked with her of poiſoning or ſtabbing *Elvira*, with the ſame Indifference as he wou'd have done on any ordinary Matter.

But while they were conſulting on Means, the moſt ſure and ſecret, for the Deſtruction of *Elvira*, Heaven protected her innocent Life, by ſending to her Aid the only Perſon capable of relieving her in this Extremity.

Don *Sebaſtian de Suza*, who embarked ſoon after her, having a favourable Wind, arrived at *Goa*, almoſt as ſoon as that beautiful Unfortunate. On his landing, he went, with his faithful *Alvarez*, to the Houſe of a *Jew*, whom he had known at *Lisbon*, and who for ſome Service he had done the State, had obtained Permiſſion to eſtabliſh himſelf in *Goa*, or any Part in the Dominions of the King of *Portugal*, according as his Commerce demanded his Preſence; and this it was which gave him the Liberty of coming from time to time to *Lisbon*, to ſell Slaves, of which he made a great Traffic. Don *Sebaſtian*, who knew that Intereſt was the firſt great Mover among thoſe Sort of People, made him a Preſent of a large Purſe of Gold; and by that Proof of an extraordinary Liberality, engaged him

him to conceal them at his Houſe, till they had Time to reflect how they ſhou'd proceed.

THE *Jew*, who doubted not but he ſhou'd greatly advance himſelf by this Confidence, was ſincerely reſolved to do his utmoſt to ſerve him. And as he had alſo conſiderable Dealings in Diamonds and Pearls, as well as Slaves, he had frequent Acceſs to the Viceroy, the Princeſs of *Achon*, and all the other great Perſons reſiding at *Goa*; and *Suza* knowing this, charged him with the firſt Commiſſion, to find out what had paſſed at the Palace ſince the Arrival of the Vice-Queen, and in what Manner ſhe was treated by her Huſband. But it was little neceſſary to go out for an Information of that kind; the Conduct of the Viceroy was too well known in that Particular, to be a Secret to thoſe who troubled themſelves leaſt with enquiring into what was doing in the World; and, on Don *Sebaſtian*'s mentioning it, the other immediately related to him the Reception he had given her, the ſtrait Captivity in which ſhe lived, the Cruelty of driving from her *Leonora*, and the abſolute Power the Princeſs of *Achon* had over the Actions of the Viceroy.

SCARCE cou'd *Sebaſtian* contain his Rage at this Diſcourſe, but having reſolved to do nothing which might violate the Promiſe he had made his Mother, or riſque the Loſs of *Elvira* for ever; he ſummoned all his Patience to his Aid, and demanded of the *Jew*, if there was not a Poſſibility of ſpeaking to *Leonora*. Nothing can be more eaſy, reply'd he; for when ſhe was baniſhed from her Miſtreſs, ſhe addreſſed herſelf to me for a Lodging, and having no Conveniencies myſelf at that Time, I placed her in the Houſe of an Acquaintance, one who is originally a *Portugueſe*, but has been ſettled a long Time at *Goa*. There needed no more for Don *Sebaſtian* to entreat he would bring her to his Houſe at Night; which the other aſſuring him he wou'd do, he went directly to her, and telling her he had ſomething of Importance to communicate to her, which it was not proper to ſpeak, but in his own Houſe, deſired ſhe wou'd not fail coming at a certain Hour appointed by him.

LEO-

LEONORA, who was not of an Age to fear thoſe Accidents to which Youth is liable, and had alſo received many Obligations from the *Jew*, ſince ſhe had left her Miſtreſs, made no Difficulty of aſſuring him ſhe wou'd be there.

THE Hour being arrived, ſhe kept her Promiſe, and was no ſooner entered, than the *Jew* conducted her to the Apartment of Don *Sebaſtian*, who no ſooner perceived her, than he ran to her, caught her in his Arms, and embraced her with a Vehemence, which gave her Suſpicions very different from the Truth; but having lifted up her Veil, with a Deſign to undeceive a Perſon, who, ſhe imagined, miſtook her for ſome other and younger Perſon, ſhe no ſooner caſt her Eyes on him, than ſhe returned his Careſſes with Uſury; and burſting into Tears of Joy and Aſtoniſhment, My Lord, ſaid ſhe, by what Miracle has Heaven ſent me a Conſolation ſo little expected? Alas! dear *Leonora*, reply'd *Suza*, I am not in a Condition to give you any, and come but to demand it of you. *Leonora*, to whom theſe Words brought all the Misfortunes of *Elvira* freſh to Mind, cou'd make no other Anſwer than Tears; but recollecting the Freedom ſhe had uſed to him before the *Jew*, ſhe withdrew from his Arms, and reſuming a Countenance more reſpectful, Pardon me, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, if the Exceſs of my Surprize and Joy made me forget the Diſtance I ought to obſerve towards you; but my Age, my Zeal, and your Goodneſs, I hope, will authorize the Liberty I have taken. Don *Sebaſtian* deſired ſhe wou'd not change her Manner of Behaviour, and told her, that he regarded her, as the Mother of all that was dear to him in the World.

THIS Diſcourſe, mingled with Joy, with Grief, and with Reſpect, made the *Jew* perceive, that Don *Sebaſtian* had a lively Intereſt in every thing that concerned the Vice-Queen, and that he had, indeed, very powerful Reaſons for keeping himſelf concealed: In this Thought he withdrew, not to conſtrain them by his Preſence. When *Leonora* ſaw him go out, ſhe demanded of Don *Sebaſtian*, what had brought him into

a Place where he had every thing to fear from the Malice and Power of his Rival.

THEN this faithful Lover of *Elvira* made her a ſincere Recital of the Apprehenſions which had tormented him for the Fate of that dear Object, and told her, that his Deſign was to inſinuate himſelf in ſome Diſguiſe to the Family of *Lama*, in hope thereby, he might be ſerviceable to *Elvira*. *Leonora* approved of one Part of his Intention, but diſſuaded him from going into the Family of the Viceroy: It is not in his Palace, ſaid ſhe, that you can be any way uſeful to his Wife; you wou'd there know little of her Affairs, and be every Hour expoſed to the Danger of being known; and ſince you have no other Motive than the Protection of the Vice-Queen, in caſe any thing farther ſhou'd be attempted againſt her, my Advice is, that you get yourſelf introduced to the Service of the Princeſs of *Achen*. It is in her Apartment, that all Reſolutions are taken, all Projects form'd, and by her Orders all Things are executed. All the Slaves that attend on *Elvira* come to her every Day, and give an Account of the ſmalleſt of her Actions, and receive the Commands of that Princeſs in what Manner they ſhall treat her——the inconſiderate *Lama* neither thinks, nor acts but acsording to her Will. The *Jew Iſaac*, with whom you are, I believe can do you Service on this Occaſion; he is well acquainted with the Princeſs; ſhe frequently truſts him with the moſt ſecret Commiſſions: And as you are not known by any of her People, can run no great Riſque in being there. You may alſo be informed of every thing concerning the Vice-Queen, by making Friendſhips with the Slaves that ſerve her, and who are continually going and coming from one Apartment to the other. But above all things, I wou'd have you gain, if poſſible, the Truſt of a young Woman called *Thamar*, who was the chief of thoſe placed about the Vice-Queen, and a great Favourite of the Princeſs. I know not alſo, added *Leonora*, what to think of it; but I have of late met this Slave, and ſhe has always made Signs to me, as tho' ſhe had ſomething to communicate;

cate; but I have hitherto not dared to take any Notice of them, fearing ſome Treachery: However, if ſhe reiterates them, I am reſolved to accoſt her on the firſt Opportunity that offers.

Don *Sebaſtian* found *Leonora*'s Argument ſo good, that, perſuaded alſo by *Alvarez*, who trembled for his going to *Lama*'s Palace, he heſitated not if he ſhou'd proceed according to her Counſel. Nothing was now wanting, but the Means of introducing him to *Xerina*; to obtain which, he judged it proper to confide entirely in the *Jew*, and *Alvarez* having made him come in, It wou'd be fruitleſs, ſaid Don *Sebaſtian*, to go about to conceal from you that I have powerful Reaſons to inform myſelf, as much as poſſible, of the Amours of the Viceroy and the Princeſs of *Achon*; all the Queſtions I have already aſked you, have ſufficiently informed you how deeply I am intereſted: But to be better inſtructed in them, and without Hazard, I have recourſe to your Induſtry, to procure me Admiſſion to the Service of that Princeſs, and to recommend me as a Man who may be neceſſary to her in many Things; but I wou'd be ſo diſguiſed, as to render it impoſſible for any of the *Portugueſe*, who have ſeen me in *Lisbon*, to know me again. If, continued he, you can do me this Service, my Gratitude for it ſhall be without Bounds. The *Jew* had already too much experienced the Generoſity of *Suza*, to doubt the Effect of his Promiſes, and having aſſured him of his Diſcretion and Fidelity, he told him, that nothing was more eaſy than what he deſired: That with the Juice of a certain Herb that grew in thoſe Parts, he cou'd dye his Skin a perfect black, and ſo well alter his Countenance, that even *Alvarez* ſhou'd not believe he were his Maſter, did he not ſee the Operation; that thus diſguiſed, he wou'd preſent him to *Xerina*, as a Slave, whoſe ſingular Merit and uncommon Qualification rendered worthy her Acceptance.

Don *Sebaſtian* was charmed with this Expedient, and the more ſo, as he cou'd ſpeak the *Indian* Language with the ſame Eaſe as if born in the Country; becauſe being of a Family which had a Right to pretend to the

higheſt Dignities, and that of the Viceroy of the *Indies*, being what he flattered himſelf with being one Day poſſeſſed of, he had taken care in his Youth to perfect himſelf in the Language, that he might be able to ſpeak to the Natives, and judge of thoſe Things which regarded them, without ſtanding in need of an Interpreter.

He wou'd not defer making Trial of this Herb, of which the *Jew* gave ſuch Praiſes. Every body knows that the *Indies* abound in it, and that the Juice incorporates itſelf ſo perfectly into the Skin, that it quite takes away the natural Colour. The Merchants who deal in Slaves, often deceive their Cuſtomers, by dying their Negroes; thoſe who are the blackeſt, being reckoned the moſt beautiful. All that diſquieted *Leonora*, was, that it wou'd not be eaſy to reſtore Don *Sebaſtian* to his native Colour; but the *Jew* having aſſured her, that he had a Water which wou'd take the whole Tincture off whenever he pleaſed, ſhe had nothing to object in Oppoſition to ſo great a Diſguiſe.

ISAAC went that Moment in ſearch of the Herb, and having preſſed out the Juice, he rubb'd it all over Don *Sebaſtian*, who, from the moſt lovely of all the *Portugueſe*, became preſently the moſt perfect of all the Negroes. The Metamorphoſis was ſo great, that *Leonora* and *Alvarez* loſt all their Fears of his being known; and this faithful Domeſtic, who cou'd not endure to be ſeparated from his Maſter, wou'd have the ſame Operation practiſed on himſelf, that he might be in a State fit to accompany him in every thing. There was now nothing remaining but to preſent them to *Xerina*, which the *Jew* promiſed to do the next Day. Don *Sebaſtian* and *Leonora* agreed to render each other an exact Account of all they cou'd learn, and that their Place of Meeting ſhou'd be at the *Jew*'s; after which, they ſeparated till the next Day, when *Leonora* was to come again.

Tho' all theſe Projects cou'd not promiſe any very great Adventures, yet Don *Sebaſtian* was ſo pleaſed with being in the ſame City with *Elvira*, to be near her, and to be able to hear News of her every Hour, that he

he loſt all Remembrance of the dreadful Obſtacle, Fate had put to his Felicity, and began to flatter himſelf that ſomething, tho' what, he cou'd not gueſs, wou'd happen to crown his utmoſt Wiſhes in the End.

A TRUE Affection is eaſily alarmed, and as eaſily flattered; the leaſt thing throws the Mind that harbours it into Deſpair, and the leaſt thing ſerves to tranſport and elevate it; and as it often indulges the moſt cruel Torments, ſo it adds the ſweeteſt Extaſies to the moſt inſignificant Pleaſures. *Suza*, in the Reflection that all he undertook had *Elvira* for the Object, that his Inquietudes, his Voyage, his Diſguiſe, were all for her Sake, took a Delight in them, as if each of theſe things aſſured him of her Poſſeſſion. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that thoſe Steps which, in the Eyes of others, ſeemed inſignificant, appeared to him the moſt uſeful and neceſſary that cou'd be. *Leonora* thought much in the ſame Manner with him, and ſaw nothing to fear for *Elvira*, ſince Don *Sebaſtian* was at *Goa*: His Preſence had given her a Tranquillity ſhe had never enjoyed ſince her Separation from her Miſtreſs; and ſhe thought of nothing now but the Means of entertaining *Thamar*, and knowing the Motive of the Advances that young Slave had made to her. This amiable Maid, who knew the Confidence the Vice-Queen had in her Nurſe, thought it wou'd be ſome little Conſolation to the Ills ſhe laboured under, to hear the News of that favourite Domeſtic, and, at the ſame time, prove the Sincerity of her own Attachment to that unhappy Lady: It was with this Intention, that having met her the next Day, after the Converſation ſhe had with *Elvira* about the Letter, ſhe had made Signs to her, and which ſhe continued to do, as often as Fortune threw her in her Way: But the Indifference which *Leonora* teſtified, joined with the Diſdain with which *Lama* received the Letter from his Wife, put her in ſo ill a Humour, that the Vice-Queen, who heedfully examined all her Actions, cou'd not but perceive it.

THIS beautiful Lady, who had known too many Sorrows to be able to put an agreeable Face on things relating to her own Fate, imagined the Diſcontent of

Thamar

Thamar proceeded from the little ſhe cou'd find to accuſe her of to her Huſband or the Princeſs of *Achon*, and grew now more than ever reſerved to her. *Thamar* had a penetrating Wit, and a Mind not eaſily deceived; ſhe ſaw into the Vice-Queen's Suſpicions, but regretted them not only ſo far as to clear itſelf, if, by any Way, ſhe cou'd do it. She, therefore, reſolved to ſpeak to *Leonora*; and the next Morning, which was on that Don *Sebaſtian* and *Alvarez* were preſented to *Xerina*, as ſhe went to the Apartment of that Princeſs, was muſing on the Means ſhe ſhou'd make uſe of, to oblige the Nurſe to regard her more than ſhe had hitherto done.

As *Leonora* now wiſhed nothing more than to encounter her, ſhe went early in the Morning, wrapp'd up in her Veil, to wait the Hour of *Thamar*'s going, according to her Cuſtom, to the Princeſs of *Achon*. Thus both of them equally impatient of entertaining each other, were not long e'er they met; and reciprocally advancing, ſtood when they approached more near, examining, as it were, each other, without ſpeaking. *Leonora* was the firſt that broke Silence; I have taken Notice, ſaid ſhe, that you ſeveral Times have teſtified a Deſire to ſpeak to me——I either greatly deceive myſelf, or you think I may be uſeful in ſomething. Yes, *Leonora*, ſaid *Thamar*, without any Heſitation, you are extremely neceſſary to me, to prove to the Vice-Queen that I am not leſs devoted to her than yourſelf: I love her Perſon, I pity her Misfortunes, I admire her Vertue; I ſerve *Xerina* but with Regret; I ſee her Amours with Horror, and how dangerous ſoever it may be to me to indulge theſe Sentiments, I cannot think I hazard any thing in revealing them to you, whoſe own Intereſt it is to conceal them; I wou'd ſerve *Elvira* in every thing in my Power; but how can I do it, while ſhe keeps me in Ignorance of every thing that paſſes in her Heart? And how can I be informed, when ſhe puts no Confidence in my Words? 'Tis your Part then, prudent *Leonora*, to convince her of my Zeal; let me give her, at leaſt, the Conſolation of hearing from you, under your own Hand——write to her, and ſuffer me

to

to deliver to her your Letter, you ſhall find I will bring you an Anſwer with the utmoſt Punctuality; and this may aſſure both the one and the other of you, how much you may depend upon the Integrity of the Slave *Thamar*. You are very preſſing, replied *Leonora*, but whether you are ſincere or not, I riſque nothing in agreeing to your Demand; ſince it is natural for me to make known to her whom I have nurſed, the Grief I am in to be ſeparated from her, nor can they do any thing more to me than they have already done: But if I write, continued ſhe, where ſhall I find you to give you my Letter?

THAMAR pauſed a little before ſhe anſwered, and then looking on her with an Air of Satisfaction, at the Expedient ſhe had found, Go, ſaid ſhe, and inquire for a certain *Jew* named *Iſaac*, no Man is more known at *Goa*, give him your Letters, I will take Care to prepare him for receiving any thing ſhall be left for me; and it will be a Way the moſt ſafe and ſecret we can take. Adieu, continued ſhe, a long Converſation may render us ſuſpected; depend upon me. With theſe Words ſhe turned away, and left *Leonora* thoroughly perſuaded of her Fidelity, and charmed that it was the *Jew Iſaac* ſhe had pitched upon for the Confidant of this innocent Correſpondence; as ſhe knew he was not then at Home, ſhe returned to her own Lodgings, to write to Donna *Elvira*, that ſhe might carry the Letter with her, when ſhe ſhou'd come back from preſenting the pretended Slaves to the Princeſs of *Achon*.

THAMAR went directly to the Palace, where ſhe found *Iſaac* with Don *Sebaſtian* and *Alvarez*, attending her coming, in order to introduce them to *Xerina*; this amiable Maid cou'd not behold the ſuppoſed Negroes without Admiration; and having examined them with the utmoſt Attention, Thoſe are two beautiful *Moors*, ſaid ſhe to the *Jew*, in a low Voice, how long have you had them, and to what End have you brought them hither? *Iſaac*, who was willing to begin by gaining *Thamar*, reply'd to her with an Air of Confidence, They are yet more perfect than you think them,

them, beautiful *Thamar*; they play admirably on all Sorts of Inſtruments, and the youngeſt of them has a ſingular Art in making Sherbet and Chocolate: As I knew the Delicacy of the Princeſs in theſe Things, I came with a Deſign to intreat her Acceptance of them, demanding no other Recompence for the Preſent I make her of them, than that ſhe will uſe her Intereſt with the Viceroy, for my Protection in the Commerce I ſhall make at *Goa*. You aſk very little, ſaid ſhe, ſmiling, for ſo extraordinary a Gift, and I believe you have no Occaſion for any Recommendation in this Affair, the Air of your Slaves ſpeaks for them; but if you have any need of me at any Time, you muſt do me a Piece of Service, which I will take Care to requite: I have a Correſpondence with a Perſon, which I would have remain a Secret; I have therefore ordered Letters to be left for me at your Houſe; oblige me to take Care of them, as alſo of any I ſhall leave with you, 'till call'd for: You are enough accuſtomed to theſe Sort of Employments, not to think it ſtrange a Perſon of my Age ſhou'd have ſome Adventures, which it is proper to conceal. *Iſaac* aſſured her of his Diligence, and thought this Requeſt a Happineſs for the two feigned Slaves, as his complying with it wou'd aſſure them of good Treatment from her. He had no ſooner ſworn to perform with the utmoſt Integrity, what ſhe deſired, than the Princeſs's Door opened, and *Thamar* went out alone; and after having feaſted her Malice and Cruelty with the pretended Perſecution ſhe gave *Elvira*, ſhe told her of the Preſent *Iſaac* was waiting to make her Highneſs.

THIS cruel Princeſs, who was for turning every thing to the Satisfaction of her Love and Jealouſy, preſently imagin'd theſe new Slaves might be uſeful to her Deſigns, and commanded they ſhou'd be brought in. She waited not for the *Jew* to give her a Detail of their good Qualities; their Beauty, fine Shape, and that Air of Grandeur and Fierceneſs which ſparkled in *Sebaſtian*'s Eyes, pleaſed her in ſuch Sort, that ſhe appropriated them before *Iſaac* had time to offer them: However, he made his Compliment, and *Xerina*, having

having thanked him, ordered them to remain in her Service.

THUS was Don *Sebaſtian* in the Palace of the Princeſs of *Achon*; and the Buſineſs appointed for him, was chiefly to make Chocolate and Sherbet. *Iſaac* took his Leave of them, having given them what Inſtructions he thought were neceſſary for the gaining of *Thamar*. But theſe Leſſons were altogether needleſs, a Maſter more learned than he, had already inſpired *Alvarez* with the Deſire and Art of pleaſing that beautiful Slave; the firſt Moment he beheld her, his Heart became intirely devoted to her, and Love, which has the ſame Effect on inferior Perſons as on the Great, made him feel for her, the Ardency of the ſame Fires with which his Maſter burned for the incomparable *Elvira*; and, by the invincible Effects of Sympathy, *Thamar* had alſo for him Sentiments not very different from his, tho' Modeſty and Prudence made her reſtrain them from arriving at too high a Pitch, till ſhe ſhou'd be more acquainted how worthy he was of them: Beſides, in ſpite of all the Attractions ſhe found in him, his Colour was a little ſhocking to her Thoughts; however, the Force of her Deſtiny overbore this natural Averſion. Don *Sebaſtian* behaved to her with the greateſt Complaiſance, and intreated ſhe wou'd favour him ſo far, as to inform him what Things, in his Power to perform, wou'd be moſt agreeable to the Princeſs; ſhe promiſed him to do ſo, but quitting him as ſoon as poſſible, ſhe returned to the Apartment of the Vice-Queen, where after ſhe had told her the Converſation ſhe had held with *Leonora*, and that ſhe had ſettled a Correſpondence, ſo as they might hear News of each other every Day: See, Madam, ſaid ſhe, the Meaſures I take to prove myſelf worthy of your Confidence; and if I cou'd do much more, tho' at the Hazard of my Life, for the Eaſe of yours, I wou'd with the ſame Readineſs undertake it.

DONNA *Elvira* now no longer ſtruggled with the Inclination ſhe had to believe her; and the next Day having received the Letter from *Leonora*, and giving *Thamar* another in anſwer to it, heſitated not if

ſhe ſhou'd confeſs to her that ſhe was as ſenſible as ſhe cou'd wiſh of her Zeal and Sincerity; and began to take for her ſo tender a Friendſhip, that ſhe permitted her to read the Contents of all the Letters that henceforth paſſed between her and her Nurſe, and, at laſt, truſted her with the full Recital of her Life and Misfortunes. The tender-hearted *Thamar* cou'd not hear her, without burſting into a Torrent of Tears; and this Compaſſion render'd her ſo dear to the Vice-Queen, that ſhe never after made any Scruple of revealing to her the moſt ſecret Thoughts and Wiſhes of her Soul.

THIS amiable Slave, who earneſtly deſired to become a Chriſtian, and doubted not, but when the News of *Elvira*'s ill Treatment ſhou'd reach *Lisbon*, her Family wou'd uſe their utmoſt Efforts to deliver her from that dreadful State, intreated her Promiſe, that ſhe might be permitted to follow her, if ever ſhe quitted *Goa*. Donna *Elvira* was highly charmed at the pious Diſpoſition of this Maid, and aſſured her, that if Heaven was pleaſed to ſend her once more to *Portugal*, ſhe wou'd not go without her; tho', ſaid ſhe, I ſee as yet no reaſon to hope there ever will be an End of my Misfortunes.

LEONORA writ every Day to the Vice-Queen, and received her Anſwers exactly by the *Jew*; but as Don *Sebaſtian* had expreſsly forbid any mention of him, ſhe obey'd his Orders, well knowing the Nicety of *Elvira*'s Virtue, and that ſhe wou'd rather chuſe to ſuffer every thing from the Cruelty of her Enemies, than be relieved by a Man who was known to have loved her, and whom ſhe ſtill in ſecret cou'd not help loving.

THE two new Slaves were, in a ſhort time, ſo much beloved by all the Domeſticks of *Xerina*, that every one ſeem'd to vye with the others, which ſhou'd moſt teſtify their Complaiſance and Eſteem of them. *Thamar*, who had frequent Occaſions of entertaining them, cou'd not look on Don *Sebaſtian*, without being inſpired with the greateſt Reſpect for him; and indeed there was ſomething ſo truly noble in every thing he ſaid and did, that none cou'd approach him without ſome Degree of Awe and Reverence: This made the amiable Slave more reſerved

ſerved before him, than with *Alvarez*, who, by a Manner of Behaviour altogether gay and gallant, gave every one Leave to be familiar with him. As ſhe thought on nothing but ſoftning the Captivity of Donna *Elvira*, by all the little Ways ſhe cou'd invent; and hearing *Xerina* continually boaſting of the Excellence of the Chocolate made by Don *Sebaſtian*, ſhe had a great Deſire to have ſome of the ſame Sort for her fair Priſoner; to this End, one Day when ſhe was alone with *Alvarez*, Your Companion, ſaid ſhe to him with a Smile, has ſo much the Air of Majeſty about him, that I cannot take the Liberty of ſpeaking to him in the Manner I wou'd; therefore I addreſs myſelf to you, to intreat him to make me ſome of that exquiſite taſted Chocolate, with which the Princeſs is ſo much charmed; I wou'd regale ſome of my Friends privately with it, in the Apartment of the Vice-Queen, where I am oblige l to be. You have no need of an Interceſſor, reply'd he, beautiful *Thamar*, to my Companion, to influence him to render you any Service in his Power; I dare anſwer he will do what you deſire, with more Pleaſure than you can imagine. But, contiuued he, have you nothing to command me? Do you believe I ſhou'd be leſs faithful to you than the *Jew Iſaac? Thamar* was extremely ſurprized at theſe Words; How, cry'd ſhe, has the *Jew* betray'd me! No, *Thamar*, reply'd *Alvarez*, haſtily; and ſince my Tongue muſt reveal a Secret which I had much rather you had diſcovered in my Eyes, know that I adore you, that I cou'd not ſee you without loving you, nor love you without being jealous———I have perceived, that the *Jew* has given you Letters——— and could not reſtrain diſcovering to him my Suſpicions: As he dare depend on my Fidelity, he revealed to me the Myſtery of that Intrigue. I am no leſs inclined to do you Service in this Particular than he is; and *Leonora* herſelf will inform you, that you may put an intire Confidence in me, and my Fellow Slave. You have taken an Expedient, reply'd *Thamar*, to reveal your Paſſion, which will not ſuffer me to teſtify my Reſentment——I will wait for your Anſwer, till I am aſſured that I have nothing to fear. With theſe Words ſhe quitted him, and ran to inform

Elvira, that *Leonora* had a Correſpondence with the two new Slaves of *Xerina*; and *Alvarez* went to render an Account to *Sebaſtian* of what he had done.

THINGS were in this State, when the Princeſs of *Achon* took, as I have told you, a Reſolution to make *Elvira* periſh, and oblige the Viceroy to hazard every thing for her Satisfaction. Some Days before he had agreed to her dreadful Purpoſes, *Leonora*, by the Conſent of Don *Sebaſtian*, had wrote to Donna *Elvira*, that the *Jew* was entirely in her Intereſt, and had placed two Negro Slaves with the Princeſs of *Achon*, for no other Reaſon, than to ſecond the good Intentions of *Thamar*, and that ſhe might ſafely confide both in him and them. This lovely Slave, having perceived that the Indiſpoſition of *Xerina* was counterfeit, ſuſpected that it was on ſome extraordinary Occaſion; ſhe teſtify'd the Fears ſhe was in to *Alvarez*, and that obliged *Suza* to be more aſſiduous than ever about the Princeſs; hoping, by that Means, to gain her Confidence, or at leaſt, to penetrate into her Deſigns. He appeared ſo zealous in every thing he did, that *Xerina* preſently caſt her Eyes on him for the Execution of her cruel Intent; and it being concluded between her and *Lama* to make uſe of Poiſon, for the Period of *Elvira*'s Days, ſhe thought it could not be given her a better Way than in Chocolate, which ſhe drank every Morning; and in caſe there ſhou'd be any Suſpicion on the Manner of her Death, it wou'd be no more to appeaſe the People, than to ſacrifice the Black Slave, as the ſole Plotter of the horrid Deed, being the only Perſon in the Palace who made that Liquor. Prudence does not always accompany guilty Actions; it often happens, that Providence throws a Miſt over the Underſtandings of thoſe who are about to commit them; which hinders them from taking thoſe Methods, which can render their Deſigns ſucceſsful.

XERINA, impatient for the Death of her Rival, gave herſef not time for Reflection; and, full of the Idea of the Happineſs ſhe ſhould poſſeſs when *Elvira* was no more, made *Suza* be called into her Cloſet; where being alone with him, *Zelim*, ſaid ſhe, for that was the Name which he aſſumed, the Affection and

Zeal

Zeal for me, which I have obſerved in your Behaviour, has attracted my Confidence——I ſhall not fail to make your Fortune, if you render yourſelf worthy of it, by an entire Submiſſion to my Will——But ſwear to obey me, continued ſhe, before I explain myſelf any farther. *Suza*, whom this Diſcourſe prepared for the moſt dreadful things, fell upon his Knees, and by an Oath the moſt ſacred among thoſe of the Religion of which he appeared to be, promiſed to ſerve her at the Hazard of his Life: Then *Xerina*, with Eyes ſparkling with Joy, Take, ſaid ſhe, this little Gold Box, it contains a Powder, which you muſt mix To-morrow Morning in Chocolate, and carry it yourſelf, where *Thamar* ſhall have Orders to conduct you. But above all, I charge you to ſee it taken by her to whom I ſend you——be ſecret as to the Order I give you, and depend on any Recompence you can aſk

SUZA, whom *Alvarez* had told what *Thamar* had deſired him, not doubted but ſhe was in the Plot with *Xerina*, and that it was to the Vice-Queen the fatal Doſe was to be given. But he heſitated not to accept the horrible Commiſſion, that he might be in a Condition to hinder the Effects of it; and having reiterated his Oaths to the Princeſs of *Achon*, that ſhe might be aſſured of his Sincerity, he took the Box, and left her in full Hope and Expectation of her Rival's Death; he had no ſooner quitted her, than he went to the Houſe of the *Jew*, where he immediately ſent for *Leonora*, and having recounted to her all that had paſſed between him and the Princeſs of *Achon*, he deſired her to loſe no Time in advertiſing the Vice-Queen of the Danger that threatned her, and intreated her to take no Chocolate that *Thamar* ſhou'd cauſe to be given her by the new Slave of *Xerina*, of whom ſhe had told her. *Leonora* was ready to die with Apprehenſion, but executed the Order given her by Don *Sebaſtian*, bleſſing a thouſand Times, the Hour in which he came to *Goa*. *Iſaac* charged himſelf with the Delivery of this Letter to *Thamar*, as ordinary, without diſcovering any thing of the Conſpiracy; he found her juſt as he was entering the Apartment of *Xerina*, ſo was obliged to at-

tend till ſhe came out again. When the Princeſs ſaw her enter, not able to diſſemble the Exceſs of her Satisfaction, ſhe roſe up, and tenderly embracing her, My dear *Thamar*, ſaid ſhe, thy Princeſs, To-morrow, will be as happy as the World can make her. Then ſhe commanded her to introduce *Zelim* into the Chamber of *Elvira*, at the Hour in which ſhe uſually took her Morning's Repaſt. Theſe Words filled *Thamar* with Surprize and Terror; and as *Xerina* explained herſelf no farther, ſhe imagined that *Zelim* knew not the Conſequence of his Commiſſion. To prevent this terrible Blow, ſhe pretended a Joy equal to that of the Princeſs; but had no ſooner quitted her, then finding *Iſaac*, who waited for her with Impatience, *Iſaac*, ſaid ſhe, with a Countenance which expreſs'd the inward Concern of her Mind, tell *Zelim*, that I muſt ſpeak with him at your Houſe, where I will meet with him in a few Minutes. In ſpeaking theſe Words, ſhe took from him the Letter of *Leonora*, and went haſtily away, without attending his Reply.

She was indeed at the Houſe of *Iſaac* before he returned himſelf, and finding Don *Sebaſtian* and *Leonora* were there, and by their profound Melancholy teſtify'd no leſs violent Agitations than thoſe with which herſelf was afflicted, made her ſtand ſome Moments at the Door contemplating them. But the mortal Grief which appeared in the Countenance of the pretended *Zelim*, ſurprized her in ſuch a Manner, that wou'd ſhe have moved from the Place where ſhe was, ſhe cou'd not have immediately have done it. *Suza* was reclined on a Sofa, his Head leaning on one of his Hands, while the other held a little Picture, on which he attempted to gaze; but the Tears fell from his Eyes in ſuch Abundance, that he had not the Power: *Leonora* was ſeated oppoſite to him in a reſpectful Manner, holding a Handkerchief to her Eyes: A thouſand confuſed Ideas ran in a Moment through the Mind of *Thamar*, in beholding this Spectacle; the more ſhe examined *Zelim*, the leſs ſhe found in him the Air of a Slave: The Regularity of his Features, which had nothing in them of that Harſhneſs common to the Negroes, had often aſtoniſhed her, as well

as

as thoſe of *Alvarez*; but at this Time ſhe was more ſtruck than ever, having Time to regard him, without being obſerved by him: An obſcure Imagination of the Truth came into her Head, and as ſhe was extremely lively and ſpirituous, this Idea occaſioned an extraordinary and involuntary Movement of her Poſture, which rouzed Don *Sebaſtian* from his Reſvery, and lifting up his Eyes, he perceived in her all the Marks of the moſt wild Aſtoniſhment.

He roſe immediately, as did alſo *Leonora*, and advancing toward her, Beautiful *Thamar*, ſaid he, what Affair has brought you hither? And why did not *Iaac* inform us of your coming? I am arrived before him, anſwered ſhe, and I come to know of you the Reaſon that *Xerina* will have you preſent Chocolate To-morrow to the Vice-Queen, and what Orders ſhe has given you; to the End we may take Meaſures to prevent a Misfortune which I doubt is intended, and which I believe you are ignorant of.——But, continued ſhe, I am much deceived myſelf, or the Life of the injured *Elvira* is no leſs dear to you than it is to me——diſguiſe nothing from me; that illuſtrious Unfortunate has given me the Hiſtory of all her Sorrows, and I cannot help ſuſpecting there is in this Place a Man who deſerves more of her Affection than her cruel Huſband.——If it be ſo, let us join all together for her Preſervation, and above all be ſure you preſent nothing to *Elvira*, that you receive from the Hand of *Xerina*. In fine, added ſhe, if you are not Don *Sebaſtian de Suza* under that borrowed Figure, as the Nobleneſs I have remarked in you makes me believe you are, aſſume, if poſſible, his Sentiments, his Love, his Generoſity, to deliver from this ſevere Treatment, the moſt perfect and moſt unhappy Perſon upon Earth.

These Words pronounced with an Openneſs and Spirit which Diſſimulation rarely wears, reſtored *Thamar* to the good Opinion of *Sebaſtian*; and judging it ill Policy to conceal any thing from a Woman ſo neceſſary to his Deſigns, he confeſſed that her Penetration was juſt, and that he was really that unfortunate Lover of

Elvira ſhe had imagined ; and then proceeded to acquaint her with all the Converſation he had with the Princeſs of *Achon*, the Powder ſhe had given him, and the Manner in which ſhe had ordered him to uſe it. *Leonora* alſo told her of the Letter ſhe had wrote to the Vice-Queen, to intreat ſhe wou'd take nothing from her Hand ; on which *Thamar*, who had not yet delivered it, pulled it out of her Boſom, and returning it, deſired ſhe wou'd change the Expreſſion, ſince there was no Perſon in the World more ſincere to her than herſelf. *Leonora* excuſed her Suſpicion for the Appearances there were for it, and afterwards they conſulted what was beſt to be done in this Affair : It was at laſt agreed, that Don *Sebaſtian* ſhou'd execute the Orders of *Xerina*, ſo far as to give empoiſoned Chocolate to the Hand of *Elvira*, not only that by that Means he wou'd have the Satisfaction of ſeeing her, but alſo that when Proof was made of the Poiſon, they conceived there was no farther Meaſures to be taken with *Lama*, but to demand Juſtice of the Court, for the Treatment he had given his Wife. But both *Sebaſtian* and *Leonora* warned *Thamar* not to give the leaſt Hint that ſhe received theſe Services from the Perſon ſhe did, or that *Zelim* was any other than he ſeemed. This amiable Slave aſſured them, ſhe wou'd act in every thing as they wou'd have her ; and after being perfectly inſtructed in what each of them had to do, they ſeparated for that Time.

THAMAR, charmed to find the Man for whom her Heart in ſecret declared itſelf, was a Chriſtian, and that faithful *Alvarez*, of whom ſhe had heard *Elvira* ſpeak in the Recital of her Adventures ; went to that Lady, with a Mind more at Eaſe than cou'd be expected in the Multiplicity of Accidents which employed it.

Donna *Elvira* received from her the Letter of *Leonora*, and *Thamar* having deſired her to read it, ſhe found it contained theſe Words :

LEONORA *to her dear and ever-honoured Miſtreſs.*

" IT ſeems as if Heaven merely for your Preſerva-
" tion had ſent to *Goa* the new Slave of your
" Enemy. —— Your precious Life, and with it all
" our Hopes had been loſt, had the cruel Princeſs made
" choice of any other for the Execution of her Deſigns
" —— follow, Madam, the Counſels of *Thamar*,
" and of the *Moor Zelim*."

ELVIRA was ſo little capable of comprehending the obſcure Senſe of this Letter, that ſhe was obliged to deſire an Explanation of *Thamar:* She then made an exact Recital of all that had paſs'd, exaggerating the Merit of the Slave *Zelim*, his Zeal to ſerve her, and the Horror he conceived at the Treachery and Barbarity of Don *Balthazar* and the Princeſs of *Achon:* If, Madam, ſaid ſhe, finding this Project fail, that cruel Huſband ſhou'd proceed to any Violence againſt you, this faithful *Moor* will deliver you from it, by plunging a Dagger in his Breaſt.

DONNA *Elvira* cou'd not reſtrain her Tears at being told the Fate Don *Lama* had prepared for her; but willing to doubt if he conſented to this Action, ſhe endeavoured to perſuade *Thamar* that *Xerina* was the ſole Contriver of it; but that beautiful Slave would not ſuffer her to remain in a Belief ſo favourable of her Spouſe, whom ſhe knew ſo little merited it from her. She talked to her a long time on that Head, but all ſhe cou'd ſay was inſufficient to make that virtvous Wife utter one reproachful Word againſt him: She promiſed, however, to ſwallow nothing that ſhou'd be brought to her from *Xerina*, and to make a different Uſe of the Poiſon than what was expected by that cruel Woman. All the Remainder of this Day was ſpent in Inquietudes, and Impatience by both Parties. *Xerina* having obſerved a heavy Sadneſs hang on the Viceroy's Brow, wou'd not acquaint him that ſhe had taken the Meaſures ſhe had done for the Death of her Rival, fearing that he had

changed his Sentiments: Neither did Don *Balthazar* once mention *Elvira* to her; it is certain he now began to feel a little Remorſe for having permitted ſuch an Action, and wou'd not remind her of it, in the Hope that Time might render her more mild. He found, however, a certain Weight upon his Spirits, which at that Time he knew not the Occaſion of, and retired to his own Apartment much ſooner than he was accuſtom'd to leave that of *Xerina*; the Night afforded him no more Tranquillity, his Slumbers were a thouſand times interrupted by thoſe dread Ideas which Guilt ſeldom fails to raiſe in the Mind: And not able to endure the violent Agitations with which he was ſeized, he quitted his Bed, and waited with Impatience for Day, with a Reſolution to go to the Princeſs of *Achon*, and engage her to content herſelf with the Sufferings of the Vice-Queen, without giving her a violent Death.

DURING this Combat between Honour, Love, and Pity, the Hour arrived in which Don *Sebaſtian* was to be introduced to the Apartment of *Elvira*: Before he went, *Xerina* made him be call'd to her, and again recommended to him the punctual Performance of what he had promiſed: He reiterated his Oaths, and then left her to go to her Rival; to whom *Thamar* immediately conducted him. That beautiful Lady was yet in Bed, having been accuſtomed to drink her Chocolate before ſhe roſe; ſhe now wou'd not change her Manner, to give any Suſpicion to the other Slaves.

DON *Sebaſtian* ſeeing himſelf ſo near the only Object to which his Life was attached, was ſeized with ſo univerſal a Trembling, that he cou'd ſcarce ſupport himſelf to approach the Bed: *Elvira* perceived it, and believing that the Commiſſion with which he was charged had occaſioned it, Fear nothing, ſaid ſhe to him; and when he was come near enough for her to ſpeak low to him, that the other Slaves might not hear her, Whether I live or die, continued ſhe, I know how to defend you from the Danger to which you expoſe yourſelf for my Sake. I fear not Death, Madam, anſwered he, counterfeiting a broken *Portugueſe*, and with a Voice which the Agitations he was in, entirely changed; but I wou'd

prevent yours. In ſpeaking this, he preſented her the fatal Liquor; and as every thing was before concerted between *Thamar* and the Vice-Queen, after he had poured it into a ſmall *China* Baſon, You are he, cry'd ſhe, with a loud Voice, that prepares this Liquor for the Princeſs of *Achon*; all that are about me here, I know, are devoted to her: Whatever comes out of her Palace may, therefore, give me Cauſe of Suſpicion, and I am reſolved now to be convinced whether they are groundleſs or not. She had no ſooner uttered theſe Words, than ſhe took the Baſon, and calling a little Dog which continually followed one of the Slaves, ſet it down before him. The Animal ſwallowed greedily the well-ſweeten'd Potion, and had ſcarce devoured it all, when his Eyes ſtarted from his Head, his Teeth dropt out, and he fell dead in the Preſence of all there. Thoſe who were Witneſſes of this Adventure, ſeemed thunder-ſtruck——*Thamar* and the pretended *Zelim* affected the utmoſt Aſtoniſhment: *Elvira* alone appeared tranquil, and was preparing to ſpeak, when ſhe was hindred by a great Noiſe in one of the Rooms that preceded the Chamber in which they were; and immediately the Viceroy entered, followed by a great Number of Courtiers and Attendants: It is eaſy to judge the Surprize *Elvira* was in, but impoſſible to deſcribe to you the Condition of Don *Lama*, nor the different Emotions of the Perſons intereſted in this Affair.

The Viceroy, perſecuted by his Remorſe, as I have already ſaid, came early to the Apartment of *Xerina*, to diſſuade her from proceeding to any Extremities with *Elvira*; but as that Princeſs had already diſpatched *Zelim* on the cruel Errand, and believing nothing now cou'd avert the intended Blow, ſhe no ſooner ſaw him enter, than ſhe cry'd out with a manifeſt Pleaſure in her Eyes and Voice, Now, my Lord, you will be only for the happy *Xerina* ——— this Inſtant delivers you from an Object equally odious to us both ——— Theſe Words ſtruck Horror to the Heart of *Lama*, already much changed by the Reflections of the Night; and not being able to make her any Reply, he flew directly from her like a Man abandoned by his Reaſon, and

Reaſon, and meeting, as he croſſed the Palace, ſome that were coming to attend his Levée, cry'd out to them, Follow me, all of you, to the Apartment of the Vice-Queen——— to which he ran, and entered juſt as they had made the Proof of the Chocolate.

THOSE who followed him, perceived he was in an Agitation, which made them expect ſome great Event; but, among them all, there was not one who did not wiſh it might turn in favour of *Elvira*. When he came into the Chamber of *Elvira*, the Silence that reigned there, the Conſternation that appeared in the Faces of the attending Slaves, the Dog which lay a frightful Spectacle, extended on the Floor, near the Baſon, in which ſome of the Chocolate was yet remaining; all together filled him with ſo dreadful a Suſpicion, that, quite overcome with it, he threw himſelf down on a Carpet, and cou'd utter no more than, Oh Heaven! what do I ſee! And what have I done!

ELVIRA being a little recovered from the Surprize his unexpected Preſence had occaſioned: Pardon me, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, that I refuſe to ſubmit to Death, which I could not perſuade myſelf was the Effect of your Command—— I have preſerved my Life for you alone to be the Diſpoſer of it——— I cannot reſolve to be the Sacrifice of the cruel Princeſs of *Achon*, but I am ready to yield to any Sentence pronounced by you.——— If my Death is neceſſary to you, command it this Inſtant—— Speak, my Lord, tho' the fatal Draught *Xèrina* had prepared for me has yet only ſerved for the Deſtruction of that Animal, there ſtill remains enough to give me the Satisfaction of proving how much I think it my Glory to ſubmit to you.

WHILE ſhe was ſpeaking in this Manner, *Thamar* grew pale as Death, Don *Sebaſtian* ſtood ready to pierce the Heart of his hated Rival, if he durſt preſume to make any Attempt on the Life of *Elvira*, and all the Company were filled with the utmoſt Admiration of the high Virtue of that admirable Lady, and Contempt for the unworthy Poſſeſſor of ſuch a Treaſure. Don *Lama* was not in a Condition to obſerve theſe different Emotions; his Eyes were fixed on *Elvira*, ſeeming

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ing to devour every Word that came out of her Mouth. ——— It was ſome time before he cou'd make any Reply; but, at laſt, uſing his utmoſt Efforts to vanquiſh a Grief, which in ſpite of him, began to manifeſt itſelf in his Tears; Let all, ſaid he, but *Thamar*, and the Black Slave go out of the Room. Every body obey'd; and when there was only they Four, Madam, ſaid he to the Vice-Queen, it wou'd be vain for me to pretend to juſtify myſelf——nothing can excuſe my Crime, not even the Remorſe it has occaſioned ——— I confeſs, the Affronts I have offer'd you, have been groſs, and I owe you all Manner of Reparations for the Offences I have been guilty of ———I wiſh it was permitted me to revenge you on all your Enemies; but add to the Patience you had in your Sufferings, the Generoſity to pardon a Princeſs, who will be enough puniſhed in the Loſs of her Hopes ———As I cannot bring my Heart to yield you up that principal Victim, I will, however, make you a Sacrifice of her Agents ——— Theſe two unhappy Slaves, continued he, pointing to *Thamar* and *Zelim*, ſhall experience how dangerous it is to be charged with ſuch Commiſſions ——— As for myſelf, I fear that Heaven, irritated by the repeated Wrongs I have done you, will not allow me Time to repair them, and that my Death will ſhortly be the only Happineſs I ſhall be able to procure you.

These Words touched *Elvira* to the Soul; a tender Compaſſion overflowed all her Reſentment, and looking on him with the moſt charming Sweetneſs; Ah! my Lord, ſaid ſhe, if you conſent that I ſhall live, you muſt alſo reſolve to live with me. I not only pardon *Xerina*, but I will never remind you of her Fault. For theſe Slaves, continued ſhe, it is to them I am indebted for my Life; they are innocent, and all the Reparation I intreat is, that you wou'd protect them from the Fury of the Princeſs of *Achen*. She then made a Sign to *Thamar* to inform the Viceroy how *Xerina* had ſuborned *Zelim*. This amiable Maid obeyed her with the moſt graceful Addreſs; and, without injuring the Truth, concealed the ſecret Motives which had made them ſo zealous for the Preſervation of *Elvira*. Don *Lama*

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heard her with Attention; and when ſhe had done ſpeaking, Alas! Madam, ſaid he to the Vice-Queen, they are indeed worthy not only of Pardon, but of Recompence: Permit them to remain in your Service, their Lives cannot any where be ſo ſecure by the Care I will take of yours.

With theſe Words, he went out of the Room; and *Thamar* diſquieted for Don *Sebaſtian*, whom Donna *Elvira* never ſuſpected for any thing but what he ſeemed, intreated her to permit him to retire to the *Jew Iſaac*, where he wou'd have nothing to fear; ſhe conſented, but commanded him not to quit *Goa*, without her Order. *Suza* made no other Anſwer, than a low Bow, and taking the Advantage of the Confuſion which the whole Palace of the Viceroy was in, went out without any Notice being taken of him, and retired to the Houſe of the *Jew*, where *Alvarez* and *Leonora* impatiently waited for him, and the Iſſue of this Adventure.

He recounted exactly to them all the Particulars; but the Sight of *Elvira*, and the Repentance of his Rival, had put his Mind in ſo cruel a Situation, that he ſcarcely thought on any other Things.

LAMA had no ſooner left *Elvira*, than he placed Guards about the Princeſs of *Achon*, under the Pretence of defending her from the Rage of the *Portugueſe*, on being informed, that ſhe had attempted to poiſon the Vice-Queen; but, in reality, to prevent her Fury from any new Aſſault on *Elvira*, to whom he now gave the Liberty of the whole Palace, order'd ſhe ſhou'd command as abſolute Sovereign, and that ſhe ſhou'd take Poſſeſſion of that Apartment which it was her Right to have filled ever ſince her Arrival, recalled *Leonora*; and, in fine, did every thing that cou'd be expected to atteſt his Penitence and Shame for his paſt Behaviour.

The beautiful and virtuous Vice-Queen ſeemed to take no other Pleaſure in her Liberty, than becauſe it gave her an Opportunity of being near her Huſband, whom the very next Day after this Change in her Fortune ſhe found in Bed, a violent Fever having ſucceeded his Agitations. Donna *Elvira*, truly ſenſible of the Pains he

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languiſhed under, and ſhutting herſelf up with him, never quitted his Bed-ſide one Moment all the Time of his Sickneſs. *Lama* teſtify'd his Gratitude by all the Marks of ſincere Repentance, never opening his Mouth but to aſk her Forgiveneſs, and to intreat ſhe wou'd not hate him. Theſe kind of Diſcourſes pierced the Heart of the beautiful *Elvira*, and, in ſpite of the Repugnance ſhe had to love him, gave her Duty all the Air of the moſt perfect Tenderneſs. The fourth Day of his Indiſpoſition, his Fever arrived to ſuch a Height, that his Phyſician deſpaired of ſaving his Life; which *Elvira* was no ſooner apprized of, than ſhe burſt into a Torrent of unfeigned Tears; *Thamar* and *Leonora*, who ſeconded their dear Miſtreſs in their Aſſiduities about him, ſhared alſo her Griefs; and Sighs and Groans were all the Language now to be heard among them.

The Viceroy knew by their Tears, as well as by what he found in himſelf, that there was no Hope of his Recovery, and deſired that *Leonora* and *Thamar* might draw near to be Witneſſes of what he had to ſay: They obey'd; and reſuming his Diſcourſe, Madam, ſaid he to *Elvira*, with a dying Voice, and pointing to a Caſket that ſtood near him on a Table, you will find my laſt Will in that; but I deſire you will not open it till you arrive at *Lisbon*, where, if you wou'd do me a Pleaſure, you ſhall promiſe me to go as ſoon as the Weather will permit you to make that Voyage. I commit, continued he, the Care of this Caſket to *Leonora*, with a ſtrict Charge not to deliver it into your Hands, but in the Preſence of Don *Pedro de Zuares*, your Uncle; Don *Sebaſtian de Suza*; and thoſe others of your Friends whom you can conveniently ſummon together. Then he ordered *Leonora* to take the Caſket, and purſued, in giving the Key to the Vice-Queen; You will ſee, Madam, an authentic Teſtimony of the Eſteem I have for you, and the Admiration you have inſpired me with; I flatter myſelf, that my laſt Moments will keep you from remembering me with Deteſtation———He had perhaps ſaid more, but he found himſelf too ill, and ſome Moments after he loſt all Knowledge, and died

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in the Arms of *Elvira*, who had ſtretched them out to embrace him.

THEY immediately removed her from this diſmal Spectacle, and *Thamar* and *Leonora* carried her into her own Apartment, almoſt as diſconſolate as if ſhe had loſt what was moſt dear to her in the World; but, in fine, as ſhe had loſt in this Husband a Man who had been the Author of all the Misfortunes of her Life, when the firſt Emotions of that Pity, ſo natural to all noble Souls, was a little appeaſed, ſhe found Reaſons enough to mitigate her Griefs.

DURING the Sickneſs of Don *Balthazar*, the Princeſs of *Achon* ceaſed not to write to him every Hour, intreating ſhe might be permitted to ſpeak to him, tho' but for a Moment. *Leonora*, however, and *Thamar*, to whom theſe Letters were delivered, ſuffered none of them to come to his Hand; judging it improper, as he had not ſpoke a Word that teſtify'd he had any Remembrance of her, to renew the Idea of her in his Mind.

THIS violent Princeſs, on the Change of Don *Balthazar*, and the News of his Death, attempted ſeveral times to deſtroy herſelf, and it was not without the utmoſt Care that ſhe was prevented from executing her deſperate Purpoſe. Donna *Elvira* informed of her Situation, was influenced by her Generoſity, ſo far as even to ſend to conſole her, and to let her know ſhe was at the ſame Liberty at *Goa* as heretofore.

THIS beautiful Widow ordered the moſt magnificent Obſequies for her Spouſe, and when diſengaged from the Solemnities of the firſt Mourning, began to think of quitting a Place which had afforded her ſo little Satisfaction. The Ships were now making ready to depart for *Lisbon*, and ſhe was willing to go with the firſt that ſhou'd ſet ſail; and, therefore, made all neceſſary Preparations for embarking: But not having forgot the Service done her by the *Moor Zelim*, ſhe commanded *Thamar* to have him found and brought to her. This agreeable Slave obeyed the Order with Pleaſure, and very well knew where to find him, he being ſtill at the *Jew Iſaac*'s, whence he had no Thoughts of removing till he

he ſaw what Reſolutions Donna *Elvira* wou'd take after the Death of Don *Balthazar*.

During all theſe Accidents, *Leonora* and *Thamar* were frequently with him, to inform him of all that paſſed. *Alvarez* and the fair Slave, ſeeing all Things happen ſo favourable for him, adviſed him to diſcover himſelf to *Elvira*, and to make known the amorous *Sebaſtian* under the Diſguiſe of the faithful *Zelim*; but he was better acquainted with the Nicety of *Elvira*'s Virtue than they were, and judged, that his Preſence wou'd alarm her, at a Juncture ſo very delicate: He, therefore, made his Reſpect triumph over his Love, the more to conform himſelf to the Sentiments of her he adored, and reſolved not to be known to her till they ſhou'd arrive in *Portugal*; thinking, that, perhaps, there might be vile Tongues who might miſrepreſent her Character, if they ſhou'd find ſhe had received any Services, during her Huſband's Life, from the Man whom ſhe had loved before Marriage: In ſpite, therefore, of thoſe Emotions which Hope and Joy inſpired in him, he reſolved to continue in his firſt Deſigns; and when *Thamar* came to call him to her, he aſſured that Slave, that he wou'd not utter one Word, or do one Action, that ſhou'd give her room to think he was other than at preſent he pretended to be.

In this Determination, he appeared the ſecond time before *Elvira*. This beautiful Lady, who had not till then had Leiſure to examine him, now thought ſhe found in him ſome Reſemblance of a Man, who was never abſent from her Thoughts: She conſidered the *Moor* as a Perſon to whom ſhe owed her Life, and that Reflection engaged her to look with more curious Eyes, if there was any thing in his outward Form, which denoted ſo noble and generous a Soul; but the Diſcovery ſhe made was painful to her; ſhe ſaw indeed an Air of Greatneſs in his Perſon, but then it was an Air which brought to her Mind that of Don *Sebaſtian*; and the more ſhe looked, the more ſhe was amazed and diſquieted, and Bluſhes covered her Cheeks, while a Flood of Softneſs overwhelm'd her Heart. Don *Sebaſtian* all the Time of this Examination, was no leſs taken

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up in contemplating her Charms; ſhe appeared ſo beautiful to him in her Sables, that he was a thouſand times about to throw himſelf at her Feet, and to teſtify, by the Exceſs of his Tranſports, that of his Affection; but reflecting on the Effect it might perhaps produce, he conſtrained himſelf to make appear in his Eyes no more than the Reſpect due to his Quality. The Silence both the one and the other obſerved, had ſomething in it ſo ſingular, that *Thamar* fearing it wou'd end in ſomething contrary to the Deſign of Don *Sebaſtian*, approached *Elvira*, and rouzed her from that kind of Extaſy into which ſhe was fallen; Madam, ſaid ſhe, *Zelim* attends your Orders. I know he does, anſwered ſhe, with a Sigh, which the Memory of *Suza* forced from her: *Zelim*, continued ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to him, I owe my Life to you; I will not be ungrateful; if you will follow me to *Lisbon*, it will be my Care to make you happy; and as a Proof of my Gratitude, take that. With theſe Words, ſhe plucked a Diamond of great Value from her Finger, and gave it to him: Keep that Jewel, added ſhe, as a Pledge of what I will hereafter do for you. The pretended *Zelim* fell on his Knees, and received the Favour ſhe beſtowed on him, and counterfeiting a different Voice as much as he cou'd, ſwore never to quit her; and from this Time to the Day of their Departure, not an Hour paſſed over, in which he did not give ſome Teſtimony of his Aſſiduity and Zeal to ſerve her.

ELVIRA, who always look'd on him with Pleaiure, cou'd not conceal from *Leonora* and *Thamar*, the great Reſemblance ſhe found between his Features and thoſe of Don *Sebaſtian*; but they made ſlight Anſwers to her Obſervations, in Compliance with his Deſires, to continue *Zelim*, till a fitter Occaſion ſhou'd diſcover him to be *Suza*.

THESE two Confidants, without entering intirely into his Thoughts, did not attempt to perſuade him to any thing he did not expreſs an Inciination for himſelf, being ſenſible of his Prudence, and that he was perfectly acquainted with the whole Soul of *Elvira*. Nothing remarkable happening till the Time of their Embarking,

nor in the Courſe of their Voyage; I will only tell you, that both *Elvira* and Don *Sebaſtian* went on board with Sentiments very different from thoſe which had accompanied them at their Landing, and that they arrived ſafely at *Lisbon*; where the whole Court being already informed of the Behaviour of Don *Lama*, and the unworthy Treatment he had given his Spouſe, the King was ready, on the preſſing Inſtances of Don *Pedro*, and the reſt of the *Zuarian* Family, to call him back, and oblige him to ſhew Reaſon for his Action; when *Elvira* let them know, there was an End, at once, of him and her Misfortunes, by a Return which they did not expect.

All *Lisbon* went forth to meet her, and the Joy they expreſs'd at ſeeing her delivered from the Woes ſhe had endured, was a kind of Triumph for her: They conducted her to her Palace, where Donna *Catherina de Mendoce* was one of the firſt to viſit, not only through a perfect Regard for herſelf, but hoping alſo to hear from her ſome News of Don *Sebaſtian*, who had never wrote to her ſince his Departure, fearing his Letters might, by ſome Accident, be intercepted. Don *Pedro* and ſhe renewed their Friendſhip and natural Affection for the Vice-Queen with all the Joy and Tenderneſs imaginable, anſwering all the Tears which the Remembrance of her Misfortunes made her ſhed, and joining her in Thanks to Heaven, which had at laſt put a Period to them.

Donna *Catherina* wou'd not preſently aſk her any Queſtions concerning *Suza*; and Donna *Elvira* thinking her Duty forbade her to think on any Man ſo ſoon after the Death of her Huſband, wou'd make no mention of him, tho' both had an equal Impatience to hear News of him. But *Leonora*, who very much longed to ſee the End of this Affair, reminded the fair Widow, that ſhe had now in Preſence the Perſons before whom the deceaſed Don *Balthazar* deſired his laſt Words ſhou'd be declared, and preſſed her to open the Caſket, ſince there was none wanting to be witneſs of what it ſhou'd contain, but Don *Sebaſtian de Suza*, who might very well be repreſented by his Mother.

ELVIRA

ELVIRA ſeem'd ſo deſirous of deferring it ſome Days longer, that *Leonora* was obliged to be ſilent; but what ſhe had already ſaid, had excited ſo great a Curioſity in all the Kindred and Friends of *Elvira*, who were there aſſembled, that it was not poſſible for her to delay giving them the Satisfaction they required. *Leonora* brought the Caſket, and, when opened, they found it contained the moſt valuable of the Viceroy's Jewels, the Deeds of his Eſtate, and whatever he had valuable in the World; but that which moſt attracted their Attention, was a Writing in his own Hand, by which he endowed *Elvira* with every thing, did the utmoſt Juſtice to her Virtue, confeſſed the unworthy Motives of his Marriage with her, his ungenerous Proſecution of Don *Sebaſtian*, and his Love for *Xerina*; for all which, he intreated Pardon of *Elvira*, of Don *Sebaſtian*, and of Don *Pedro*, and declaring that his laſt Requeſt to his Widow was, that ſhe ſhou'd not wait till the Time of Mourning for him was expired, but that ſhe ſhou'd give her Hand to his Rival, as ſoon as ſhe arrived at *Lisbon*, as a Reparation for the Wrong he had done him, and to render his Remembrance leſs odious to thoſe he had offended.

This Laſt Teſtament being read before a numerous Aſſembly, *Elvira* cou'd not refrain her Tears; Donna *Catherina* bore her Company in that tender Employment, and every one loſt the Hate they had for *Lama*, in ſeeing the Marks of his Repentance. But the Mother of *Suza* thinking it was now a proper Time to mention her Son, began to teſtify the Diſquiets ſhe had undergone in being able to hear no News of him ſince his Departure for *Goa*; and then informed Donna *Elvira*, and all who were preſent, of the Motives of his Voyage, and the Time in which he embarked.

This Recital involved the Vice-Queen in a Perplexity, which ſhe cou'd not diſſemble; the Service ſhe had received from the *Moor Zelim*, the Reſemblance between his Features and thoſe of Don *Sebaſtian*, and the ſecret Inclination ſhe had for him, gave her a confuſed Idea of ſomething which ſhe cou'd not as yet well reconcile to Reaſon: But without communicating her Suſ-

Suſpicions, ſhe ordered immediately, that the Negro Slave who came with her, ſhould be brought into her Room. *Elvira* having made no Anſwer to Donna *Catherina*'s Demand concerning her Son, and her ſudden ſending for the Slave, threw that Lady into moſt terrible Fears, that ſhe ſhou'd hear ſome fatal Account from the Mouth of that Perſon, which the Softneſs of *Elvira*'s Nature wou'd not permit her to reveal herſelf.

ZELIM preſently appear'd in the midſt of his Friends and Kindred, and before the Eyes of his Mother, without any of them ſuſpecting him for *Sebaſtian*; but if they knew him not, they could not help admiring him. As he came now with an Intention to diſcover himſef, he threw off that awed an timid Air which he had affected to deceive *Elvira*, and reſum'd that Look of Majeſty which was natural to him. Every body ſpoke of him with Wonder, and ſaid, they had never beheld ſo extraordinary a Black.

Donna *Elvira*, in ſeeing him thus, began to ſtrengthen the Conjectures ſhe before had formed, and impatient to be ſatisfy'd; *Zelim*, ſaid ſhe, my Gratitude obliges me to acknowledge, before the whole World, that it is to your Cares I am indebted for my Life: What you have done for me, therefore, leaves no room to imagine you will ſully the Glory of ſuch good Actions, by diſguiſing the Motive which induced you to them. I knew very well, that Compaſſion was alone ſufficient to a generous Mind; but I have diſcovered ſomething which makes me believe you are excited by an Intereſt more preſſing——Declare the Truth, I conjure you, before this Company——it is for my Glory to have it known. That, Madam, anſwered he, throwing himſelf at her Feet, is too dear to me, not to be defended at the Hazard of my Life. He wou'd have continued, but the Sound of his Voice, which he no longer diſguiſed, was ſo well known to Donna *Elvira*, and Donna *Catherina de Mendoce*, that they both cry'd at the ſame Time, Oh God! it is Don *Sebaſtian*!

Yes, 'tis he indeed, reſumed *Sebaſtian*, who having dedicated his Life to the incomparable *Elvira*, would employ it no otherwiſe than in her Service. Ne-

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ver Surprize was equal to that of this noble Company: None of them would permit him to proceed, till they had embraced him in their ſeveral Turns, and teſtify'd their Joy at his Safety and Return. *Thamar* and *Leonora* intreated him to acquaint the Vice-Queen and Donna *Catherina* with all that had paſſed ſince his Arrival from *Goa*. This beautiful Widow cou'd not reſtrain her Aſtoniſhment, and felt in her Heart a re doubling of all the Tenderneſs ſhe had bore for him: The reſpectful Conduct which *Suza* had obſerved to her, never doing any thing under his Diſguiſe which might give her Cauſe to know him, appeared to her ſo great a Proof of the Perfection of his Paſſion, as that of having ſaved her Life. The firſt Tumults of a confuſed Joy being over, he returned to Donna *Catherina de Mendoce*, to whom he teſtify'd all that a filial Love, Duty, and Gratitude cou'd inſpire.

In fine, after ſome time was paſſed in Queſtions, in Recitals, and in Teſtimonies of the higheſt Satisfaction, *Alvarez* was called in; who being furniſhed with the Water which was to reſtore them to their native Colour, Don *Sebaſtian* made uſe of it, and preſently appear'd ſuch as he was Donna *Catherina* and Don *Pedro* preſſed *Elvira* to execute the Will of *Lama*, in eſpouſing *Suza* in a few Days; but that virtuous Lady, who preferred her Duty to all Things elſe, would not be prevailed with to conſent, and obliged Don *Sebaſtian* alſo not to repine at this Delay of his ſo long expected Happineſs.

As ſoon as the Court was inform'd of the Truth of this Adventure, Don *Sebaſtian* had his Sentence of Baniſhment repealed, and he was called back to *Lisbon*: They likewiſe ordain'd, that the beautiful and virtuous *Elvira* ſhou'd not attend till the End of her Mourning, for giving her Hand to *Suza*; willing by this, to repair, in ſome meaſure, the Injuſtice had been done them both, in Favour of Don *Balthazar*. The Marriage was ſolemnized in all imaginable Pomp, and with the univerſal Applauſe of all *Lisbon*. *Thamar* was made a Chriſtian, and eſpouſed to *Alvarez*; who both of them found

found a Recompence for their Zeal and Fidelity, from the Generoſity of Don *Sebaſtian* and his amiable Wife.

THE charming *Elvira*, in her Union with *Suza*, found, that tho' Duty conducted by Virtue alone, gave a high Reputation, yet Duty conducted by Love and Tenderneſs, was the only Source of true Happineſs.

THIS Hiſtory gave an exceeding Pleaſure to *Urania* and her Friends, which they teſtified in the Praiſes they gave *Alcippe*; not only that he had made choice of ſo elegant a Subject for their Entertainment, but alſo for the agreeable Manner in which he had related it.

THEY had perhaps continued their Encomiums much longer, had they not been interrupted by a Summons to Table, where Supper waited for them. They had ſcarcely placed themſelves, when *Thelamont* received Letters from *Paris*, by an Expreſs which he had ſent thither: As they were on a preſſing Affair, he intreated Leave of the Company to examine the Contents; and found, that his Merit, his Learning, and his Birth, had made the Council pitch on him for filling a Poſt of great Honour, and required his immediate taking the Poſſeſſion of. He wou'd not make a Secret of it to his Friends, and having ſhewed them the Packet, received the ſincere Congratulations of all this amiable Aſſembly, who reſolved to depart all together the next Morning.

As they knew this Commiſſion wou'd very much engroſs *Thelamont*'s Time, this agreeable Society judged they ſhou'd never re-aſſemble any more in this ſweet Retreat; *Camilla* cou'd not diſſemble her Chagrin on this Subject, and ſaid a Thouſand pretty Things on the Occaſion. No Perſon, cry'd *Felicia*, interrupting her, has ſo much reaſon to be concerned as *Orophanes*, ſince this Change aboliſhes his Laws. We ſhall follow them wherever we go, ſaid *Urania*, and the Avocation of *Thelamont* is not at all incompatible with Rules ſo perfectly agreeable.

IT was eaſy to ſee, however, that *Urania* had ſome Regret in quitting ſo ſoon her Retreat, but ſhe endeavoured to conceal it; and her Friends changing now their Manner of Converſation, entertained each other with

with nothing but their Departure; to prepare for which they ſeparated much more early than they were accuſtomed; then ſought, in the Arms of Sleep, that Repoſe of which they ſtood in need. All the Company roſe ſoon after the Sun, and having partook of a Breakfaſt, ſerved with the ſame Elegance as the other Collation of *Urania* had been, went into their Coaches, and bid Adieu to that delightful Manſion, in which they had paſſed ſo many happy Days, no leſs amuſing than inſtructive.

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